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THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

By Arnold Hague

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS BY DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

THE varied beauties and wonderful scenic features within what is now the Yellowstone National Park early attracted the notice of explorers and fur hunters, seekers after wealth and adventure, who, on returning to civilization, related marvellous tales of a far-away wonderland. Others followed in their footsteps and confirmed these strange stories, and the attention of the world at large was gradually called to this remote region in the heart of the Cordillera.

Much of the credit for setting aside the Park as a national reservation is due to the late Dr. F. V. Hayden, who returned to Washington in the autumn of 1871, after a summer's geological reconnoissance, full of enthusiasm for the natural wonders of the region and laden with what was, for that early day, an astonishing series of photographs by that pioneer of landscape photography, Mr. William Jackson, of Colorado. The glowing accounts of Hayden, and these admirable pictures, created great interest, and action by Congress followed.

For the passage of this act the country is indebted to the foresight of some of the most prominent statesmen then in public life. The act of Congress forever setting aside the region "as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people" was approved March 1, 1872. It was placed under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior, who was empowered to provide against wanton destruction of fish and game within the Park, and against their capture for the purpose of merchandise or profit.

Historically, it is worth noting that it was the first large game preserve established by our national government. In the organic law, shooting was not strictly forbidden in that unfrequented land. Its prohibition followed a few years later.

The reservation thus dedicated received its name from that most impressive of geographic features, the Yellowstone River, the name of which, even in its English form, comes to us as one of the oldest in Montana. Those intrepid explorers, Lewis and Clarke, employed it as early as 1805 to designate in their reports to President Jefferson the longest and most impressive affluent of the Missouri. In this name, as officially adopted by them, one finds only a literal translation from the French, the stream being known as the "Roche Jaune" to the restless, untiring voyageurs in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Many American and European travellers on their first visit to the Park express surprise, not unmingled with disappointment, at the outlook. A misconception of the usage of the word "park" is doubtless responsible for this first impression. Applied in the Yellowstone, and, indeed, all through the Northern Cordillera, its meaning has a significance quite different from that given to it elsewhere. The Yellowstone Park bears but slight resemblance to a well-cleared and carefully kept bit of woodland, and there is no enclosure as required by English law. In the recent editions of our dictionaries, definitions may be found of the modern usage of the word "park"—a large area of country containing natural

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curiosities, withdrawn from settlement and reserved by the government for public enjoyment.

Probably no area of equal extent contains so great a number of natural objects capable of arousing wonder, enthusiasm, and awe, as are found crowded together in the Park. Its many scenic features of restful charm, found alongside areas of never-ending activity, with weird, grotesque surroundings, surprise one at every turn. Yellowstone Lake, the largest sheet of water in America at so high an elevation, with its indented shore line and 140 square miles of surface dotted with forested islands, presents to lovers of nature a series of picturesque landscapes unequalled upon any other inland-waters. The far-famed falls of the Yellowstone, with their unique and marvellous rock setting, and the Grand Canyon, with its majestic outlines and brilliant coloring, are worthy of all the praise bestowed upon them, and merit a separate descriptive article. More than a score of waterfalls and cascades, some of them of exquisite grace and beauty, pour the waters of mountain torrents and plateau lakes from the uplands to the lowlands. Many of them well deserve a visit, but their fame is obscured by the real marvels of the Yellowstone. Again, the fossil forests, so seldom visited, tell a most interesting story of a buried plant world, of explosive eruptions of mud volcanoes, and the gradual piling up of erupted lavas and ashes. All these, enticing as they seem, appear insignificant when compared with the hydrothermal phenomena displayed in geysers, boiling springs, hot lakes, solfataras, and numberless fumaroles, which have gained for the Park the appelation of the wonderland of America. Unquestionably it is this hot-water treatment which the region has undergone that has developed most of the objects of interest and made the Park famous the world over. Even the lake owes much of its attractiveness to its hot springs and paint pots, and the Grand Canyon would lack its brilliancy of coloring and its sculptured buttressed walls but for the long-continued action of hot as well as cold water. Descriptive accounts of Yellowstone geysers have been published from time to time in periodical literature, giving details of their caldrons and cones and startling features of eruption. In this article some of the more scientific aspects of the hydrothermal manifestations of the region will be described briefly.

Only two other localities are known where geyser action may be witnessed on a grand scale—Iceland and New Zealand. For over a century Iceland has been visited frequently by savants of Europe for the purpose of scientific investigation. It was here that Bunsen worked out his generally accepted theory of geyser eruption, and this barren northern island furnished the civilized world with a new word, derived from the Icelandic verb "geysa." Here, midst the more austere aspects of nature, surrounded by active volcanoes, mantled by profound glaciers, occur the earliest discovered geysers. In New Zealand, on a far-away island in the Southern hemisphere, midst sub-tropical vegetation and in a genial climate, lies the other locality made famous by its geysers. These regions in many ways resemble each other, both being situated at comparatively slight elevations above the sea, not far from shore, on islands in mid-ocean. All the rocks at both places are of igneous origin, and show evidence of violent eruption and seismic changes within historic time. Only a few years ago the exquisite pink terraces of Rotamahana in New Zealand were completely destroyed by mud flows from Mount Tarawera. Possibly still another locality should be mentioned, one which is little known, although unquestionably a region of true geysers, but whose individual displays, so far as described, fall behind those in other parts of the world. These geysers are situated in a remote region of Thibet, our knowledge of them coming from native Hindoo explorers travelling under the auspices of the English government. They are found at an elevation between 15,000 and 16,000 feet above sea level, at a locality known as Peting Chuja, along the Lahn Chu River, one of the sources of the great Bramaputra. One of them throws a jet of boiling water sixty feet in height, which in falling freezes, building up pillars of ice close to vents of hot water and steam.

In magnitude and variety the phenomenal display of geysers and hot springs of the Yellowstone far exceeds those of Iceland and New Zealand, but their existence was made known to the world at a much later date. They were first described with any degree of accuracy less than thirty-five years ago. For years they remained less

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accessible than those found in the distant islands of the sea, being situated far inland, a thousand miles from any railway, in the heart of a dangerous Indian country. To-day everything is changed; railways approach the Park borders, government highways lead all over the reservation, and thousands of pleasure-seekers annually visit the place.

To a correct understanding of the geyser area, certain geographical details seem essential, even at the expense of some tediousness. Included within the Park are somewhat more than 3,300 square miles. The central portion, in which all geysers and most of the hot springs are situated, may be described as a broken, accidented volcanic plateau. Encircling it on all sides stand rugged mountain ranges, with dominating crags and peaks rising from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the enclosed tableland. All these ranges are of much greater geological age than the enclosed area, and present diversified forms of mountain sculpture of singular beauty and charm, furnishing in bold outline a rugged scenery which serves as a wondrous setting to the marvels of the plateau. In fact, the Tetons, jutting into the Park from the south, rise precipitously for 7,000 feet above Jackson Lake, affording an imposing view unexcelled anywhere in the northern Rockies. Along the eastern side of the Park, as seen across Yellowstone Lake, the Absarokas, a chain of serrated peaks here and there mantled with snow, stand out in bold relief. By the building up of these mountains a deep-depressed basin was left behind, shut in on all sides. Long afterward came renewed volcanic activity, piling up enormous volumes of lava, not upon preexisting mountains, but on the enclosed basin, converting it into a broad, high tableland, and burying the inner flanks of surrounding ranges to an elevation of more than 8,000 feet above sea level. In this way these more recent lavas slowly accumulated to a thickness of at least 2,000 feet, constituting a well-defined region now generally referred to as the Park Plateau. This massive block of lava, offering endless variations in outward appearance, presents marked uniformity in chemical and mineral composition. Obsidian Cliff, the famous mountain of volcanic glass, and the pitchstone flows of the plateau, are merely modifications of nearly identical lavas known to geologists as rhyolite. In the geyser regions of both Iceland and New Zealand the prevailing rock is also rhyolite, and certain scientists have gone so far as to assert that for the production of geysers on a grand scale the presence of a lava as highly silicious as rhyolite is an essential condition. It is on this Park Plateau, or Rhyolite Plateau as it is sometimes designated, that all the geysers and most of the impressive hot springs are situated. It is therefore with the plateau that we have mainly to deal.

Taken together, the plateau area and the adjacent regions form a broad expanse of unusual elevation, falling off in all directions. Warm, moisture-laden winds, chilled by this body, deposit rain and snow throughout the year on the steep slopes. Precipitation being relatively high, innumerable streams carry the water down upon the plateau and then, by leaps and bounds and many exquisite falls, to the open country.

Climatic conditions are favorable to luxuriant vegetation, and the mean annual temperature is lower than the semi-arid regions below. These conditions are essential for the maintenance of the distinctive scenic features found in the Park. Otherwise the aspects of nature would be barren and bleak. Moreover, were it not for this ample supply of water, it is more than probable that the geysers and hot springs might cease altogether, as they are in great measure dependent upon surface waters.

About three-fourths of the plateau is timber clad. As a rule it possesses little charm, having none of the stateliness of the Sierras or Cascades. Its beauty lies in the open, park-like features, and in the grouping of its trees. Many spruces and firs are singularly full of grace and dignity. If one knows the by-ways it is possible to ride for miles in the restful seclusion of the forest, and through luxuriant meadows connected one with another by winding grassy glades; incipient water-courses. Much of this forest is thickly carpeted with a low growth of blueberry (*Vaccinium myrtilis*).

On entering the Park by way of Gardiner River, one is met face to face by the Mammoth Hot Springs, a stupendous mass of travertine sediments slowly deposited through long ages from hot waters. This travertine has filled a steep, shallow ravine, rising 1,300 feet above the river below. The bottom of this old ravine is very irregular,

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and probably the travertine nowhere exceeds 300 feet in thickness. It is built up in a series of broad, flat terraces, with abrupt walls, concentric in form, facing outward and stretching boldly across the valley. Looking toward the terraces from Mount Everts, on the opposite side of the river, they suggest, save for occasional columns of steam, the front of a large glacier. The hotel and military headquarters stand upon the broadest of these terraces, whose once active springs are now nearly extinct, but whose former grandeur is evinced by the still standing Liberty Cap and the cavernous pits, apparently bottomless, but in reality connected by narrow underground waterways draining toward Gardiner River. It is only on the upper terraces that one now finds that enchanting display of springs, with their delicately tinted basins, which have made the place so famous. These fantastic pools and basins rise one above another, filled with transparent blue water slowly trickling over the fretted rims, which are gradually being built up by fresh deposit along their margins. The manner of building up the terrace basins, and their exquisite tinting due to vegetable organisms, is well brought out in the colored illustrations. An apparently endless variety of travertine forms occur, most of them produced through the influence of plant life. One of the strangest of these, and one whose origin seems difficult to explain, suggests at first sight a tangle of highly developed plants, but really consists of a network of fibrous algæ encrusted and held together by travertine.

In Yellowstone Park are many strange sights, but none create more genuine scientific interest than the Mammoth Hot Springs. From the terraces at sunset one gets the most delicate effects of coloring upon the steaming limpid waters, and twilight, clothing in mountain purple the far-away ranges outlined against a cloudless sky, affords charming views which may well be treasured amongst the pleasing bits of scenery to be found in Montana.

By a well-laid-out road one ascends from Mammoth Hot Springs to the plateau. Soon after leaving the springs the road passes through Silver Gate, a chaotic mass of huge limestone blocks piled up in a confused jumble without apparent cause, but producing a wild, picturesque region. By reference to the illustration, it will be noticed that the top of the mountain in the background is capped by a well-defined rock mass. This capping consists of friable travertine, in every way similar to the huge blocks below. The most plausible theory for their occurrence is that during an earthquake shock accompanied by lateral thrust, the travertine at the south end of the ridge was thrown down the mountain slope and piled up as now seen.

Coming out upon Swan Lake valley one is greeted on the left by a grand panoramic view of the Gallatin Range all the way from Electric Peak to Mount Holmes, while on the right, overlooking the plateau, stands an isolated cone deservedly named Bunsen Peak, in honor of Robert Bunsen, chemist and physicist, who first propounded the accepted theory of geyser action. After passing the mountains, the road soon reaches the forested plateau, the land of geysers and boiling springs.

The thermal springs in the Park exceed three thousand, and, except those at the Mammoth Hot Springs, lie scattered over the plateau. If to these be added the fumaroles, fissures and narrow clefts in the rock from which issue steam and gaseous emanations accompanied by more or less water, the number of active vents would be largely augmented. At one time or another a large part of the entire plateau has been subject to hydrothermal action, now long since extinct. In other localities the action of underground heat is as powerful as in former times. That it has been going on continuously for a long period, even geologically speaking, there can be no doubt. So varied and so constantly changing are these manifestations of heat, so puzzling to explain, that they create continued surprise to students and to tourists alike. They may seem weird, uncanny, sulphurous, and at times even dangerous, but interest in them seldom flags. Fortunately the grandest features in the way of springs and geysers are gathered together in one or two areas easily reached by customary routes of travel. From the time of their discovery these phenomenal centres of thermal action have been designated geyser basins—the Upper Geyser Basin, Midway, Firehole, and Norris. While in a broad way they resemble one another, each possesses certain distinctive features quite its own. In all of them dark green forests come down to the

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basin floor, contrasting sharply with the dazzling white sinter which covers the valley, and over which hot springs and steam vents lie dotted in a most irregular fashion. There are good reasons for believing that the Upper Geyser Basin is the oldest of all of them. It has gone through many phases in the history of geyser development, from the first issuing of steam along some line of least resistance in fresh unaltered rock, to the final product seen in such perfect geysers as Old Faithful, Grand, and Giantess. It is in the Upper Basin that popular interest will always be centred; and well it may, for there nearly half the geysers of the Park and many of its most wonderful springs are to be found. Firehole River winds leisurely through the basin, both banks lined with active, restless springs which are constantly pouring volumes of hot water into the stream. The naming of the river was an inspiration. In the accompanying picture is shown a portion of the upper basin on the east side of the Firehole, from the Giantess on the right to the Lioness and Cubs on the left. The picture represents a calm day, the many vents sending up straight columns of steam, sharply defined against a background of pine, and equally well reflected in a shallow pond.

The Midway Basin covers less ground than the others, but here are situated the Excelsior, the grandest of caldrons, and Prismatic Lake, the most delicately tinted sheet of water in the Park. Firehole Basin presents less that startles the imagination, and its objects of interest are too far apart for the hurried tourist, yet a few hundred yards from the hotel one comes upon the strangest group of so-called paint-pots, with their quaint caldrons of boiling clays, like so many miniature volcanoes. In active paint-pots the contents are always in a state of ebullition, throwing up queer little puffs of blue clay in a graceful but at the same time a most uncanny way. Here are also the Fountain and Great Fountain, the latter the most beautiful of all geysers, and the one which contains more points of interest than can be seen in any of its rivals.

Probably the Norris Basin has been active for a far shorter time than any other geyser area, and consequently is far less advanced toward old age. For this reason it offers a wider range of phenomena, from the newly opened vent belching forth fresh volumes of steam, to the complete and finished geyser. All transition stages in the history of a geyser are still in operation, and to the student the basin possesses attractions not seen elsewhere. Perhaps one's imagination is stimulated to the highest pitch if, contrary to the usual custom, a night is spent at Norris Basin. Then, about an hour before the sun sinks behind the long, straight line of high plateau to the west, one should go alone or with a congenial spirit down to the floor of the basin. Even at this hour it is only beginning to lose its dazzling white under a gauzy gray shadow. After reaching the middle of the open space one has only to turn one's head to the right or left to get perfect suggestions of heaven or hell. To the left is a slight upward incline. Upon it stand irregular groups of livid white trees, the ghosts of happy young pines overtaken by terrible calamity. The cause of their undoing is still raging—a huge rift in the side of the hill, from which roars a cloud of steam reeking of sulphur. The noise is frightful; the sense of pent-up, relentless energy, overpowering. Higher up is still another and more recent vent, and across what seems to be a treacherous crust one steps with very serious thoughts of the future. Unable longer to endure the thought of human littleness, one turns suddenly to the everlasting hills, wonderful and calm, purple against a sky of primrose yellow. There, too, are ridge after ridge of tree-covered plateau, stretching back into the infinite. As night steals slowly on, the details vanish, colors deepen and then grow dull. Delicate steam jets spring suddenly into being, and still the horrid din of the Growlers keeps on and on; but there are the hills, and one may well exclaim, in the words of the Psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help."

What first attracts the attention of visitors, at least those of a scientific turn of mind, is the enormous volume of highly heated waters constantly being forced to the surface and then carried off through regular drainage channels. A study of these hydrothermal phenomena clearly indicates that they are originally meteoric waters, derived mainly from encircling mountains. A portion of these waters percolates down-

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ward to varying distances from the surface and becomes heated by increased temperature of the earth's crust. Other portions, permeating to greater depths, are converted under favorable conditions into steam, which, ascending through cracks and rifts, raises to still higher temperatures the waters collected in natural reservoirs. It is assumed on pretty strong evidence that the source of these elevated temperatures is to be found in the highly heated rocks below, which have never cooled since the eruption of the plateau lavas. From the original sources of these lavas there may still continue to issue volumes of steam charged with carbon dioxide and compounds of sulphur. Ever since eruption ceased, decomposition of the rock mass has gone steadily on through the agencies of superheated steam and solfataric fumes, not infrequently depositing brilliant yellow sulphur, a process taking place in several localities. Rock decomposition by such processes seems slow work, but the stupendous results of long-continued action may be witnessed everywhere on the plateau. The work of these superheated solutions in producing both the picturesque features and the dreary areas makes itself felt at every turn. Fumaroles, solfataras, and thermal springs may be taken as evidence of the gradual dying-out of volcanic energy. They return the meteoric waters again to the surface. They were active forces before the country became mantled by glacial ice; they lasted through that period and still remain powerful forces in work of destruction.

These thermal waters come to the surface charged with mineral matter derived from the decomposition of the rocks below. They may be classed under three heads: (1) waters carrying calcium carbonate in solution; (2) silicious acid waters, usually holding free acid in solution; (3) silicious alkaline waters, rich in dissolved silica. The first are found almost exclusively at the Mammoth Hot Springs, lying north of the Park plateau, the mineral constituents being derived from an underlying limestone. On the plateau the hot springs carry only silicious waters, the mineral matter coming from altered lavas. This constitutes an important difference, and marks a fundamental distinction between the waters of the Mammoth Hot Springs and those found elsewhere throughout the Park. Silicious-acid springs carrying little water reach the surface through fumeroles and solfataras, and usually indicate an early stage in the development of hydrothermal centres. Silicious alkaline springs possess far more general interest, because it is only in connection with them that the geysers and large overflowing pools are found. They characterize all geyser basins, and are the source of the highly heated waters which furnish silica for the many square miles of glittering white sinter plains. Chemical investigation of all the most important geyser and spring waters has been made under the auspices of the United States Geological Survey, and analyses show that they do not vary essentially, other than in the percentage of silica held in solution. What seems still more striking is that they agree closely in composition with geyser waters from Iceland and New Zealand. It means that the waters have derived their ingredients from the lavas of the plateau or the deep-seated rocks below.

Some idea of the vast volume of hot waters flowing from the geyser basins may be had by gauging certain well-defined points of overflow. Measurements made several years ago determined that Excelsior Spring, even in its most quiescent state, discharged into Firehole River considerably more than 250,000 gallons an hour, and observations since made fail to record any perceptible diminution or increase in amount. Old Faithful, which has no overflow save during times of eruption, must send forth hourly, through an orifice measuring two by six feet, more than three times the volume of water flowing from Excelsior. Each gallon of water flowing from the caldron of Excelsior—and it may be taken as a fair sample of others—contained 85.70 grains of mineral matter, the bulk of it, save silica, being carried away in solution; and even of the latter only a small portion remains behind to build up sinter plains. When it is borne in mind that this represents the outflow from a single caldron, it is evident that the amount of solid matter brought to the surface by thermal waters must be enormous. An appreciable amount of arsenic has been determined from all these alkaline springs, that from Excelsior carrying .19 grain of sodium arsenite in each gallon of water. This means that over four pounds of arsenic is brought to the surface every hour from one outlet; yet the

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arsenic contained in the water is less than two-tenths of 1 per cent. of its solid contents.

No attempt has been made to test practically what curative properties these arsenical waters possess. When flowing directly from the spring at a proper temperature, they are most agreeable for bathing purposes, possessing in a marked degree the power of pulling one together after a fatiguing day. One may drink these waters without any ill effects, but they are hardly to be recommended as potable for daily use. Naturally, many curious stories are told by stage drivers and others regarding the peculiar qualities of these waters. One of them worth preserving is to the effect that any geyser water when bottled possesses a strange sympathy with the water of the pool from which it was taken, so that during an eruption of the geyser the water in the bottle becomes violently agitated unless precautions are taken to remove it beyond the Park boundaries. In one instance the cork was blown out and the bottle shattered into fragments at the time of a specially powerful eruption. A tradition of this kind is said to be held by ignorant Icelanders.

Nature is a most exquisite colorist. Nowhere is her work more lovely than along the crested rims and overflow channels of warm spring pools. Tourists are seldom aware that these harmonious and brilliant tints owe their origin mainly to plant life. They are usually told by so-called guides that the colors are due to mineral matter, which tends to enhance their horror of underground waters. Algæ flourish equally well in the waters of all geyser basins and on the terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs. Water boils on the plateau at 198° Fahr., and rudimentary organisms appear at about 185° Fahr., although no definite line can be drawn beyond which all life ceases. Wherever these boiling waters cool to the latter temperature, algous growths appear, and by the lowering of the temperature on exposure to air still more highly organized forms gradually come in. It is said that at about 140° the conditions are favorable for the rapid growth of several species. The development of plant life at such excessive temperatures and on a scale of such magnitude seems a marvellous thing. Nowhere else can this be seen so well as in the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Walter Weed has studied these algous growths in their relation to thermal waters and in the part they play in the building up of sinter deposits. He has demonstrated that many forms of algæ flourish within restricted ranges of temperature, and that certain species possess characteristic colors, dependent upon such temperatures. It is now possible after a little experience, upon noting the nature of the algous growths, to make a shrewd guess as to the temperature of the water they inhabit. As the water in shallow pools chills rapidly, corresponding changes in color follow. No life exists in the centre, where the water is boiling. On the outer edge certain colors prevail, and in the cooler overflow channels still other colors predominate. Theoretically, in channels favorable to algæ there should be developed a sequence of color, due to changes in plant life. This is what Mr. Weed shows to be the case, and he thus offers the first satisfactory explanation for the marvellous concentric rings of brilliant hues and tints observed in pools flowing a uniform supply of water. In a geyser basin, the first evidence of vegetation in an overflow stream consists of creamy white filamentary threads passing into light flesh tints and then to deep salmon. With distance from the source of heat, the predominating colors pass from bright orange to yellow, yellowish green, and emerald, and in the still cooler waters various shades of brown. This of course is a simple statement of phenomena which really display highly complex conditions. No two reservoirs present precisely similar conditions either as regards flow of water or development of algæ. Naturally, other factors play a part in the growth of these water plants besides temperature. Environment must aid or hinder the development of certain species.

A remarkable feature of the hot-water plants is their power to assimilate silica held in solution, and as their life is a short one, the building up of the sinter plains takes place rapidly. As these processes of assimilation are constantly going on, the algæ become an active geological agent in rock building, and on a scale hardly dreamt of until recent investigations. A characteristic algæ basin on a sinter plain is shown in the illustration. By processes going on in similar channels and pools much of the silica in these waters is transformed into hard rock masses of sinter, which later

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show scarcely any evidence of their origin from plant life. Algæ do not find congenial ground about the orifice of geysers, owing to the frequent eruption of boiling water or of water at temperatures beyond their power of endurance. In such instances the mounds are mainly formed by the slow process of evaporation, the two processes competing with each other side by side. It seems unnecessary to burden the general reader with further details, which may be of interest only to the geologist and botanist, and possibly to the bacteriologist and physician.

There are about 100 geysers in the Park. No sharp definition can be drawn between a geyser and a hot spring. A geyser may be defined as a hot spring throwing with intermittent action a column of water and steam into the air. A hot spring may boil incessantly without violent eruptive energy; a geyser may lie dormant for years without explosive action and again burst forth with renewed force. Still, there exist hot springs that may be called intermittent, the water becoming violently agitated between moments of comparative quiet.

The underlying principle of geyser action may be briefly stated. It depends upon the recognized fact that the boiling point of water increases with pressure. At sea level water boils at 212° Fahr. Under a greatly reduced atmospheric pressure, the boiling point in the geyser basins is 198° Fahr. In a geyser reservoir the boiling point increases rapidly with pressure of the overlying column, the water remaining in a liquid state at a much higher temperature than at the surface. Steam entering the geyser reservoir through fissures and cracks raises the entire body nearly to its boiling point, and no more steam is condensed. The expansive force of steam produces a welling up of the water accompanied by overflow at the surface. Relief of pressure follows throughout the length of the tube and reservoir. This causes the entire body of water to become heated above its boiling point, and a portion of it flashes into steam, when the contents are thrown out with explosive violence.

Prof. William Hallock, who devoted much time to the investigation of the physics of these thermal waters, reached the conclusion that Bunsen's theory is adequate to explain all conditions of geyser eruption. Soundings were made in many hot springs and geyser bowls, but seventy feet was the greatest depth reached without obstruction. At the Giantess geyser a series of thermo-electric observations were made throughout the interval between eruptions, with many valuable results. A funnel-shaped bowl, ending in a tube connected with a large reservoir below, furnished admirable conditions for experiment. It was demonstrated that for a considerable time after an eruption the water in the middle of the reservoir was hotter than at the bottom, showing that the source of heat must have been located along the sides of the reservoir. In the reservoir were many rapidly circulating currents of water at varying temperatures. Hallock found in many of the open pools and hot springs the phenomenon of superheated waters, the temperature standing over two degrees above the normal boiling point. Superheated waters have been obtained in laboratories, but this was the first recognition of them in nature. This observation is of more than ordinary interest, as it explains the highly unstable equilibrium existing in many geyser bowls and hot-spring pools. Without being aware of the cause, tourists have been accustomed to hasten eruption by agitating the water in small geysers by throwing into the pool a handful of sinter gravel. Equally satisfactory results have been achieved by lashing the waters with ropes or stirring them up with a pole. Several years ago a Chinaman obtained permission to use an obscure, quiet spring for laundry purposes. He employed a large quantity of soap for cleansing, when to the surprise of himself and everyone else, the wearing apparel was thrown into the air and then scattered over the plain. A series of experiments led to the discovery that strong soap or lye produced sufficient viscosity of the water to cause eruption when in this unstable condition. Viscosity tended to the retention of steam, and in the case of superheated waters explosive action followed. "Soaping geysers" has been put to practical use in photography by producing eruptions of two or more geysers at the same moment, but this method of raising the waters has been prohibited, very properly, by Park authorities.

No more curious geyser exists than the

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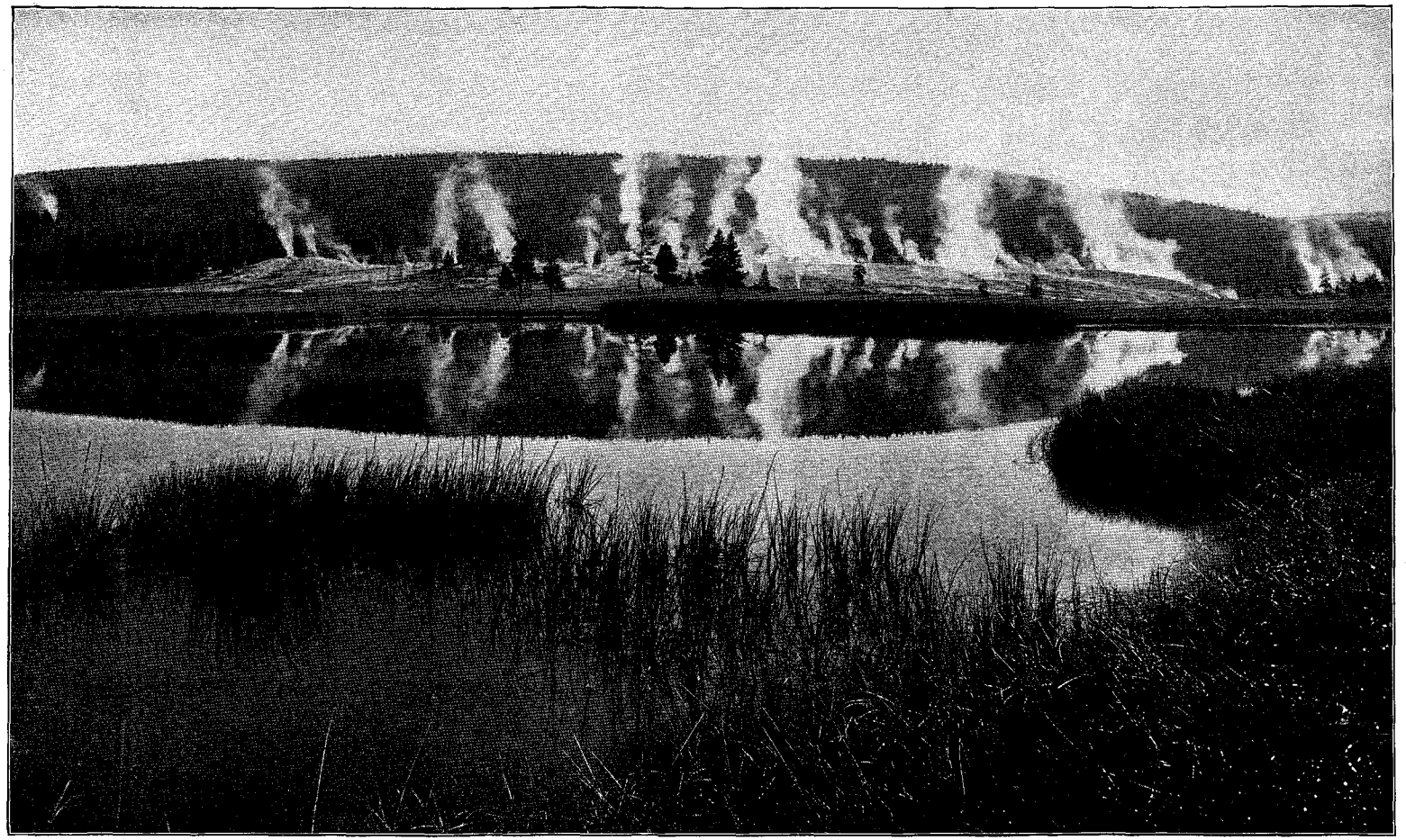

From the Giantess to the Lioness, Upper Geyser Basin.

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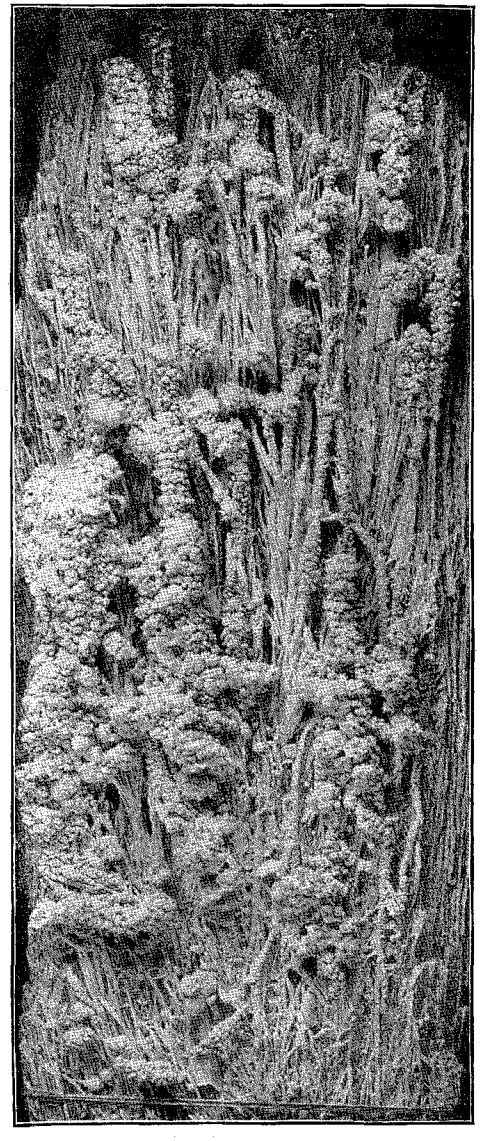
Model, the smallest geyser on record. Its shallow circular bowl, about a foot in diameter and level with the sinter plain, is so obscure that when dry one might step into it without being aware of its presence, yet it is a typical geyser in all respects. The column of water thrown out rarely exceeds a foot in height. It is an energetic, persistent little worker.

Contrasting sharply with the Model stands the Excelsior, unquestionably ranking as the largest of geyser eruptions. It was not recognized as a geyser until 1878, and the next eruption of which there is any record occurred in 1881-2, when, after playing violently, it fell back to its accustomed position, with the characteristics of a boiling spring. Six years later, in 1888, it broke forth anew in a grand series of eruptions, continuing throughout the sum-



Algæ fibres encrusted with travertine.

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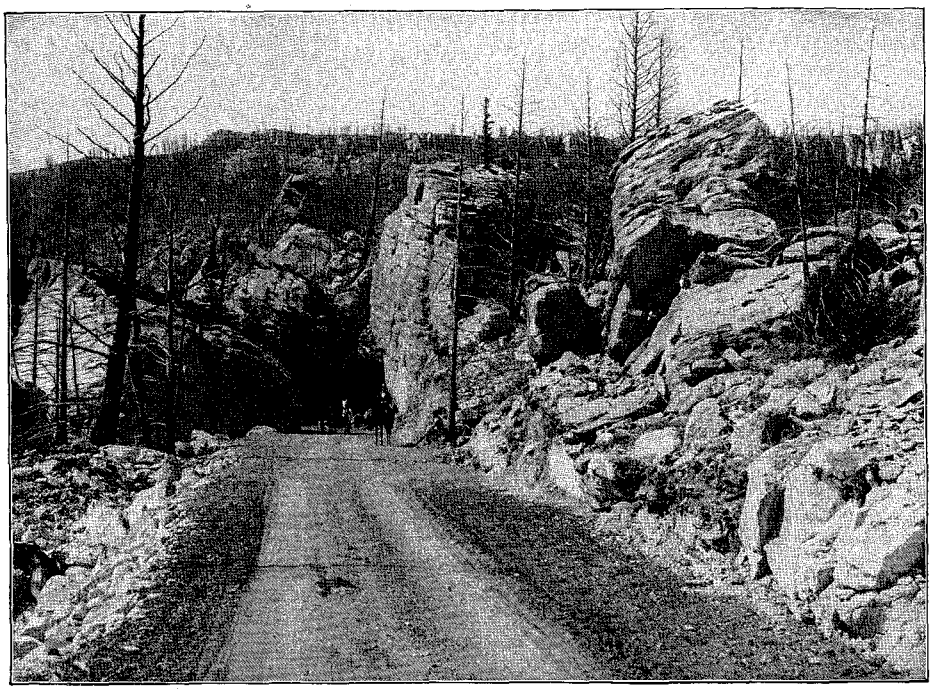

The Silver Gate.

mer, when it gradually diminished with lengthened intervals. Since then it has shown none of the features of a geyser, but during all these fifteen years has presented the phenomena of a seething caldron of boiling water heavily charged with steam. The Excelsior in action presents a marvellous spectacle, surpassing all others of its kind in magnitude and power. In July of 1888 the writer was camped near by for ten days, witnessing the unrivalled display. In some respects the Excelsior suggests a water volcano rather than a geyser, in its sense of power coming from some deep-seated source. Unlike a volcano, one can stand within a hundred yards of the caldron, watching all details with a feeling of security, knowing full well its strict limitations. Its most explosive eruption threw a column of water and steam nearly 300 feet into the air, with occasional paroxysmal phases sending rocket-like jets with impulsive force to still greater heights. The intervals between eruptions averaged about seventy-five minutes. In a previous mention of Excelsior it was referred to as a spring. Is it a geyser, or shall it more properly be relegated to the class of boiling springs? In strong contrast to Excelsior, Old Faithful stands as a typical geyser without appreciable difference in its eruptions, for over thirty years its periodic intervals averaging sixty-four minutes with only slight variations either way. It always displays the same graceful, slender column; it always charms and never disappoints.

Intervals between eruptions depend upon the flow of both underground water and steam. In no two geysers are these conditions similar, and they seldom remain unchanged for any lengthy period even in the largest geysers. Variations in eruptions are to be looked for rather than otherwise, and the wonder is that periodic intervals remain constant in so many instances. A remarkable feature of many geysers is their evident independence of one another in times of eruption, regardless of differences of level or closeness of grouping. The silicious sinter deposit from adjoining geysers may form a homogeneous plain, their tubes and reservoirs remaining distinct. A lack of sympathetic action is as noticeable in adjoining geysers as it is in those situated miles apart.

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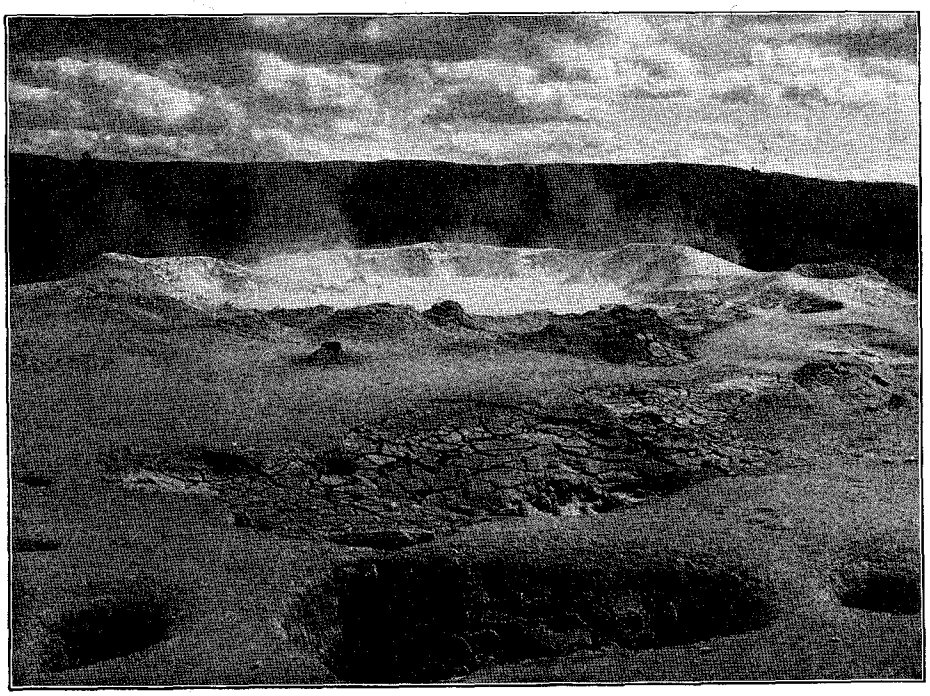

Paint Pots, Lower Geyser Basin.

Sinter deposits formed by algous growth.

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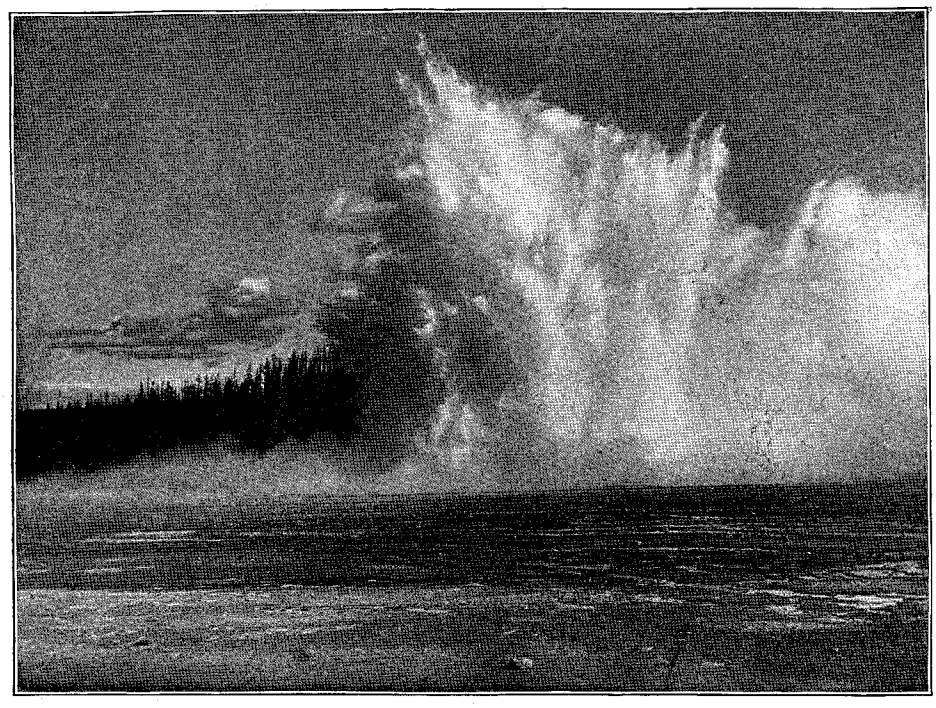

Excelsior Geyser, Midway Basin, as seen in eruption in 1888.

Nowhere is this more convincingly shown than in the case of Prismatic Lake, which remained placid and immovable throughout the terrific explosions of Excelsior, only a few yards away.

Recent statements which have crept into authoritative literature assert that many geysers are exhibiting gradually less force, with prolonged periodic intervals. A resurvey of thermal activity after a five years' absence convinces the writer that no appreciable diminution has taken place, either in the volume of hot water discharged or the force and energy displayed. Naturally, with all this surface evidence of underground disturbance, the question is not infrequently asked if earthquakes occur in the Park, and since the catastrophes of Martinique and St. Vincent such inquiries are made even more often than before. Earthquake shocks have been reported, but they are probably due to slight detonations near the surface, caused by the condensation of steam upon coming in contact with cool waters in underground chambers or channels, the explosions being heard for a distance of a mile or two, accompanied by more or less of a tremor. Within recent times there is no evidence of an earthquake in the sense of any real movement of the earth's crust, other than that noted at Silver Gate, which bears proof of considerable antiquity. The reason for this absence of earthquakes is to be found in the presence of so many natural safety-valves furnishing sufficient vents for pent-up steam.

Geological conditions similar to those that laid waste the West Indian islands prevailed during the building up of the Absarokas. It was a period of violent volcanic eruptions of muds and breccias under conditions now long since extinct.

So much has been said of the vivid coloring found in the geyser basins that this article would seem inadequate if something more than mere mention were not made of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, which, seen from its brink, stands out as the most brilliant and varied bit of rock coloring to be found in nature. The canyon is a magnificent gorge penetrating deeply into the volcanic plateau, with walls from 800 to 1,000 feet in height and from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile

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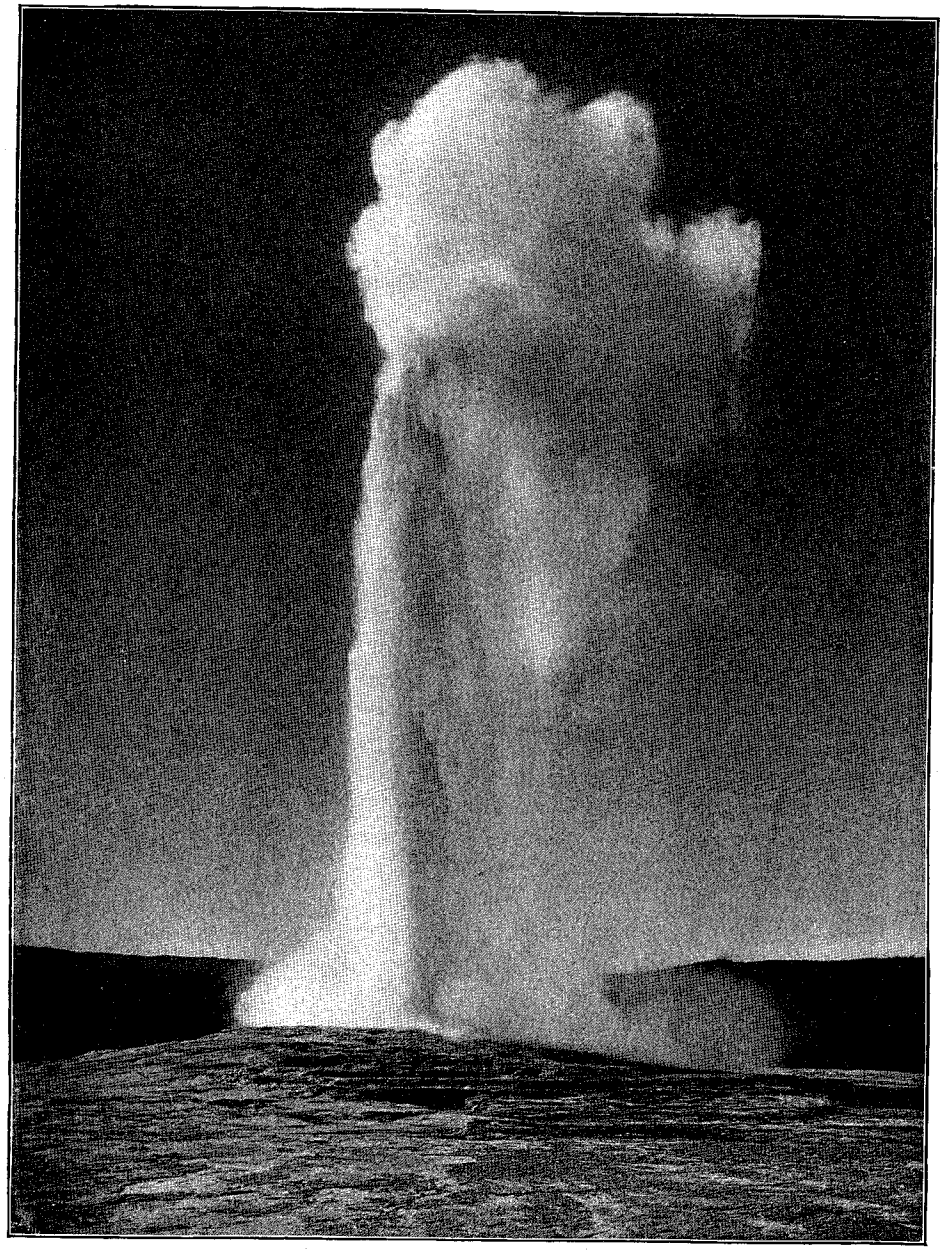

Old Faithful Geyser.

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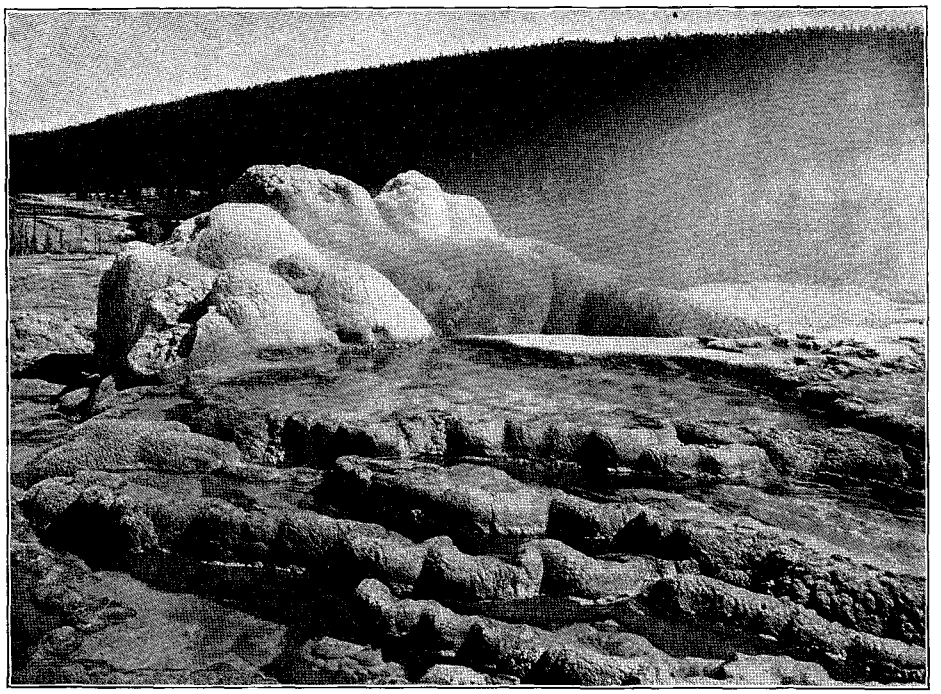

Old Faithful Crater.

apart. Into this gorge the river suddenly plunges by two picturesque falls, and for five miles lies enclosed between the most gorgeously painted cliffs imaginable. Along the base of the canyon, just above the river, thermal and solfataric agencies have been at work through long ages, slowly but steadily decomposing the rhyolite. Every shade of red appears on the walls, from delicate pink and salmon to a vivid Indian red, the prevailing hue being a bright orange. Upon the buttressed walls and sculptured amphitheatres tints of green and yellow are intermingled with the red, blending with singularly harmonious effects. Here the colors are mainly due to mineral matter, pigments derived from the lavas. From the roaring turbulent river at the bottom to the sombre green forests at the top, the abrupt walls seem aglow with color. As yet no artist has done full justice to the canyon.

The Canyon of the Yellowstone, the Colorado Canyon and the Yosemite Valley deservedly rank as the three famous gorges of the Northern Cordillera. Each in its way stands unrivalled. The Yosemite is a gem, an exquisitely picturesque piece of scenery. It is an enchanting, park-like meadow enclosed between towering walls of granite of truly majestic outline. The Canyon of the Colorado, cut in horizontal beds of uplifted sea sediments, is the most profound and sublime gorge in America, if not in the world. Yet it is not the canyon alone, but rather its relations to the massive plateaus, piled one upon another and receding into the far-away distance with their long straight lines, that makes the region so impressive, so awe-inspiring. The vastness of the Colorado Canyon startles one, and yet its dimensions seem limited when compared with the gorge of the Indus, in the heart of the Himalayas, recently described by Norman Collie. With the Yellowstone carved out of volcanic lavas, it is the canyon pure and simple that rivets the attention. It has a charm of its own, unsurpassed by either of its rivals, and amid the scientific wonders of the Park, it is the artistic culmination of Nature's efforts there. She held them long in her safe-keeping, until she could give them as a precious possession to a great People.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

There were moments, even from the first, when he let her perceive that he regarded her as a social companion.—Page 536.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIII

AFTER eighteen months of prosperity the law firm into which Gordon Perry had been admitted was crippled by the death of one of the two other partners. The survivor, who was the junior of the two, and decidedly the inferior in mental calibre and energy, proposed to Gordon to continue the firm on the footing of two-thirds of the profits for himself, and appeared pompously grieved when his former student demurred to the terms. Before he could make up his mind to a more equable division Gordon had made up his to separate and to practise alone. While Gordon did not have a very high opinion of his partner's talents, he was grateful for his own recent promotion, and was aware that his associate's wise countenance and seniority combined would probably avail to control the cream of the business—that brought by managers of corporations and successful merchants, both prone to distrust youth. But the plan of setting up for himself was tempting, especially as he disliked the alternative of the lion's share going to a lawyer of mediocre ability, and when Paul Howard asked why he did not take the step in question, and intimated that he would befriend him in case he did, Gordon resolved to burn his bridges and make the plunge, or in more correct metaphor to hang out his own shingle.

As he had expected, there was at first a slight lull in his fortunes; but, on the other hand, he was able to pocket the whole income, and even from the outset he was reasonably busy. Paul Howard's promise was fulfilled. All his personal and presently some of the firm matters were placed in Gordon's hands, and the two men met not infrequently as a consequence. At Harvard they had been acquaintances rather than friends. Their contact on the foot-ball team had inspired respect for each other's grit, but they were not intimate. As the possessor of a liberal allowance, Paul had belonged to a rather frivolous set, notorious in college circles through lavish expenditures, which included boxes at the theatres and suppers and flowers for the chorus girls. Though Gordon was partial to comic opera himself, he had regarded Paul as a high flyer, and Paul in his turn had pitied Gordon as a good fellow spoiled by being obliged to "grind." When they met again in their native city after a lapse of years, each was impressed by the other's improvement and found him much more interesting than he had expected. Paul had toned down. His spirits were less flamboyant; he was gay-hearted instead of noisy, and his manner had lost its condescension. On his part, Gordon had mellowed through contact with the world and was more easy-going in his address, and no longer wore the New England conscience in his nostrils. They met first by chance at a restaurant at noon, and, habit bringing them to the same resort, they lunched together from time to time, and the favorable impression was strengthened on each side.

Gordon interested Paul because the former was so different from most of the men with whom he was in the habit of associating, and yet was, so to speak, a good fellow. The true creed of most of Paul's friends when reduced to terms, was substantially this, that the important thing in life is to be on top, that in America every one has a chance and the best men come to the front, that success means money, that money ensures enjoyment, and that no one is supposed to be enjoying himself or herself who does not keep feeding the dynamo of conscious existence with fresh sensations and run the human machine at full pressure. There were necessary corollaries to this, such as "the devil take the hindmost," uttered considerately but firmly; "we shall be a long time dead," murmured jocosely

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but shrewdly; and "the cranks may prevail and the crash come, but we shall be under the sod," spoken philosophically, with a shake of the head or a sigh; the moral of it all being that the position of the successful—that is, the rich—is delectable and intoxicating, and the rank and file are expected to comport themselves with patriotic and Christian resignation, and not interfere with the free workings of the millionairium, an ingenious American substitute for the millennium.

The stock market, athletic sports, and cocktails were the tutelary saints of this section of society. They were habitually long or short of the market from one or two hundred to several thousand shares, according to their means. They followed feverishly the prevailing fads in sport, yachting, tennis, polo, rowing, golf, rackets, hunting, horse shows (as now, a few years later, "bridge," ping-pong, and the deadly automobile). And after exercise, before lunch and dinner, and on every other excuse, they imbibed a cocktail or a whiskey and soda as a fillip to the nervous system. They were dashing, manly-looking fellows, these companions of Paul, ingenious and daring in their business enterprises, or, if men of leisure, keen and brilliant at their games. They set great store by physical courage and unflinching endurance of peril and pain, and they would have responded promptly to a national demand for troops in case of war; but when anything arose on the political or social horizon which threatened to disturb prices on the stock exchange they set their teeth as one man and howled maledictions at it and its author, though it bore the sign manual of true progress. In short, life for them meant a bull market, a galaxy of competitive sports, and perpetual novelty.

In turning from this comradeship and point of view to Gordon Perry, Paul did so guardedly. That is, although he was not altogether satisfied to follow the current in which he found himself, he had no intention of being drawn into the eddies by false sentiment or of rowing up-stream at the dictates of envy and demagogism. He was ready to admit that the policy of high-pressure enjoyment and acquisition might be ethically defective, but he did not propose to exchange his birthright for a mess of pottage and become pious or philanthropic on sing-song lines. As he once expressed it to Gordon, some two years after the latter had set up for himself, between the hypocrites and the fools it was a comparatively simple matter to charm an audience with a psalm tune compounded of the Rock of Ages and the Star-Spangled Banner until it passed resolutions against the rich and in favor of the poor, which not merely confounded common sense and subverted justice, but gave a sort of moral sanction to the small lies, the sand in the sugar, the dirt, the superstition and the slipshod ways which distinguished the people without brains and imagination from those with.

"We might divide all round," Paul continued, "but what good would that do? I might move into a smaller house, sell my steam yacht and all my stable, except a horse and buggy, and play the Puritan, but what good would that do? People would laugh and my wife would think me crazy. I tell you what, Don, we—I mean the crowd I run with—may be a grasping, extravagant, gambling, sporting, strenuous lot, but we trot square. There's no sand in our sugar, and when there's music to be faced we don't run away, squeal or delude ourselves. But I've sworn off cocktails for good. I began yesterday. And I'm going to keep my eye on you, Don. I don't promise to follow you, but I'm interested. When you get your plans in working order let me look at them. I may be able to syndicate them for you, even though I have to shock my conservative father in the process. By the way, do you happen to need a stenographer? She's said to know her business. And this one is in your line, too."

Gordon had been conscious lately that his work required another clerk. "In my line?"

"Yes. A tale of woe. She's a protegée of my aunt's, and needs a helping hand. A widow with two small children. Good looking too, I believe. Mrs. Wilson has had her taught until she can play the typewriter like a learned pig, and take down your innermost thoughts in shorthand. And now the woman insists on being thrown down hard on her own resources, like a good American. We haven't a vacancy, unless I invent one; and it occurred to me that you must have work enough for a second stenographer by this time."

"I'll try her."

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"Thanks. One good turn deserves another. I'll tell my aunt that she ought to ask you to dine; and then if you don't give her to understand that her will is all wrong and should be drawn over again the fault will be yours."

"Bankers may advertise their wares in the shop-windows, but a self-respecting lawyer may only look wise. He must hold his tongue until he is consulted."

"Squat in his office, eh, like a spider waiting for flies? But you ought to know my aunt all the same."

"I should like to immensely," said Gordon.

"She's not like the rest of the family; she belongs to a different flight. My father has brains and force. It's not easy to equal him in those. He hasn't had time though to sort his ideas and tie them up in nice white packages with crimson bows or to polish anything except his wits. But Aunt Miriam goes in for the perfect life. That's what she has in her mind's eye. You would suit her to death, Don. You ought to be pals. She's absorbed in reforms and æsthetic mission work, and she has a fine scent for national tendencies, and there's no telling but you might each get points from the other."

Gordon laughed. "You flatter me, Paul."

"No, I don't. You're not alike. You're both aiming at the same thing, I suppose; but your ways are different. And you can't very well both be right. You may not be pals after all. You may disagree and fight. Come to think of it, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if you did. A pitched battle between Gordon Perry and Mrs. Randolph Wilson would be worth watching." Paul chuckled mirthfully at the conception. "I'm not quite sure which of you I would back."

"And now you're enigmatic, not to say absurd."

"Wait until you get to know her; then you'll understand. I should only tie myself up in a bow-knot trying to explain. Her daughter's marriage gave Aunt Miriam her head. If ever there was a case of disappointment, Lucille was one. Aunt Miriam had intended her to be a model of æsthetic sweetness and light, a sort of Matthew Arnold girl with American patent electrical improvements, but she must have been changed at birth. Lucille has her good points—I'm fond of her—but it's a matter of utter indifference to her whether the world improves or not provided she has what she likes. She must have been a constant jar to her mother. Yet I never heard a whimper from Mrs. Wilson. My aunt had no particular use for Clarence Waldo; yet when the thing was settled one could never have guessed from her manner that she was not to be the mother-in-law of Lord Rosebery or of the author of the great American novel. But now that her mission as a mother is fulfilled, look out for storm centres in the upper lake region of high ideas and fresh winds in reform circles. By the way, the Waldos are in this country again, and are to pass the summer at Newport. My wife says that we are to go there too, with a new steam yacht and all the latest appliances for cutting ice. So you see, I couldn't play the Puritan and the American husband in the same act."

As a result of this conversation, Constance Stuart obtained employment in Gordon Perry's office. When she presented herself he recognized her with surprise as the client whose scrupulous purpose he believed he had divined, though she had given no clue to her instructions. He realized that he was predisposed in her favor, so that she scarcely needed the letter of encomium from Mrs. Wilson, which he paused to read, chiefly because of its chirography and diction. He observed that both her face and figure were a little fuller than when he had seen her last, which was becoming, and that she was more trigly, though simply, dressed. It was clear that she had risen from the ashes of her adversity, and was determined to put her best foot forward. And what an attractive voice and fine eyes she had. As he looked at her he said to himself that she was qualified for the position as one in a thousand; the sort of woman who would understand without becoming obtrusive, who would be neither a machine nor a coquette; and though she was a novice, the endorsement was explicit on the score of her capacity. Gordon felt that she would give a new atmosphere to his office.

Constance, on her part, was pleased to encounter one not wholly a stranger. Though she had acquired deftness in her work, she felt nervous at actual responsibility, and the memory of the lawyer's

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kind eyes and frank smile gave her assurance. As she saw him again she was sure that he would be considerate and reasonable. Mrs. Wilson had spoken of an opening in Mr. Howard's office, where she would be one of a roomful of type-writers, but she was glad now that this opportunity had been offered her instead. There would be less excitement and less contact with the hurly-burly of large events, and less chance for promotion and for better pay in case she proved proficient. But, on the other hand, she believed that she would find here a secure and agreeable haven where she could do her best with self-respecting faithfulness and support her children suitably. As she arranged her small effects in the desk provided for her, she concluded already that she was very fortunate.

Just a year had passed since Constance had begun her new life in Lincoln Chambers, and the impulse of that new life may be said to have dated from her visit to Mrs. Randolph Wilson. From that interview and that house she had brought away encouragement and inspiration. The text of the value of the spirit of beauty possessed her soul with the ardor of a new faith. Suddenly and with captivating clearness it had been revealed to her that the external fitness of things is a fact and not to be ignored, and that the purely introspective, subjective vision sees only half the truth of existence. She perceived that she had been content with rectitude, and unadorned plainness; that she had been indifferent and blind to color, variety, and artistic excellence. It was as though she had been nourished on skimmed milk instead of cream, as though her diet had been a monotonous simple regimen without a luscious ingredient.

To begin with, she had turned her thought to her own home, where cleanliness and order ruled, but where she had hitherto refrained from other than haphazard efforts at pleasing effects. Her idea had been to be comfortable and decent, and to let the rest take care of itself, but now the ambition was awakened to impart taste to her surroundings. To her satisfaction she found that this was not difficult to accomplish even with her modest resources, as her mentor had predicted. Her woman's intelligence and native refinement reinforced her aroused interest, and by altering the angles and position of her furniture, and by introducing a few spots of color to enliven the monotony of her rooms she was able to effect a modest transformation delightful to her own eyes. To plant flowers in boxes for her windows and to arrange the few pictures she owned to advantage was the next step. The modern design of her apartment lent itself to her efforts, as though its newness, its modern tiles and its wall-papers were in league against dull commonplaceness, and it seemed to her presently almost horrible that she had remained indifferent for so long to the necessity of external appearances, absorbed in the processes of introspection. When she and Emil had married her predominant impulse had been to be a good, loving wife to him, and to make his home inviting by her cheerfulness and tact. The new, clean house had seemed to her pretty in itself, and she had taken for granted that the sets of furniture, the carpets, and other household goods, bought hastily, could not fail to set it forth to advantage. They were substantial, fresh, and paid for, and in her happiness it had not occurred to her to bother further. To do so would have seemed to savor of undue worldliness. Now how far away appeared that time of joyful ignorance, and how foreign to her present sophistication its artless outlook. She had deemed herself cultivated then, and later, in the stress of her misfortunes, had cherished thoughtful simplicity as the essence of personal refinement, the life-buoy to which she clung amid the waste of waters. By the light of experience it was plain that she had starved herself and eschewed as effete or unimportant that which was wholesome and stimulating. The same impulse led her to take a new interest in her own personal appearance, to arrange her hair tastefully, to consider a little what colors suited her best, and in various simple ways to make the most of her own personal advantages for the first time in her life. Not in the spirit of vanity, but in acknowledgment that she had too much neglected the temple of the body. And not only in respect to beauty in the outward manifestations of every-day life did she feel that she had been blind to what existence offered, but where art touched religion. She was able to approach faith from a new point of view; to wrap her naked

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intellectual communion with the garment of the church properties—to yield herself to the spell of the solemn architecture, the new stained-glass windows, the artistic reredos, and the vested choir of St. Stephen's—without suspicion or doubt. Her life had lacked the impulse of art, and in finding it she believed that she had discovered the secret of a closer approach to God.

She sought by zeal to make atonement to Mr. Prentiss for her past deficiencies. It did not appear to her essential to recant her errors formally; indeed, she did not do so to herself, for in respect to certain dogmas and supernatural claims of the creed she had not disowned her independence of thought. That which she wished to disown unmistakably was the coldness of her attitude toward spiritual things; she wished her rector to realize that heart was predominating over mind, and that trusting, ardent worship had taken the place of speculative lip service. A sermon by Mr. Prentiss came in the nick of time to further this attitude. It was on the essentials of the religious faith, and he defined them as the spirit of Christian brotherhood and love through man to God. Although he did not in terms disparage the importance of the dogmas and traditions of the church, the impression left on Constance was that he had passed them by as embodying the antiquated letter, but not the modern temper of Christian doctrine. To her eager imagination the doubts which had harassed her in the past concerning the truth of the miracles, and kindred scriptural deviation, from the natural order of the universe were reduced to trivial importance. Instead of stumbling-blocks to faith, they had become objects of secondary interest, to one side of the high-road along which the Christ-life was leading mankind.

How better could she manifest this change of mood to Mr. Prentiss than by devotion to church work? She became a teacher in the Sunday-school in the Church of the Redeemer, the mission church connected with St. Stephen's, joined once more a Bible-class under her rector's instruction, and undertook to befriend some poor families less fortunate than herself on the parish lists. But her dearest service was to help to deck the church for the great Christian festivals, Christmas and Easter. To arrange the evergreen and mistletoe, the profusion of lilies and roses, humbly and under the guidance of those versed in such matters, but with devoted hands, gave her a chance to ventilate the new poetry of her soul. She had become enamored of the charm of flowers; she delighted in the swell of the organ and the melodious chants of the rejoicing choir. Her willing fingers quickly became skilful. At the second Easter she was even appealed to on minor points of taste by some of her fellow-workers, so that Loretta Davis, who was standing by holding smilax, nudged her as a sign of congratulation, for she had represented herself to Loretta as a complete novice in such matters. Very grateful and inspiriting to Constance was Mrs. Wilson's voluntary tribute on the same evening that she had been of notable service. Mrs. Wilson was the presiding genius and lady bountiful of these festivals, especially on Easter Day. It was she who said yearly to Mr. Prentiss, "Date plenis lilia," and, acting on that cue, gave orders to the florists to exhaust the green-houses of the neighborhood, and to spare neither expense nor pains to make St. Stephen's the most beautiful sanctuary in Benham. It was she who organized and tactfully controlled the large committee of ladies whose annual labor of love it was to dress the church. It was she who oversaw and checkmated the commonplace intentions of the professional decorators employed to fasten festoons and clusters beyond the reach of ladylike gymnastics; and it was she who originated or set the seal of approval on the artistic scheme of design adopted by the committee.

Mrs. Wilson had had several triumphs as a consequence of the freedom afforded her by her daughter's marriage, but nothing had given her more satisfaction than the progress of Loretta Davis's redemption through association with Constance. She had jumped at the idea of placing the wayward girl in the opposite tenement, feeling that the experience would be a blessing to both women; that it would provide Loretta with a sympathetic fellow struggler and example, and give Mrs. Stuart the self-respecting occasion to help as well as to be helped. Still it was an experiment until tried, the success of which could not be taken for granted.

That their relations had become sympathetic was due mainly to Constance. In

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her present mood the unfortunate girl seemed to have been sent to her as an opportunity for Christian usefulness, as a test of her own spiritual regeneration. Here was the best chance of all to show her changed heart to her rector. Her recognition from the outset that Loretta was distasteful to her, and her shrinking not only from the girl's attitude toward sin but from her smart matter-of-fact personality served merely as a spur to her own zeal. She would win her over and be won over herself; she would unearth the palpitating soul of which Mrs. Wilson had confided to her that she had caught a glimpse, and teach her to reassert and develop her womanhood. Help came unexpectedly from Loretta herself after the ice of acquaintance was broken and the two women found themselves close neighbors. Constance was attracted by the keenness of her intelligence which, though Loretta was ignorant and undisciplined, was apt to go straight to the mark on the wings of rough but pungent speech. It conciliated Constance to discover this trait, for she shrank from self-deception as a moral blemish and one more typical of women than of men. The girl's directness awoke an answering chord. A clear head removed half the difficulty of the situation, and held out the hope that wise counsel would not be lost.

Loretta made no mystery of her circumstances. She told the story of her shame with matter-of-fact glibness as an everyday incident in human life, lamentable possibly on conventional grounds, but not to be judged harshly by the discerning, among whom she chose to place Constance. The thing had happened, and there was nothing to be said or done but make the best of it—which now included the baby.

"She wanted me to keep it, and I said I would, and that I'd come and live here and see how I liked it. I shocked her and—well, I had never talked with anyone just like her before. She seemed set on my living here, so I thought I'd try."

"She" was always Mrs. Wilson. This was Loretta's invariable way of referring to her, as if there could be no question who was meant. She talked of her constantly, with an eager yet shy interest, which promptly revealed to Constance how matters stood. Loretta had taken up her duties as a mother and subordinated her own wanton theories to please Mrs. Wilson. This was the bond which held her, not religion or the qualms of self-respect. Yet it was a bond, and Constance recognized it as one to be cherished. To hear this woman, so bold and indelicate in every-day speech, ask questions concerning her divinity with a shyness not unlike that of a bashful lover was interesting. Was not she herself under the influence of the same charm? Was not this infatuation another tribute to the power of the spirit of beauty? Thus Constance felt that she had a clue to her new companion's nature, which she did her best to utilize. So it happened that Loretta went to church because she could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Wilson from where they sat; and Loretta took a new interest in her baby from the hour when Mrs. Wilson sent her, tied up with a pretty ribbon, a little embroidered infant's jacket bought at a fair; and Loretta helped to deck St. Stephen's at Easter because of the chance that Mrs. Wilson would speak to her, as of course she did. Constance found herself a silent but zealous conniver and accomplice; and it impressed her that the object of devotion seemed instinctively aware both of it and the girl's need, for every now and then Mrs. Wilson would make the occasion by a few words, a note, a visit or a gift to lift Loretta above the level of her own devices. For just as Antæus gained strength by contact with the earth, Loretta's spirit seemed to crave the inspiration of Mrs. Wilson's gracious patronage.

Though slap-dash and over-confident in her ways, Loretta was capable and quick to adopt and to perform skilfully whatever appealed to her. Her experience as a cashier in a drug store had given her a lingo and a certain familiarity concerning modern remedies, and she had a natural aptitude with her hands. Some of the maternal hygienic niceties practised by Constance appeared to amuse her at first, but as she became more interested in her baby, she outdid her neighbor in pharmaceutical experiments with powder, oil, perfume, and whatever she thought likely to make her child a savory specimen of babyhood. When the child was a year old, Mrs. Wilson made good her promise that Loretta should be instructed in nursing by securing her admission to a hospital. At the same time she engaged another of her wards, a re-

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sponsible, elderly woman, to take up her abode in Loretta's tenement, and it was arranged that this custodian should also tend Constance's children during their mother's absence down-town. How to guard her children properly after their return from school had been agitating Constance, and this plan was exactly to her liking. She paid a small sum weekly from her earnings for the supervision, and it was understood that Loretta should have the same privilege after her apprenticeship was over and she had become self-supporting. So it was that Mrs. Wilson felt she had reason to be gratified by her philanthropic experiment in Lincoln Chambers.

XIV

THE zest of existence must be largely ethical and subjective for the majority of us or we should speedily become despondent or bored. Contact with life is necessarily so commonplace for the mass of humanity, that, were we dependent on personal participation in large events and dramatic, splendid experiences for inspiration and content, few would not find themselves restless and in the mental doldrums. Fortunately for our peace of mind, most of us not only appreciate that pictorial and world-stirring, or even exciting, affairs can be the lot of only a fraction of mankind, but, by virtue of the imagination, manage to impart to our more or less humble vicissitudes the aspect of an engrossing situation. We recognize the relative insignificance of the individual drama, but its reality holds us. Its characters may be few, its scenery bare, its action trite and simple to other eyes, yet each of us, as the leading actor, finds in the development of a human soul a part which fascinates him, and lends itself to the finest shades of expression. Whether it be a king on his throne, or a cripple in his cot, the essential matter to the world is the nice interpretation. So, as the true artist in a subordinate rôle forgets for the time that he is not the leading actor, we refuse to be depressed by the unimportance of our theatricals and are absorbed by the unfolding perplexities of our own soul play.

It is every American woman's privilege, according to her tastes, to dream that she may become the wife of the President of the United States, or wield a powerful personal influence as a poetess, humanitarian educator, or other exponent of modern feminine usefulness. In marrying Emil Stuart, Constance had renounced the latter in favor of the former possibility. She had sacrificed all hopes of personal public distinction, but there still had remained the vision of becoming famous by proxy, through her husband. If this had never appeared to her happy eyes as a bride more than an iridescent dream, the idea that she would presently be working in a lawyer's office would have seemed utterly inconsistent with her scheme of life, and a violation of her horoscope. Yet, now that she was established in this position, she found the experience not only satisfactory, as a means of subsistence, but interesting. In the first place, it stirred her to be down-town in the swift current of affairs and a part of the busy crowd which peopled the huge office-buildings and swept to and from its work with the regularity and rhythmic force of the tide. Through this daily contact she discerned, as never before, the dignity and the pathos of labor, and gained both courage and exhilaration from the thought that, though there were generals and captains, and she was in the rear rank of privates, the real strength of the army lay in the faithful performance by the individual of that portion of the world's toil entrusted to himself or herself. There was attraction, too, in her employment, though her task was but to register and reproduce with despatch the thoughts of others. The occupation tested her accuracy, patience, tact, and diligence. She must avoid blunders and be swift to comprehend. There were secrets in her keeping; affairs upon the issue of which hinged large sums of money, and often the happiness of leading citizens, who were clients of the office; close legal battles between mind and mind; domestic difficulties settled out of court; and suits for injuries, where the price of a life or of a limb were at stake. Her lips must be sealed, and she must seem unaware of the tragedies which passed beneath her observation. Yet the human element became a constant, vivid interest to her, and now and then it happened, as, for instance,

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when a forlorn hope brought liberal damages to the wronged or the afflicted, that she was taken into the secret by the exultant plaintiff, and was able to rejoice openly.

There was, finally, her association with her employer. From this she had not expected much. She was there to execute his instructions without superfluous words or the obtrusion of her own personality. She knew, instinctively, that he would not treat her merely as a machine, but she took for granted that their relations would be formal. It pleased her that, though this was the case, there were moments, even from the first, when he let her perceive that he regarded her as a social companion. To evince a kindly interest in her personal affairs was simply human; anyone might show this; but to talk with her on the topics of the day, to call her attention to a book or an article, or, as presently happened, to invite her opinion on a question of legal ethics, was a flattering indication that he considered their point of view the same. A difference in point of view is the most insurmountable, because the most intangible, barrier to the free play of human sympathy and the social instinct. It is the last great fortress in the pathway of democracy; one which the besiegers will be able to carry only by learning the password. A free-masonry exists, from the cut of the mind to that of the hair and coat, between those who recognize each other, and not to speak the same language palsies the best intentions. Modest as her introduction to Mrs. Randolph Wilson had made her, Constance in her heart believed that she spoke the same mental language as Mr. Perry. But would he recognize it? That he did so not only increased her interest in serving him, but held out the promise of a new friend. He might so easily have passed her over, he who was so busy and had so many acquaintances. Yet it was plain that he liked to talk to her, and that he availed himself of opportunities for conversation. At the end of a year it happened that the other stenographer, her predecessor, left Mr. Perry's employment in order to marry. As a consequence, Constance became the senior clerk, and was given formal charge of the office with a slight increase in pay.

She would scarcely have been human had Gordon Perry's complimentary interest failed to inspire her with some degree of hero-worship. Yet, though she was presently aware that she had set him on a pedestal, she felt that she had excellent reasons for her partiality. Was he not a clear-headed, astute reasoner, as well as kind? A thorough, conscientious worker, who went to the root of whatever he undertook, and prosecuted it vigorously, as well as a gracious spirit with a sense of humor? If she did not reveal much of the last quality herself, she appreciated and enjoyed it in others, especially when it was the sort of humor which championed truth against error and could be playful or caustic, as the occasion demanded. He was simple and approachable, yet he had influential and fashionable friends. Recently he had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Randolph Wilson, and was on pleasant terms with her. Constance had recognized her handwriting, and had been apprised by Loretta of his presence at Mrs. Wilson's entertainments. Loretta had, what seemed to Constance, almost a mania for the social department of newspapers. She knew by rote the names of the society leaders, and was familiar through reportorial photography, with many of their faces. Mrs. Wilson was the bright, particular star in this galaxy of interest. Loretta searched with avidity for every item of gossip which concerned her divinity, and took a hectic pleasure in retailing her information. Thus it happened that every now and then she would exclaim: "I see that your boss was at her last entertainment," the fact of which was more agreeable to Constance than the phraseology. Loretta's diction was always clear, but Constance, who wished to feel that they spoke the same language, had often to bite her lips as a reproof to her sensibilities; and, especially, when she heard her hero spoken of as her boss. It was so wide of the truth regarding him.

Then there was his mother, and here again Constance had cause to feel gratified. Quite unexpectedly Mrs. Perry had called upon her, seeking her at Lincoln Chambers in the late afternoon when she was likely to be at home. While serving her five o'clock tea, Constance had observed, with interest in her personality, marked resemblances to her son. He had inherited her naturalness and mental vigor. Her cheerful directness, too, but in his case the straightforward atti-

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tude was softened by the habit of deliberation and garnished by a more tolerant gaiety. It was obvious that Mrs. Perry maintained the integrity of her convictions until they ran counter in daily life to his, and in capitulating reserved always the privilege to be of the same opinion still, which she exercised with her tongue in her cheek, thereby betraying her great pride in her son, and in her son's superior wisdom. She professed, for instance, to regard his ideas concerning the new home in which he had just installed her, and where she was keeping house for him, as extravagant. What was the use of spending so much on mere creature comforts? She did not need them. She had sat on straight-backed chairs all her days and preferred them, and she did not require a telephone to order her marketing.

"When I was young," she said to Constance, "there was only one set bath-tub in a house, if any, and no modern plumbing. We carried hot water upstairs in pails, and those who drew water from the boiler poured in as much as they took. But there are so many labor-saving machines to-day, that sheer laziness is at a premium. Gordon declares that I'm all wrong, and that more people are clean and comfortable as a consequence. Then, as to the wall-papers and carpets and upholstery, well, they're pretty, I can't deny that. But, somehow, it goes against my grain to see so many bright colors. Yet when I say it looks frivolous, Gordon simply laughs. So I've promised to hold my tongue until everything is finished, and to let him have his way. He likes to have his way almost as much as I do mine, Mrs. Stuart, and the strangest part is that, though he doesn't always convince me, I have a secret feeling that he must be right."

Constance was taken to see the new house in one of the outlying and more fashionable wards of the city, which, as Mrs. Perry had declared, was supplied with all the modern improvements and was being furnished with an eye to artistic taste. It became evident that the old lady, despite her misgivings, was very proud at heart of the whole establishment, but that her satisfaction centred in the library—her son's room—a cosy, spacious apartment with tall shelves for his books and various conveniences adapted to a bachelor and a student. As standing on the threshold, she exhibited it to her guest with a shy pride, which almost seemed to gasp at the effects disclosed, she murmured: "It sometimes seems to me a wicked waste of money; but I'm glad to think he's going to be so comfortable."

Constance replied, "It's a delightful room. Just the place, restful to the body and stimulating to the spirit, which a busy man like Mr. Perry ought to have."

"There can be nothing too good for him, if that's what you mean."

"I heartily assent," said Constance, smiling. "And I agree with your son that it is sensible and right to surround oneself with pretty things if one has the means."

"I guess that he must have talked it over with you," said the old lady, with a keen glance.

"No."

"Well, it's a wonder he hasn't, for he sets store by your opinion on lots of things. In my day, compliments weren't considered good for young people, but I don't believe from your looks that you'll work any the less well, because I let you know what he thinks of you. He was saying the other day that he feared you must find thumping on that machine of yours, week in and week out, and taking down letters in double-quick time, dull work, and I told him that a woman of the right sort, with two children to support, had no time to feel dull or to think about her feelings, but was thankful for the chance of steady employment. You see I know something about that myself. You have your boy and girl to keep your thoughts busy, just as I had him."

"Yes, indeed. But it is a pleasure to work for Mr. Perry. No man is a hero to his valet, and need not be, I suppose, to his stenographer. You won't think it presumptuous of me to say that he has been very considerate, and that I enjoy taking down his words because he is so intelligent and so thorough?"

"There's no one who likes to hear nice things said about him so well as his mother. There's only one fault about him, so far as I know, and that may be cured any day. He's a bachelor. I would move straight out of this house to-morrow in order to see him well married."

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"That wouldn't be necessary, I imagine, Mrs. Perry."

"Yes, it would. I should make a detestable mother-in-law. Gordon gets his clear-headedness from me, and I know my own faults. I shouldn't be jealous, but I should wish her to do things in my way, and she would wish to do them in hers, so we should clash. I wouldn't risk it. But I'd be willing to die to-morrow and never to kiss my grandchildren if only he had a good wife. I should be very particular, though."

"I should think so. I hope with all my heart that he may meet a woman worthy of him." Constance was a little surprised by her own fervor. Expressed in sound it seemed to her almost familiar. Then, without knowing why, she sighed. Was it because she painfully recalled that marriage was a lottery?

Mrs. Perry evidently ascribed the sigh to that source, for after regarding her a moment, she said softly, "It was easier for me than it is for you. When I lost my husband we were very happy. You are left alone. You see my son has told me your story."

"I am glad that you should know."

"But you are young, my dear. Young and a charming looking, lovable woman. The right man may come along. Who knows?"

Constance stared at her in astonishment. "My husband is not dead," she said, a little formally.

"Yes, I know. He deserted you."

"But he is alive."

"Gordon told me that you had not been divorced."

"I have never thought of such a thing."

"You know where he is?"

"I have not seen him or heard from him since the day he left me nearly three years ago."

"Precisely."

"He is the father of my children, however."

For a moment Mrs. Perry seemed to be pondering the thesis contained in her single word of deduction, and her visitor's reply. Then she bent her shrewd eyes on Constance, and said with a quiet pithiness of utterance, which reminded the latter of her employer. "I was not tempted to marry again because I loved my husband, and could not forget him. But I've never been able to convince my common sense that it is fair to asperse the woman who marries again after the law has separated her forever from the man who has done her a grievous wrong, but to think it only right and fitting for a widow to take a second husband when the first whom she has loved, and who has loved her, is in the grave. If I were a young woman on my death-bed, I expect I couldn't make up my mind to beg my husband to marry again. But I couldn't blame him if he did. It's the way of human nature, often as not. It's hateful to be lonely. And why shouldn't the girl marry again, who has been left in the lurch by a cruel man, who has been false to the vow he took to support and protect her? Only the other day a rich merchant whom my son knows, a man of over sixty, who had lived with his wife for thirty years, married again before she had been dead twelve months, and they had a solemn church wedding. It was your clergyman, Mrs. Stuart, who married them. I'd call it disgusting, except that some people said he was solitary, although he had daughters. But to make fish of one and flesh of the other, isn't just. I'm an old woman, and the longer I live the more I dote on justice."

"I remember now. I know whom you mean. Loretta insisted on reading me the account of it from the newspaper. I've seen him in church. He is one of the vestrymen."

"Yes, it was a society function. But I don't judge him," said Mrs. Perry, sitting up straight to emphasize her intention to be dispassionate. "Men are queer. His wife was dead, and he had the right to ask another woman to fill her place. But why, then, should anyone criticise you?"

"Have you heard anyone criticise me?" Constance asked, hoping to extricate the conversation from the depths of this argument by a ripple on the surface.

"Some of them would. You did yourself, you know."

"It was a new idea to me. I have never thought of marrying." After a moment's silence, she added, simply: "How would you like your son to marry a divorced woman, Mrs. Perry?"

Her mind had picked out, instinctively, the crucial question. The old lady gave a little gasp and start.

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"A divorced woman? Gordon?" Then she laughed. "The way you said 'divorced woman' had a formidable sound." The personal application was evidently a surprise to her; evidently, too, it interested her, and she wrestled with it sitting erect and bright-eyed. In another moment she had worked out the answer to her own satisfaction. "It would depend upon her —what she was like. If she were innocent —if she had been grossly wronged, and had sought the relief from her distress which the laws allow, and I liked her and he loved her, I shouldn't object. Or, put it in this way: I should prefer that Gordon did not marry a widow, but a girl with all the freshness of her life before her."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Constance.

"But plenty of young men fall in love with widows and marry, and no one thinks any the worse of the widows, or of them. I'd fully as lief Gordon married a divorced woman as one who had buried her husband. And if I were sure she was a fine woman, I can imagine my sentiment vanishing like moonshine, and my not minding a bit."

Constance shook her head thoughtfully. "He must marry some fine, sweet girl without a past," she said with gentle positiveness.

"Amen to that, my dear. And the sooner the better."

One day early in September, in the summer following the date of this conversation, Paul Howard entered the office. As he passed into Gordon's private room, omitting the gay greeting which he was wont to exchange with her, Constance noticed that his expression was grave and tense, and that he looked tired. She said to herself that his summer at Newport could not have rested him.

It was Paul's second season at Newport. In accordance with his half-humorous prediction, he had hired there, the previous summer, one of the most desirable villas, a spacious establishment with a superb outlook to sea. He had maintained a large steam yacht, and an elaborate stable, and had entertained lavishly. All to please his wife. At least so he regarded it, and this was in a large measure the truth. Ever since his marriage, five years back, Paul had been saying to himself that he would like to spend his vacation in some cool, picturesque spot, far from scenes of social display, where with his wife he could enjoy the beauties of nature unreservedly, and recuperate from the fatigues of the winter. But, though he had hankered after this in theory, and had broached the project to Mrs. Howard, somehow it had never come to pass, and he had been secretly aware for some time that it never would, unless one of them had nervous prostration and were ordered away by a physician. For when one is a millionaire and has an ambitious wife, one gets into the way of doing what other millionaires do, and becomes acclimated to the amusements proper to millionaires, until presently the necessity of having luxuries at one's fingers' ends makes any other programme seem insipid and a bore. Those who neglect to follow their own tastes cannot fail to be moulded by the tastes which they adopt. We readily habituate ourselves to our surroundings, whether it be to too few baths, or too many. Paul delighted in the plumbing facilities of his establishment. He was perpetually taking baths and changing his underclothes, and the apprehension lest this orgie be interfered with had taken the edge off his desire for closer contact with the beauties of nature. He recognized the change in himself, but charged it to the account of the spirit of the age, that convenient depository of modern philosophers. So, by the end of that first summer, he had found himself content rather than otherwise with the experience and disposed to return. To begin with, his wife was enthusiastic. As she expressed it, she had had the time of her life, which was comforting. Although from Monday morning to Thursday night had been spent by him in New York (he had arranged to be absent from Benham during the summer months and take temporary charge of the New York office), the rest of the week was passed at Newport, and for the trip he had his own comfortable yacht. Besides, he took a fortnight in August, during the time of the New York Yacht Club cruise, with its opportunities to meet familiarly men of importance in the financial world. There was golf and riding and driving, his baths and cocktails. If he found the widely advertised, and rather foolish, extravagant entertainments in dog-day August, to which his wife dragged him, tedious, he could generally slip away early if she wished to stay to

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dance, and often he could manage to be in New York when they occurred. Besides, since to be present at them seemed to be regarded as social recognition, he was gratified to be treated as a millionaire would wish to be treated in the society of millionaires. To go, or at least to be represented by his wife, who made his excuses most charmingly he was told, showed that he had not been left out, which is the controlling reason why people go to festivities at Newport, except to those where trinkets of real value are given away in the course of the evening. Paul had fully intended to renounce cocktails. In fact, he had sworn off at Benham; but since they appeared to take the place of a grace before meat at every gathering of Newport's fashionable male contingent, he had yielded again like a good fellow to the spirit of the age just for one summer. One swallow does not make a summer, as we all know, and similarly, destiny often requires more than one summer to carry the spirit of the age to its logical conclusions. This is true of the effect of cocktails on the coats of the stomach, according to the best medical authorities. But we are not considering that here. Indeed, the working out process which Paul now found confronting him was outside of himself and concerned him chiefly as a victim. If his first summer at Newport had been propitious, taking all things, including the spirit of the age, into consideration, the second had been productive of momentous issues. It was in relation to these that Paul had come to consult Gordon Perry, his friend and legal adviser.

XV

GORDON PERRY looked up from his desk with an air of surprise. "Why, Paul, I thought you'd shaken the dust of Benham from your feet until the last of the month." Then noticing his client's face as they joined hands, he added, "I hope nothing has gone wrong."

"Everything is wrong." Paul seated himself with grave deliberation. "Are you at leisure? What I have to consult you about will take some time."

"No one shall disturb us."

"It isn't business." Then, after a moment's silence. "It's my wife. She has betrayed me."

"Your wife betrayed you?" Gordon, as in his bewilderment he echoed the words, recalled a woman with a dainty figure, a small, sphinx-like mouth, full cheeks devoid of color, and black hair. He had never been at Paul's house, but he had been introduced to her, and he had frequently seen her and her little girl driving in her victoria, a picture of up-to-date fastidiousness. At the time of her marriage she had been called the prettiest girl in Benham. She was the daughter of a St. Louis contractor with a reputation for executive ability, who had moved to Benham in her childhood to become the president of a car-building company. Paul's friends had intimated that he had gone rather out of his way to marry her. Certainly it had been considered a brilliant match for her.

"Yes. It's a pretty kettle of fish, as you'll appreciate when you hear the story; a hopeless case so far as our living together is concerned. I've come to you for advice and to talk it over, though she and I threshed out the situation four days ago. May I smoke? Thanks. You don't here, I know; but I go from cigar to cigar to keep my nerves straight, for I'm still dazed, and I haven't slept much."

"It's ghastly," murmured Gordon.

"Now that I look back I suppose I ought to have realized that she never really cared for me. Perhaps the gradual, unconscious perception of that reacted on me. I fell dead in love with her looks, and would have worshipped the ground she trod on had she proved what I thought her to be. As it is, I'm humiliated, angry, disgusted, all at sea. But I can see that we should never be happy together again. Love in the true sense is over on both sides. I tell you this, Gordon, to begin with. You haven't heard anything?"

"Not a word."

"I thought it likely they had copied the item from the Newport into the Benham newspapers. Five nights ago I popped at a man in my house with a revolver—a long shot—just as he was escaping over the balcony outside my wife's apartment, and missed. At the moment I would have given half my fortune to kill him. I dare say, it's just as well I didn't. There would have been a bigger scandal. It was one

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o'clock, and someone who heard the noise —servants, I know not who—talked, and two days later there appeared in one of the newspapers an allusion to the mysterious midnight pistol shot on the Howard place. A reporter called on me; I declined to see him, but my butler, who can be trusted, had instructions to say I was shooting cats. That's all the public knows as yet. Here's a nice problem for the women's debating clubs: A man discovers his wife's lover in his place; ought he to shoot him like a rat on the spot, or accept the situation for what it is worth, just as he has to accept a death in the family, a fire, or any other visitation of Providence? Eh?" Paul gave a short laugh. "Of course the primitive man shot every time. But we can remember one husband who did shoot and who killed, and that all the exquisite people and some of the wise people shook their heads and declared he ought to have thought of his daughters. There was a world-wide scandal, and after the funeral we were told that the husband had always been a crank, in proof of which he died later in an insane asylum, while his wife has hovered on the outskirts of the smart set ever since as a sort of blessed martyr to the rigor of conventions. No, my dear fellow, the only decent thing for me to do now is to compromise myself deliberately with some common woman, so as to give my wife the chance to obtain a divorce from me. That is the duty of the gallant modern husband, according to the nicest and latest fashionable code."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Paul."

"Wait until you have mulled over it as I have. For the sake of my little girl her mother's reputation must be sacred."

"I see. Then her misconduct is not known?"

"It's a profound secret. That is, no one has seen her in the act, but it seems that all Newport except myself has taken it for granted and been whispering about it all summer. It began last summer, dolt that I was. But it's not known officially. That is, the newspapers have not got on to it." Paul made a movement of impatience and, rising, took a turn or two across the office. He stopped in front of Gordon and said: "Mind you, the temptation to kill him like a rat was not presented to me. I don't say I would have done it. I don't know what I would have done under all the circumstances—the gruesome circumstances—had we been face to face and he unarmed. He heard me and fled by the window. I was in the ante-room and stepped out on the balcony, and running round merely saw a disappearing figure. I did not know who he was, but I surmised; and on the spur of the moment I felt it was almost a hopeless shot. Who do you suppose he was?"

"I have no idea, of course."

"Guess."

"It would be useless. I know no one at Newport except yourself, Paul."

"Oh, yes, you do. Here's situation number two in the tragedy. It was my cousin Lucille's husband, Clarence Waldo."

"For Heaven's sake!" Gordon ejaculated. "It can't be possible."

Paul's laugh broke forth again. "Stunning, isn't it? No dramatist can improve on that. But I can. I know what you're thinking," he said, folding his arms, as he stood before Gordon with a saturnine glee, as though he were enjoying the other's consternation. "You're wondering what Mrs. Wilson will say?"

Gordon shook his head. "It is terrible for her, of course. But I was thinking of your poor cousin."

"Spare your pity in that quarter, man, until you know the truth. Situation number three! Lucille and her husband have fallen out, agreed to differ, ceased to love each other, never have loved each other, and are to be divorced as soon as circumstances will permit. Waldo is to marry my wife, and she—Lucille—has plighted her troth to Bradbury Nicholson, of New York, a son of the president of the Chemical Trust, of whom she is enamoured, and with whom, it seems, she has been carrying on clandestinely for months. Didn't I tell you I could improve on myself? The curtain now to red fire and the strains of Tschaikowsky!"

Paul flung himself into his chair, and squared his jaw. For a moment he looked like his father.

Gordon gazed at him with a brow of dismay. "How do you know this?"

"From my wife. She made a clean breast of their affairs, and seemed to be rather surprised that I didn't know. It's all cut and dried. That is, it is to work out that way in the end, and soon, if I'm

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accommodating. And I am expected to be. After the first flare-up, which was all on my part, and did not take place until next morning, we talked in our ordinary voices, as we are talking now." Since the climax of his narration, Paul's sensational tone had ceased. He seemed simply tired, as though he had been suddenly let down. "She set me the example. You know her face. She looked whiter than ever, but was perfectly clear and explicit. She said it was evident we were not suited to each other. Although I agreed with her, I was fool enough to ask her why, and she intimated politely, but clearly, that I bored her—said we did not care for the same things. She admitted that I was not to blame for that, and that I had been very generous in money matters. Then we talked and we talked and we talked, at that time and again in the evening, until the small hours. The upshot is, we're to be divorced as soon as it can be arranged. She is to desert me, or I her. She seemed to be posted as to the law. Or, whatever way you suggest. I've given in. She appealed to my common sense, as she called it. She told me that we had made a mistake, that we both knew it, and that the sooner we recognized it, the better. That there need be no disagreeable publicity beyond the fact that we were no longer to be husband and wife. I couldn't deny that my love for her was dead. The only difficult question was the child. Neither of us wished to give her up, and each of us would like to have her all the time."

"Poor little thing!"

"Yes, indeed. When I thought of Helen, I told my wife at first that I was ready to preserve the outward forms of living together, in the teeth of her unfaithfulness, for the sake of our child. But she told me that I was old-fashioned. She asked whether I thought it would be worse for Helen, or whether Helen would be less happy to live as we should mutually arrange than to grow up in a wretched household, where the father and mother were utterly at variance. That was a poser. It's the devil either way. What do you think?"

"It's the devil, as you say. Amen, to that! But if it's got to be—got to be," Gordon reiterated, "I'm inclined to think your wife was right in terming your protest old-fashioned. Where a marriage is utterly blasted, to retain the husk merely for the sake of the children must fail, it seems to me, in nine cases out of ten, to accomplish its purpose—to preserve what society is pleased to call the sanctity of the home."

"There would not be much sanctity left in mine," Paul murmured. "However, when she saw that I was determined to have my full share of Helen, or fight, we came to terms. Helen is to spend her winters with me, her summer vacations with her mother; or some such arrangement; and, of course, I am to provide for the child." Paul paused reflectively. "I don't think it ever occurred to my wife that we do not stand on an equal footing, and that she would not be the best of moral influences for a daughter. It seems to be an answer to everything that we were not sympathetic, and that she has met somebody who is; her affinity, as they say. I had observed her intimacy with Waldo, and was aware of some cases at Newport where women had compromised themselves with other women's husbands; and, though I didn't exactly fancy Waldo's attentions, and had hinted to her twice my disapproval—to which the first time she pleaded surprise, and the second, shrugged her shoulders—I never divined the truth until I received this." He drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Gordon. "Even then, I couldn't believe the worst."

Gordon perused the contents of the envelope, a single sheet of paper on which were the words: "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

"Humph! Anonymous!" he said.

"She asked me what brought matters to a crisis, and I told her. She thinks it must have been sent by a maid whom she discharged. I received it at my New York office in the middle of the week, and the following Sunday night, instead of leaving Newport in my yacht, as usual, I pretended to do so, and returned late to my house on foot. The rest you know. It may be I was too much absorbed in my business. However, it's all over now, and it's best it should be over. What I wish is advice as to the necessary steps; that you should tell me what I ought to do."

"As to a divorce?"

"Yes. She is to follow my instructions in regard to it."

"And what as to the others—the Waldos?"

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"No wonder you ask. I put the same question to her, and she told me that I needn't concern myself about them; that they would find a way."

"There are certainly various ways if people choose to connive at divorce. There are certain States where the residence essential to give the court jurisdiction can be obtained in a pitifully short time—even as short as three months, and where an agreement to live apart is allowed, through lack of scrutiny, to pass for genuine desertion. If Mrs. Waldo and her husband have both been guilty of infidelity, neither is entitled to a decree of divorce in any court of justice. But that concerns them, not you. I was merely voicing the regret which every decent man feels that there shouldn't be a uniform law in all our States. But here one runs up against the vested rights of sovereign peoples. It's a far cry from South Carolina, where no divorce is granted for any cause whatever, to Wisconsin or Colorado, where desertion for one year is sufficient. Yet, if one had to choose between the two, there is less injustice and more regard for the welfare of society in the latter extreme, radical as it is, than in the former. Whatever happens, the world will never go back to marital chains and slavery." Turning to the book-case at his elbow, Gordon selected a law book and opened it. "I don't hanker after divorce cases, but I'm very glad you have come to me, Paul. I was simply shocked, at first; let me tell you now how heartily sorry I am for you."

"Thank you, Don. I knew you would be. As to my cousin, Lucille, I cannot say, positively, that she has taken the final step—actually sinned. My wife admitted that she had no real knowledge, though she took the worst for granted. But it is certain that the marriage is at an end, that she and her husband are hopelessly alienated, and that at the first opportunity she will marry this young Nicholson. As to myself, you agree with me, don't you, that a divorce is the only possible, the only sensible, course to adopt?"

Gordon paused a moment before replying. "The only possible, no; the only sensible—since you ask me as a friend as well as a client—in my opinion, yes. It's a point which every man must decide for himself, if it confronts him. Some people would say to you that you should stick to your wife, not live with her necessarily, but refuse to break the bond; that she might repent and return to you. It seems to me, though, that if my wife had been false to me and my love for her were dead, I would not allow such a sentiment—and it is only sentiment—to tie me forever to a woman who was no longer my wife, except in name. Your life is before you. Why should a vitiated contract be a bar between you and happiness? You may wish to marry again."

Paul shook his head.

"Naturally you don't think so, now. But why not?"

"As George the Second said, '*j'aurai des maitresses*,'" Paul answered, a little bitterly.

"Exactly!" exclaimed Gordon, with eagerness. "The continuance of such a bond would be a premium on immorality. That's a point which sentimentalists do not take sufficiently into account. Why is it necessary to marry again, they ask. For one thing, because a man's a man, as you and I know. It's a new question to me, Paul, because, though it's one of the questions ever on the surface, I have never had to deal with it squarely until now. The more I think of it the more sure I am that a divorce would be sensible, and more than that, sensible in the highest sense, without a jot or a tittle of deprecation. I know; you don't wish to have to apologize. All I can say is, if I were in your shoes, I would do the same. You have a right to your freedom."

"I couldn't see it in any other light. Besides, my wife is bent on being free, herself. If I do not apply for a divorce, she will—and in the shortest way."

"As to the method," continued Gordon, after a moment's scrutiny of the volume before him, "it is simple enough—a mere question of time. In this State where a party is guilty of a cause for divorce—as in this case, infidelity—the injured party is justified in leaving the home, and after such separation has continued for the statutory period, the injured party may obtain a divorce for desertion. Or, simpler still, your wife can desert you, and after the necessary time has elapsed, the same result would follow. The statutory period is three years."

"My wife will not like that."

"It is the only course, if she desires to preserve her reputation. If she prefers to

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have you bring a libel for divorce on the ground of infidelity, she can be free in a much shorter time. Also she could obtain her liberty somewhat sooner by changing her residence to a more accommodating jurisdiction and asking a divorce from you. Provided you offered no opposition, she might succeed, but that would be a back-handed method discreditable to you both, and an evasion of the laws of this State, which might, hereafter, be productive of unpleasant complications. It's a sad business, but you should have a clean job."

"Assuredly. We could separate at once?"

"Yes. But one of you must actually desert the other. An agreement to live apart does not constitute legal desertion. On the other hand, if she were to leave your house, the court would not inquire what was going on in your mind, provided you did not show by any overt sign that you wished to get rid of her. You can be glad, but you must not say so."

"I understand. She need not be burdened with my presence from the outset. As for marrying Waldo, she must wait her three years."

"And she may be thankful that she will be able to marry as soon as the divorce is absolute. In some States the person against whom a divorce is granted, is forbidden to marry altogether, or for a period of years as a punishment. To forbid marriage altogether, in such cases, appears to me another premium on immorality. To forbid it for a time, may sometimes prevent indecent haste on the part of the guilty, but it is a good deal like keeping after school children who have been naughty. Besides, the party forbidden to marry, as in New York, for instance, has merely to step into New Jersey and be married, and the second marriage will be held legal by the New York courts and everywhere else."

Paul was silent for a few moments. "That seems to me a decent programme. My wife can go to Europe, and—and when the time is up, marry Waldo. It's easy as rolling off a log." He clapped his strong hand on the wooden arm of his chair, so that it resounded. "My father will be terribly cut up. My aunt—God knows what she will say or do. As for myself"—he paused while he lit a fresh cigar—"I shall have to go into politics."

"Politics?"

"Yes. I'd like to go to Congress." Paul sat back in his chair with the air of one taking a fresh brace on life. "I've always intended to, sooner or later. Had it at the back of my mind. But now—well, if I were sent to Washington, and presently got a foreign mission, my wife might feel sorry for a few minutes that I bored her. Yet I wouldn't have her back. Waldo is welcome to her. The real reason," he added, suddenly, after another pause, "is that I've been asked. One of the Republican State Committee spoke to me about it in June, just before I went to Newport. The election isn't until a year from this autumn. I told him I'd think it over. I've got to do something to counteract this disgrace, and to forget it. Well, I must be going. I'll see you again as soon as I hear from my wife."

Gordon detained him. "You mustn't take too despondent a view of it. After all, it's not your fault, it's your misfortune. All your friends will recognize that; and no one will be able to understand how any woman could weary of the love of a man like you, and prefer a listless, pleasure-seeker, such as Clarence Waldo."

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "It's the spirit of the age, I suppose. I'm not sorry, I tell you, but I'm piqued. We are shells upon the beach. The tide sweeps us along even though we know it is the tide, and can say of the next man, 'what a fool he is, to drift like that!' But what is a fellow to do? How is he to escape? I'm a millionaire—I'm likely to be several times that if nothing breaks. I didn't wish to go to Newport, but I went. I don't care for half the things I do, but they have to be done; that is, I do them of my own accord, when the time comes, and, though I kick, I know I should regret not doing them merely because they seem to be the proper things for people of my kind. There you are. I have a sort of double self, as you know. It isn't that I'm weak, it's—what do you call it?—the force of my environment. And a millionaire's environment has a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch. It's the same with the women. What with rich food, splendid apparel, perpetual self-indulgence, and the power which money gives them to gratify every whim, is it any wonder that they don't let a little thing like the marriage vow stand in the way of

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their individual preferences? Who is to hold them to account? The church? Some of them go to church, but in their hearts they are satisfied that this is the only world. And as to loss of social position—of which they really would be afraid—the tide is with them. There are too many sympathizers. Or at least, it is inconvenient to be obliged to hurt other people's feelings in a free country."

"Rather a formidable indictment against Newport," said Gordon.

"It isn't against Newport. It's against the plutocracy all over the country. Newport merely happens to be the place where very rich men with social instincts most do congregate in summer. My domestic tragedy is typical, yet sporadic. Every season has its crop, but, numerically, it is small. Infidelity is only one of the phases of the spirit—but the spirit is rampant. Money-money-money, luxury-luxury-luxury, self-self-self (individualism, they call it), and in the process everything is thrown overboard, except the American flag, and life becomes one grand hurrah, boys, with no limitations, save murder and lack of physical cleanliness. And I belong to the procession, my dear fellow. I'm disgusted with it at the moment, that's why I rail. But in six months I shall be in it again. See if I'm not."

"You're simply depressed, Paul, and no wonder," said Gordon, with genial solicitude. "But we mustn't judge of our plutocracy—aristocracy, or whatever you choose to call the personal representatives of the prosperity of the country—by the antics of a few, disgusting as they are. I agree that their behavior apes the frivolity and license of the old French court without its elegance, and I don't suppose that the founders of our institutions ever included a leisure class as a part of their scheme. Absorbed in ideals, they neglected to take poor human nature sufficiently into account. We have lost the buffalo, but we have acquired a leisure class, and we must make the best of it, not the worst. We can't cut their heads off; this is a free country. It would be dreadful—dreadful, wouldn't it, if our institutions, of which we are so proud, were to produce merely the same old thing over again—a leisure class of voluptuaries?" Gordon paused for a moment and his smile died away at the vision which his words evoked. "I don't intend to believe it; you don't. There are students of destiny who maintain that nations rise, reach maturity and decline by regular economic laws, but that human nature never really improves. That's fatalism. The free play of human individualism is having its last grand chance here in these United States. If our aristocracy proves no better than any other—if the rich and powerful are to sneer at morals and wallow in licentiousness, we couldn't blame society if it should try a strong dose of socialism, with its repressing, monotonous dead level, rather than accept the doctrine that the law of supply and demand is the sole ruler of the universe. But as good Americans we can't afford to judge our plutocracy, as yet, by the vices of a few people at Newport."

"They sin in such a cold-blooded way," said Paul. "If they really cared, as some of the foreigners do, one could understand; but they don't."

"I know. It's one of the canons of old-world traditions that adultery is almost redeemed by the possession of an artistic sense. To commit the one without possessing the other, may be no worse morally, yet it seems much more vulgar. But we mustn't take them too seriously, even though they are our countrymen and women. They are the exceptions—the excrescences. Look at your father, for instance. He belongs to them—but he is not of them. The same is true of yourself; and it is a privilege, with all its responsibilities, a privilege I envy you. Who wouldn't be a multi-millionaire if he could? What is more alluring than power?"

Paul returned the pressure of his friend's hand. "You're a good fellow, Don. I suppose I'm hipped. That's not my way, as you know. Usually everything with me is rose color; I'm too good an American, if anything." He buttoned his well-fitting coat with a dignified air, as though the pride of the suggestion had stirred his pulses like a brass band. "The trouble is, that when I'm feeling well, everything goes, and the only thing which seems of importance is to come out ahead of the other fellow. So we kick over standards and degenerate. This time I've been struck with a club, and—and I don't see that it's my fault. Well, good-bye. As soon as I hear, I'll let you know."

(To be continued.)

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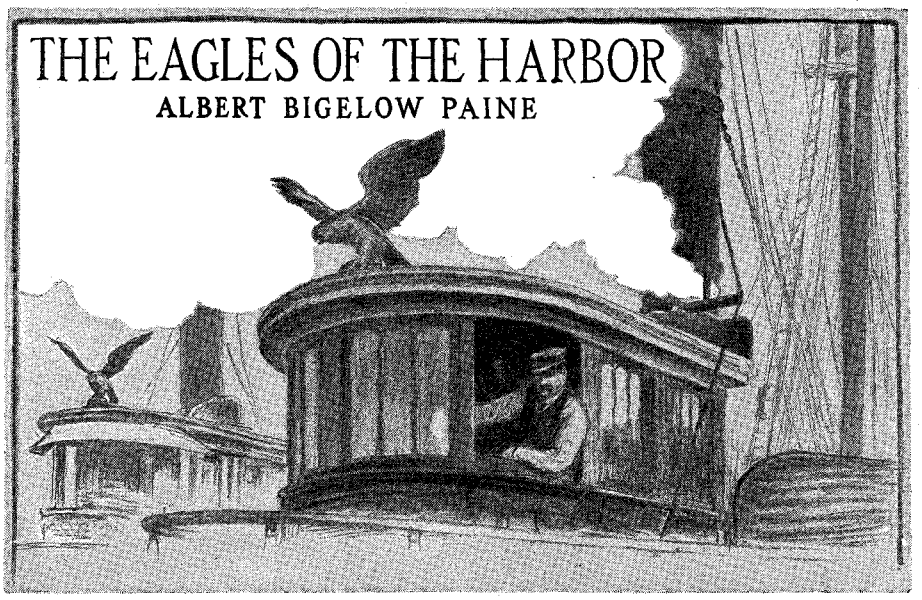
THE EAGLES OF THE HARBOR

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE



"YOU won't find it much fun," said the owner—himself a captain for twenty years—"and you'll want some different clothes. Soft coal is the plentiest thing on a tug-boat. When you get so you like it in the grub, you get a pilot's license."

I agreed to dress the part, and to cultivate the proper taste.

"Early!" admonished the owner. "The boats get out at five. You'd better be at the dock sooner. If Chapman's in with the *Scullin*, go with him. Tell him I sent you."

"You won't see him, then?"

"I may and I may not. We close here at six. Chapman may not get in before midnight. Maybe not at all. When a tug goes out you never know when she's coming back. I may not see her captain for a week. Unless he has special orders, he keeps going as long as he finds a job. Sometimes he telephones me where he is. When he comes late, he looks in the box outside for orders. If the *Scullin* don't get in, go on the *Valiant*, or the *Brooks*, or the *Clancey*. They're all tugs. Maybe one's a little dirtier than the other."

I acknowledged courtesies and the "Captain" returned to his writing. His office was a corner of a ship-chandler's store, among appliances and supplies of sea traffic—cordage, chain, and pulley blocks, also lamps and lanterns of various shapes and sizes, made heavy and armored for the warfare with wind and wave. I liked the smells of the place and all the objects strewn about. There is interest and picturesqueness in the paraphernalia of the sea that the spirit of commerce, however sordid, cannot wholly destroy.

The dock in July is fairly light, even at four in the morning, but the place was gray and still. Only at one point, where a row of yellow ice-wagons were loading from a barge, was there activity. Beyond the ice-barge lay other heavy craft. Behind these the masts of many vessels rose black against the morning sky.

Above the pier—close to it and together, as if for comfort—huddled a cluster of tugs: those curious, powerful, persistent little steam craft that ply back and forth and up and down, saucily and busily important, their rows of fenders trailing in the water, their black smoke bannering out behind. Often I had watched them nosing in and out among the heavier craft, nudging a great ocean liner into mid-stream, or singly and together pushing or pulling some huge helpless bulk, as an ant or as two ants might seize and trundle a great dead bumblebee. Their power and their impudence

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had filled me with wonder. Viewing them now in repose, I was impressed by the fact, hitherto unconsidered, that upon almost every pilot house was a golden eagle with extended wings—a symbol of power and swiftness—and it was borne in upon me that the tug in truth is the harbor eagle, with all other craft for its prey.

Somewhere a door opened and a half-grown boy stumbled out into the light and air of morning. Still manacled with sleep, he made his way to the after-deck and stood for a little, staring stupidly at the water and sky, his body weaving like an inverted pendulum. Then he stumbled back, this time as far as the boiler room, where a trespasser—one of the many unemployed who make the docks a summer home—had crept in for a night's repose.

The boy was now aroused sufficiently to fill a can with water and pour it carefully into the intruder's ear. Then, stepping back, he crossed lightly to another boat, and another, and so made his way to the dock where I was sitting. Here he scrambled up a timber and found concealment in a sheltered nook near by. The tramp, meanwhile, arising with heavy invective, stared blindly about for his tormentor. Then, realizing that it was morning, he crept out, made his way to a floating dry-dock, and promptly fell asleep again. I looked around for the boy. He too was once more indifferent to life and its annoyances, and nodded welcome to the rising sun.

But now other doors opened, other sleepy men issued from the condensed darkness of their "state-rooms." They did not appear to have dressed. Neither did they appear to have been undressed—at least, not definitely so. They were in a sort of semi-stage of attire, and their familiarity with soft coal could not be gainsaid. Some of them made their way to the forward part of the smudgy little vessels and, opening doors there, began to stir up fires in what resembled small, elevated kitchen ranges. Also, they placed heavy plates and cups on a sort of wide shelf or stationary table. I realized that these men were cooks, and that preparations for breakfast had begun. Other dingier men had disappeared somewhere in the depths, whence came the sound of shovelling coal, and presently from the clumsy stacks there came thin lines of black smoke, increasing in volume. Engineers, in denim that once was blue, lit pipes and began to oil and wipe and test their all-powerful little engines. Deck hands lounged forward and called across to each other the familiar pleasantries of the harbor. The dock watchman loitered down to the fleet to exchange courtesies with friends.

The sky brightened—the river began to carry the glint of morning. Now and then a brisk, bronzed and rather smartly dressed man came down the dock, made his way across to one of the vessels, unlocked the pilot house, took off his coat, and exchanged his hat for a cap. These I knew to be chief officers. One of them paused to revile my sleeping boy into consciousness. From this captain's remarks I gathered that the boy was his cook. They joined the fleet—the captain admonishing his servant at every step.

By a process of long steps and short ladders I reached my vessel and faced its commander. Then I stated my credentials.

"Good enough," nodded the Captain. "Put your grip inside. We're going down after a little water, first; then we've got a schooner from Red Hook to go through the Gates. After that we bring a barge down from Portchester. Not much in the way of scenery on that side. You'll have to go up the Hudson for that."

I explained that I was not looking for scenery, but for phases of harbor life. The Captain merely nodded. I think he considered my taste poor.

"Pity you couldn't have come last week," he said later. "We had a good cook then. This one just came on yesterday. Mebbe we'll have a better one to-morrow."

I said that I was used to changing cooks and that each one seemed worse till we got the next. Then the Captain went into the pilot house, unlocked the wheel, and jingled some bells. We began to stir and push and crowd among the others, that were likewise stirring and crowding, casting off and coiling up lines. The harbor eagles were awake and anxious to be gone. But a little later and they were in full flight.

Here and there along the harbor docks there are hydrants—and few enough they are—where the tugs obtain water at a fixed yearly rate. Perhaps the most popular of these lies across from Governor's Island, on the Brooklyn side. We made our way

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to it through the still morning air, across a sea of changing color and shifting lights, moving traffic and anchored vessels — a place wherein a marine painter might spend his days, without monotony and without fatigue. Off the Battery, below the huge bank of sky-scrapers on our left, we met the sun. Black against it—lifting and falling with the swing of the tide—lay another flock of eagles with extended wings.

"Hookers," said the Captain. "They hang about Sandy Hook and tow vessels up to the docks. Some of 'em go outside."

"The towing business is divided then."

"Of course. Some lines do one thing—some another. The transportation and oil companies and a good many other concerns have their own tugs—big strong ones, some of them, with two cooks and a crew, and power enough to tow a string of loaded barges up the Sound and across to Portland or farther. Some of them carry coal enough to make a trip across the Atlantic. Then there are the wrecking lines that take care of vessels in trouble, lines that tow the city wastes to the dumping grounds, besides a lot of boats that do 'gating' and general harbor and Sound towing, as we do, and all the 'porgy' men who mostly own their own boats. Of course we go 'porgying' too, when we get through with orders."

I assumed that "gating" meant escorting craft through the uncertain waters of Hell Gate, but my acquaintance with "porgying" and the porgy had to do with a rather flat and obliging fish by that name. I did not therefore wholly grasp the Captain's meaning, and said as much.

"Oh," he laughed, "that's what we call cruising. When we cruise about, hooking on to any job we can catch, and at any price we can get for it, that's porgy hunting. Sometimes it pays better than regular work."

It seemed to me that some of my eagles were about to prove fish-hawks, and that my education had begun. We were nearing the hydrant, and being early found but one boat ahead of us.

"That's one of our porgy men—out early as usual," commented the Captain. "He owns his own boat and made a lot of money with her last year. He likely wont do so well this year, with all these strikes and money troubles."

The porgy-man leaned out of his pilot house to exchange greetings; also experiences. There had been a dearth of tugs above the Gates the day before, and many becalmed schooners to come through. The porgy-man had demanded and received fifteen dollars each for a string of three. Even so, he was bewailing the fact that he had not charged more.

"I might have had twenty-five apiece as easy as not," he grumbled, "but I thought some of the rest of you crabs might be up there any minute, so I hooked on to what was in sight and came down. I heard of a man last night that would have paid fifty to come through. Now wouldn't that kill you?"

I boarded the porgy-man and made his acquaintance. He was a hospitable soul and invited me to make his craft my permanent abiding place.

"You stay with me and you'll see all there is," he said. "I'm at home wherever I tie up. Last night we laid just above here. To-night we may be at City Island or Portchester or Yonkers or down in Staten Island Sound. Here's where I live —right here;" and he indicated the cosey though somewhat narrow limitations of his pilot house, with its bench bed, its stool, and a row of pipes on the compass shelf.

But it was our turn at the water plug. Our hose was connected, and the water rapidly filled such portions of the hull as were not occupied by coal and locomotive machinery. I had not realized before how much of such things a little vessel could hold and still have air space to keep her afloat. We had about eight feet below the water line, with hardly enough unoccupied space for the fireman to swing his shovel. It was hot space, too, down there, and black and stifling. One might imagine it the inside of a very fiery demon.

A lot of other thirsty boats had collected. When we were ready to go, it was not easy getting out. My captain requested a fellow commander to drift a few feet astern, whereupon the two captains exchanged a few observations. "Mud-hen" and "land-crab" were among the gentlest of their epithets. I expected personal conflict and perhaps fatal results to ensue. Then somehow we worked our way out by a sort of a northwest passage, and were off for our schooner. I thought my Captain might be in a bad humor and was afraid to address

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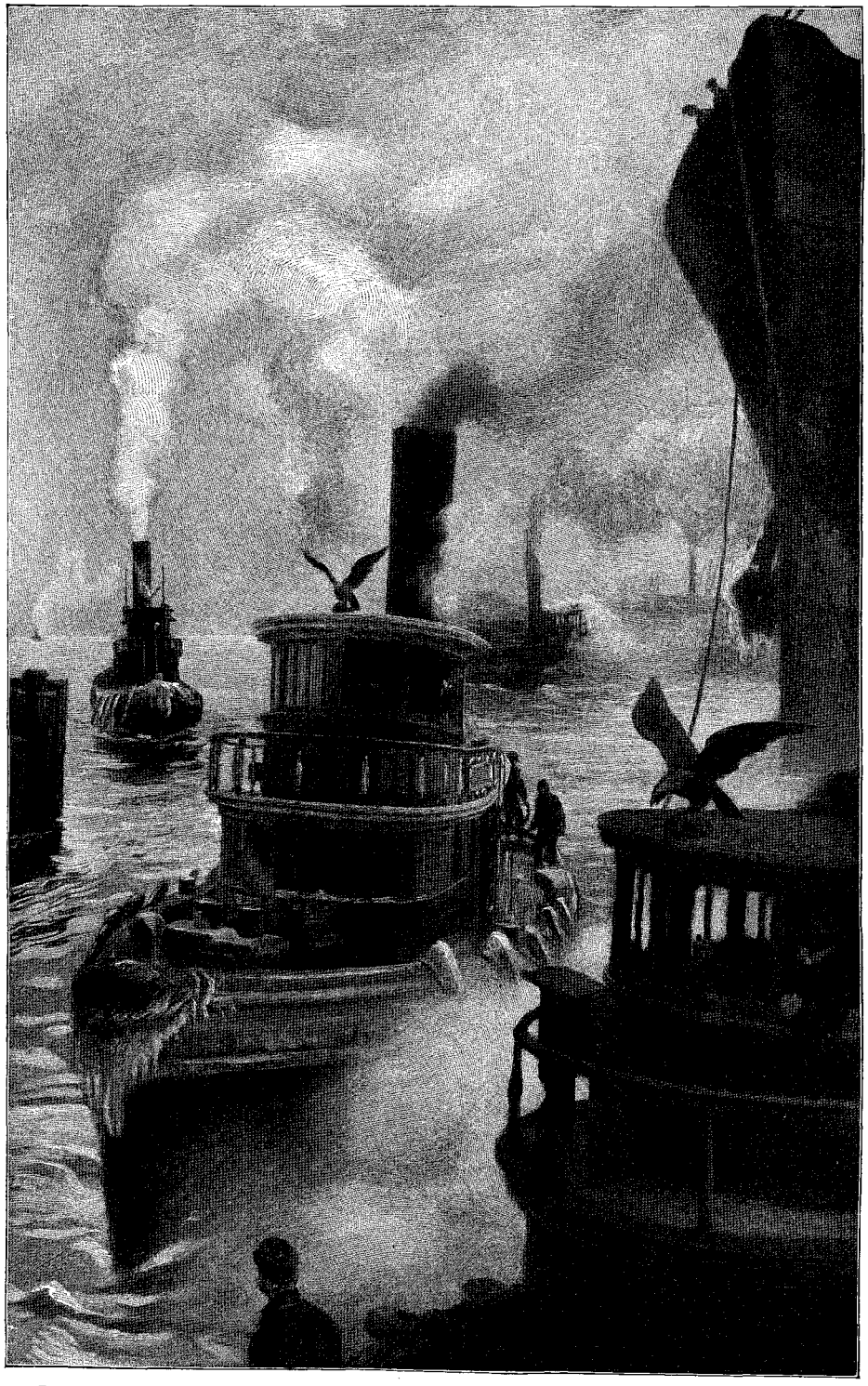

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Nudging a great ocean liner.—Page 546.

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him. But a little later, when he pointed out his prey, there was as little of acrimony in his voice as if he had been passing the time of day with a friend.

And now came a brief period of rapid action—"hooking on," "standing by," and "making fast," aboard both the schooner and our own craft—a moment of clanging bells, and of paying out and taking in lines by our deck-hand and cook, who, it seemed, was also a deck-hand by alternation; a succession of crisp instructions from the Captain, and we were off up East River, with several hundred feet of hawser and a big black schooner trailing out behind. The deck-hand came up and took the wheel.

"Come," said the Captain, "it's grub time."

I looked at my watch. It was just six.

The breakfast was surprisingly good. The coffee was hot and plentiful; the steak, potatoes, and bread and butter seemed to me appetizing. I was prone to speak a word for the new cook.

But the Captain was obdurate. He insisted that the *chef* was poor, and that furthermore he was not an efficient deck assistant, which seemed important. The engineer, whose title I immediately discovered to be "Chief," agreed upon these points. The *chef* being on the lookout forward at the moment, they were free to discuss his gifts, and those of cooks and deck-hands in general. They also enlightened me as to the general evolution of towmen, most of whom, they said, began as boys about the docks, helping here and there by "taking lines"—making a day's trip as cook or deck assistant in exchange for board. Eventually they became firemen, or deck-hands or cooks. With steadiness of purpose and fair intelligence they might eventually obtain an engineer's or a pilot's license. Some of them became owners or part owners of tugs. It was all in the handling of the steering gear.

We were above the Bridge when with the Captain I ascended to the pilot house. An infinite variety of craft crowded the slips on either side. Vessels of sail power and steam, and huge helpless bulks for towing—everything from a tiny oyster boat to a full-rigged ship, from a tug to a huge tramp steamer, from a helpless barge to a giant battle-ship of half a hundred guns. And the river itself was alive with argosy and flotilla, a marvellous and a motley array. Ferry-boats, packed forward and aft with dwellers of the suburbs, crossed and recrossed before us. Other tugs with tows of barges, scows, schooners and what not, or "coming down light," met us, blowing one whistle or two, as they found it convenient to pass to the left or right. Still other craft—towed or going under their own steam—journeyed with us, a sort of shifting go-as-you-please squadron. Now and then our Captain leaned out to exchange pleasantries with a friend. At other times he blew an association salute of five short whistles to some more distant comrade. The summer breeze blew in at our open windows, the churned water leaped and rejoiced in the sunlight. The free life of the harbor, with no mud and jangle and close walls and "step lively," seemed a perfect thing.

I discovered presently that the Captain knew the name and nature of almost every craft, at whatever range. Perhaps because he did not care to have our progress become a succession of interrogation points he took up the tale of them on his own account. He pointed out the city and government boats that look after the harbor—its régime and its revenues; its charities and its punishments; its immigration, its constructions, and its sanitary conditions—an imposing fleet if passed in public review. He taught me to recognize lighters—steam, sail, and tow—with their tall derricks for loading and discharging, and he explained that a craft which I had taken for a curiously built tug was a "water boat," that paid the city for the privilege of supplying sailing vessels with fresh water, which they were not permitted to take from the hydrants. He explained the difference between the big, iron-masted, sea-going coal barges, who help their powerful tugs with their own sail when there is a fair wind, and the great oil tanks to which they bear a certain resemblance. He also pointed out one of these huge carriers that sailed under its own steam, using its hollow iron foremast as a smoke-stack. We passed big Sound steamers coming in, and he showed me others, comparatively insignificant as to size, but also Sound steamers, carrying freight and passengers to and from the smaller points, such as Flushing, New Rochelle, and Greenwich. My education resembled that of

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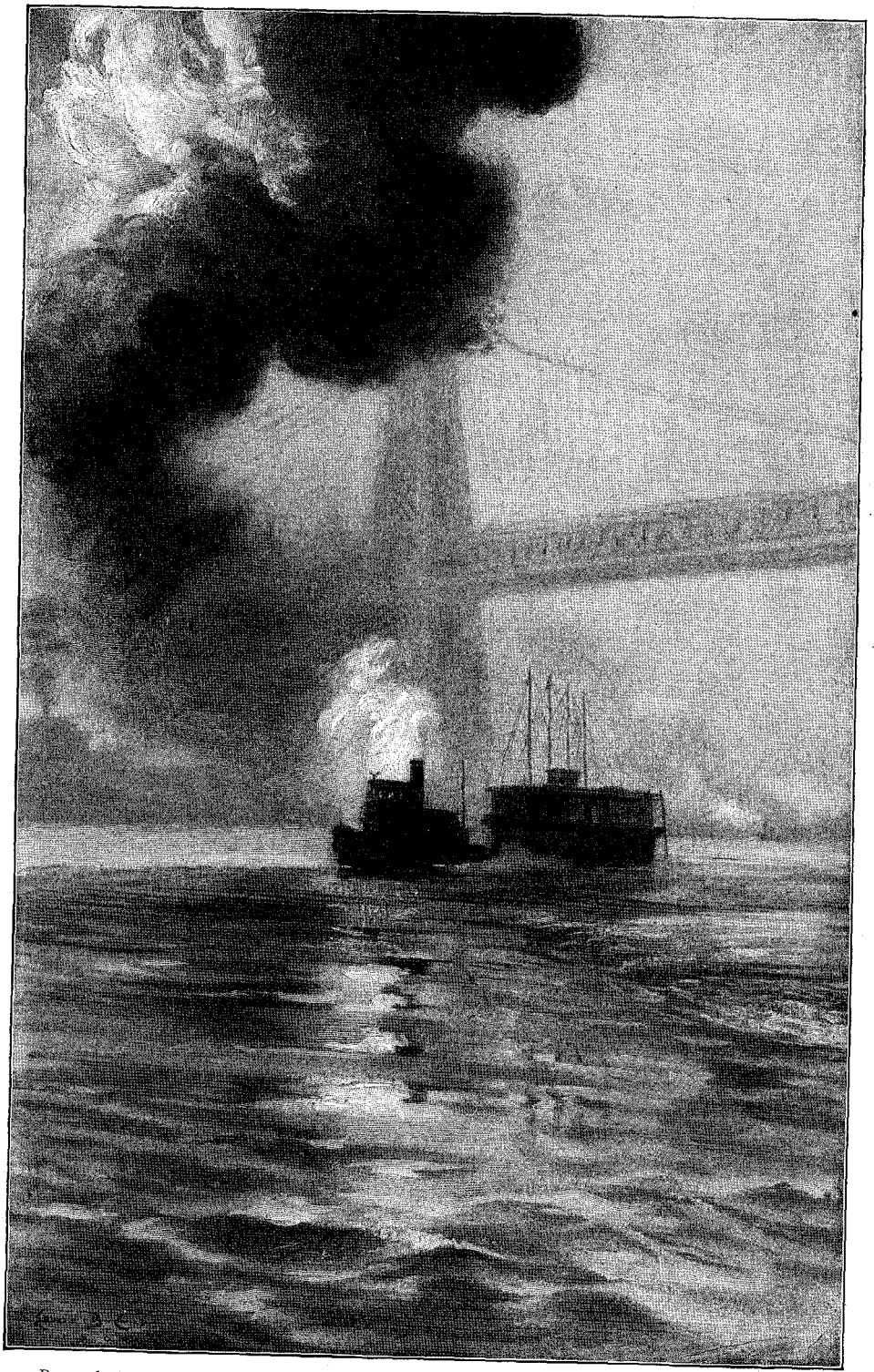

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Towing a big double-decked barge—under the new Williamsburg Bridge.

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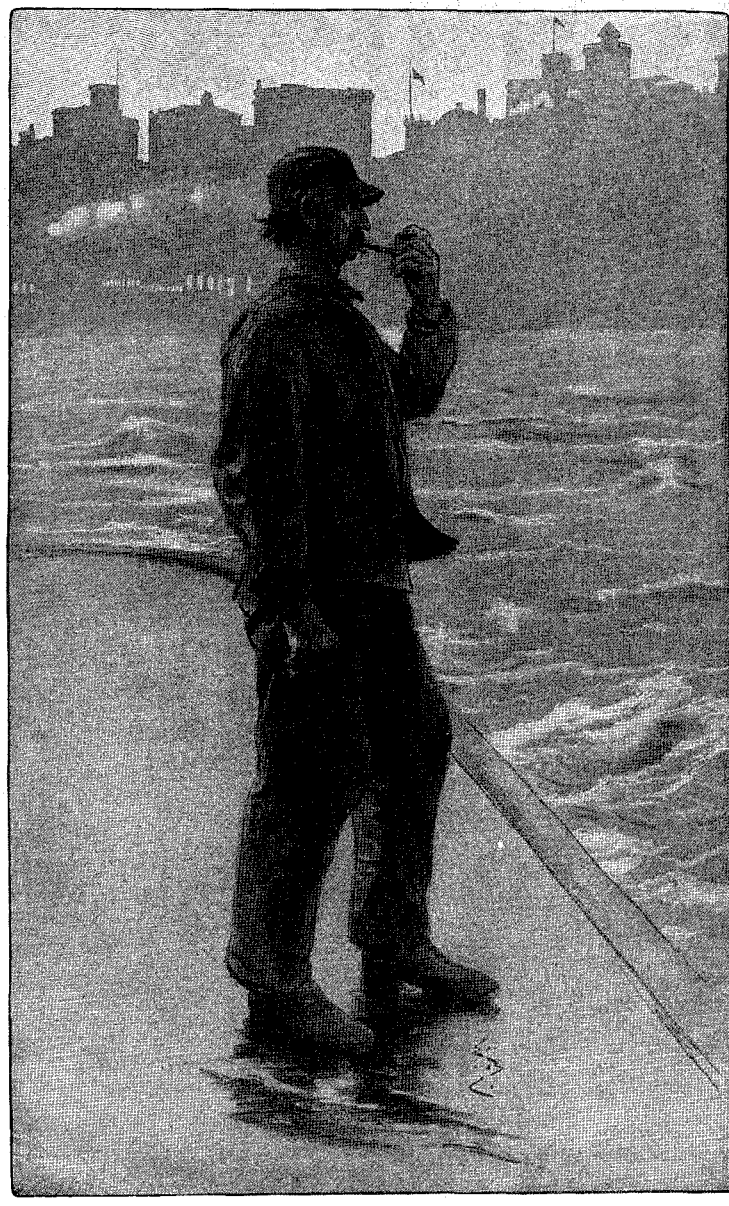
Hiawatha, only that instead of the lore of the forest I

> Learned the name of every vessel—
> Learned its nature and its nation—
> Ships for steam and ships for sailing,
> Tug and "tramp" and ocean liner,
> Bark and brig and tall four-master.

Every craft that made its home or even temporary abiding place in the harbor and its adjacent waters the Captain knew. Most of them he had towed at one time or another, for whatever the class, whatever power of its own it may carry, or however stanch it be, every vessel will meet its hour of need, and pay tribute to the harbor tug.

He took up the less prepossessing types —the bull-nosed barge, the box-built scow (some of them are called "boxes"), and the



A tug-boat engineer.

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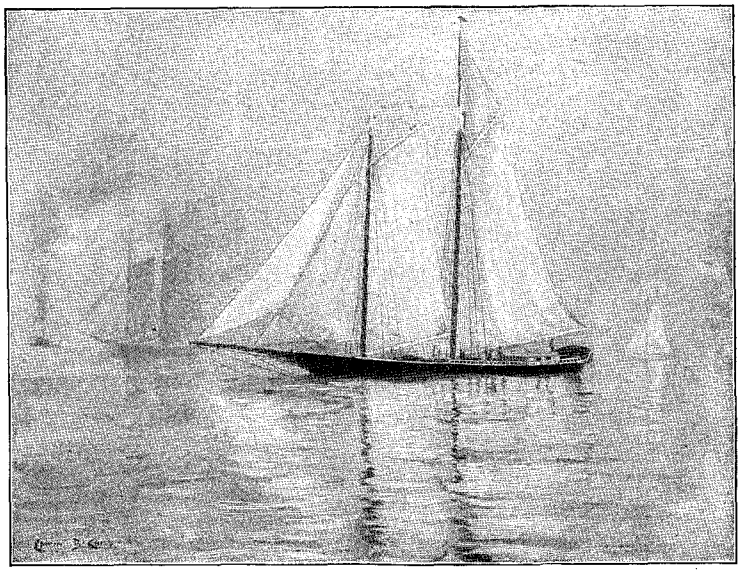

Waiting for a breeze that did not come.—Page 554.

long, narrow canal boats that come down out of the Erie and other artificial waterways to be towed to their quarters in and about Coenties Slip.

I found especial interest in this sort of craft. They are such home-like family affairs, most of them, with their cosey deck houses, their clothes-lines strung about, and the captain's wife busy with her household concerns. Often I had seen them lying so neighborly, side by side, the children and dogs capering about the decks in complete happiness and apparent safety. Some of them, especially the canal boats, seemed quite sumptuous, with awnings and hammocks and easy chairs.

The Captain told me that all the better class of barges are commanded by married men. He said that some of the big transportation companies will not have a captain without a wife, and have been known to secure him this necessary comfort on short notice in order to qualify him for command.

We were above the new Twenty-third Street bridge by this time, opposite the anchor grounds of the "millionnaire fleet," made up of those costly, marvellously built little steamers in which men of wealth, with summer homes on Long Island Sound, travel to and from their daily occupation. Most of the yachts are not built for rough weather at sea, though a goodly number of them are large and strong and swift, genuine ocean greyhounds that think nothing of a trip around the world. The Captain pointed out what he considered the best of the present collection, and named their owners. Then presently we were at the foot of Blackwell's Island, entering the swift channel that leads to Hell Gate. The early tide was still running down, and the swift, snaky water that swirled and twisted through the West Channel looked wicked and dangerous. Many an "Island" prisoner has made a hard battle for liberty with these perilous waters. A few have crossed in safety, but more have been baffled, sucked under, and swept out to sea. Harding Davis tells us how "Hefty Burke," the strongest swimmer of the harbor, all but lost his life in taking quiet leave of Blackwell's one night by way of the West Channel to keep an engagement at an East Side ball.

But it is above Blackwell's, between the Long Island shore and Ward's and Randall's islands, that Hell Gate proper lies, with its boiling tides, and rips, and hidden rocks. Sailing vessels do not like to risk Hell Gate unattended, though the Captain told me that it is really less dangerous than it looks.

"I have seen schooners drift through here in all sorts of shapes," he said, "without touching a thing. Of course with high

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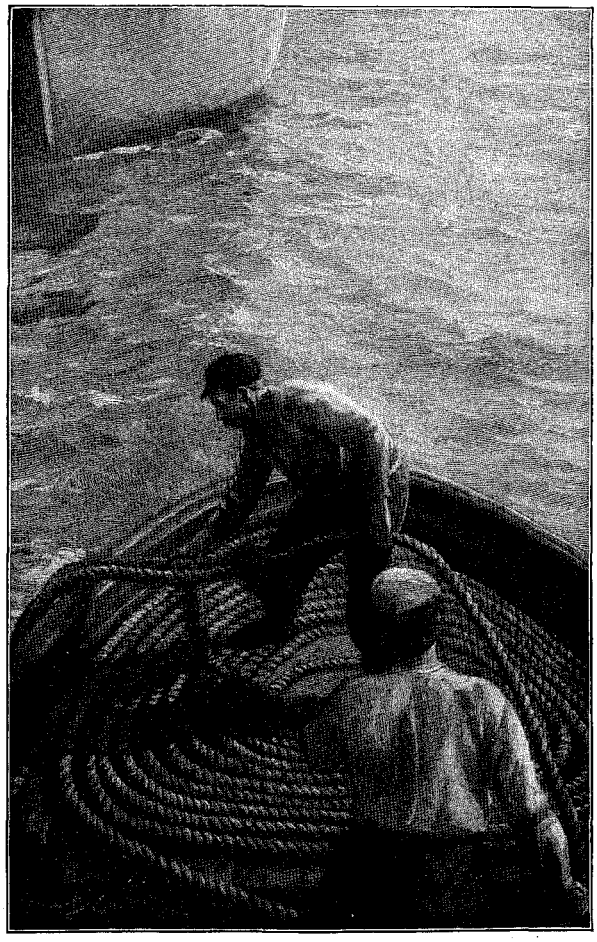
wind and a nasty tide it's a risky business and bad for the insurance." He pointed to a narrow inlet between Ward's and Randall's islands. "That's a nice place for a boat to get sucked into. Full of sharp rocks and with not much water. More than one good boat has quit business right there."



Coiling up lines.

It did not look such a dangerous place, but half a year later I remembered the Captain's words. The tug *Twilight*, driven in by wind and tide, one fierce winter day met its death on those hidden spear points of rock that abound in Little Hell Gate.

We came through easily with our one schooner, though to have towed a loaded barge against that current would have been a different matter. Between North and South Brother's islands we passed, and beyond Riker's, and so entered Long Island Sound, a hazy sea of dreams on this calm July day. Here we left our vessel, after collecting the nine-dollar cash fee agreed upon the night before, and headed away for Portchester through a wonderful sunlit tide, where vessels, some near and others half lost in the haze, lay with sails outspread, waiting for a breeze that did not come. It was like enchantment, and both the Captain and I grew silent with the magic of its spell. Now the tall white main-sail of a racing yacht looms through the mist, spread wide for any breath of summer-time. But her sailors lie along the deck, as drowsy as

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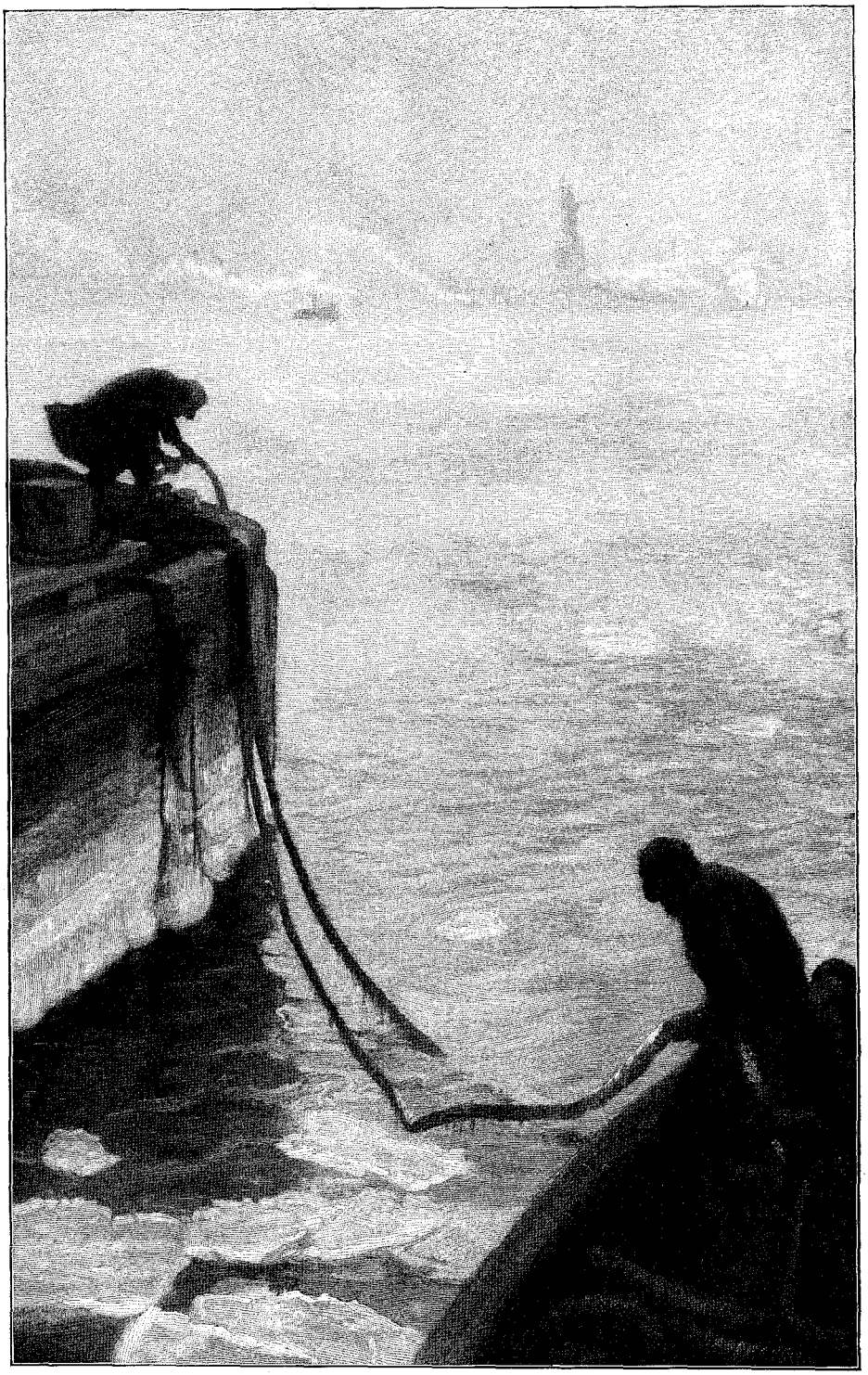

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Making fast to a tow.

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In heavy ice.—Page 562.

the lotus-eaters on shores where it is always afternoon. Out beyond the little bug light on Whitestone Point, out beyond Stepping Stone, out beyond Execution Rock and Captain's Island it is still the same—low tide, no wind, and the sunlit haze. Then we are at the entrance to Portchester, and work our way past a mud-dredger that blocks the channel, to find at least a semblance of life on the *Addie and Carrie*, the barge we are to tow back through the Gates.

The *Addie and Carrie* seemed a curious name for this huge bulk of a barge, but appropriateness is not always considered in the christening of harbor craft. The owner's family and the family of his patrons are of more weight. The tiniest tug in the harbor may bear the sonorous title of *Alexander G. Hastings*, while the heaviest, most lumbering scow afloat may be registered in the Blue Book as the *Gladys*.

With our tow at the end of a long hawser, we steamed homeward through the lotus-breathing sea. We calculated that we should reach the Gates at about the full of the tide, and we hoped to make another capture among the becalmed vessels off City Island.

"There's a banner!" announced the Captain, suddenly, and looking where he pointed I managed at last to discern a drooping color, displayed rather low down in a schooner's rigging—her signal for a tug.

As we approached, we hailed her commander, who looked more like a boss in a lumber yard than the master of a vessel. He wanted to "go through" and be docked near the Erie Basin. My Captain's porgy spirit came to the fore.

"Ten dollars," he said.

"Oh, hell!" commented our prospective victim. "Give you five."

"Why don't you say seventy-five cents," observed my Captain with deep irony.

The bargain was closed at eight dollars—the schooner to supply her own hawser. Some skilful manœuvring was required to get the barge and schooner properly ranged side by side on equal lengths of line. Then we were off again, "hooked up"—which is harbor parlance for full speed—and so once more through the Gates.

In spite of July weather, it was chilly on deck when we reached the harbor. It was a bit squally, too, and gusts of rain were cutting across our bows. Everwhere red

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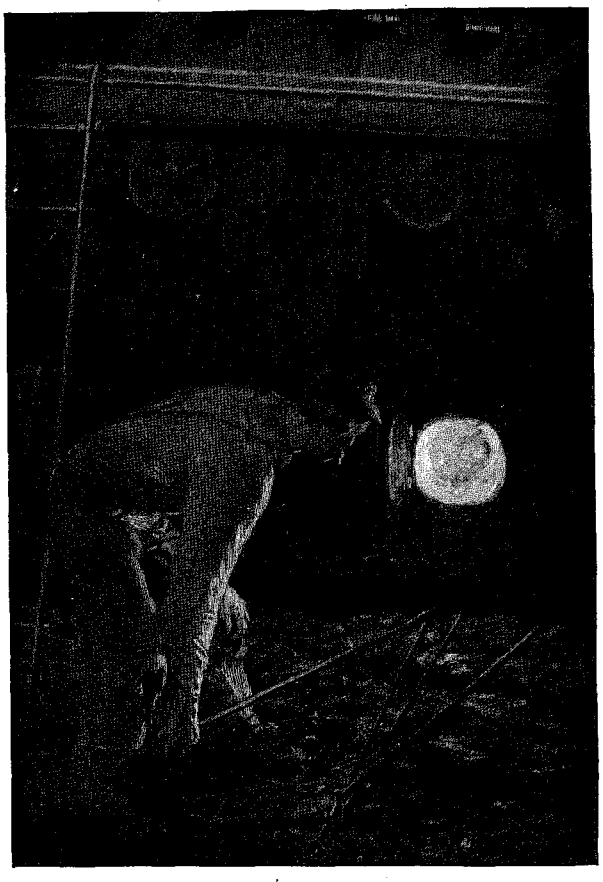
lights and green were moving to and fro, multiplied by the leaping water and carried downward in shattered spears of flame. Huge bulks loomed up and passed us. Ferries radiant with electric splendor swept constantly before us. Tugs half lost in their own black volume of smoke bore down upon us, whistling for right of way. The Jersey shore had become a panorama of gorgeous advertising, while on our right, above the dark zone of lower buildings near the water, the mighty bank of sky-scrapers, with a vast area of twinkling windows, seemed lifted into the sky—an enchanted city in the air.

It was nine when we reached the dock—a long day, though to me it had passed swiftly. We had claimed four prizes, with a net return of nearly forty dollars. I decided that life on a "harbor eagle" was a joyous and profitable thing.

I shipped with three different captains during July and August, not for any reason of dissatisfaction, but for variation. One captain is not altogether as another captain, except perhaps in his universal knowledge concerning the harbor, its craft and its commanders, and in his ability to hold his own in the matter of language against all comers. Yet there were other points of resemblance. All possessed a happy sense of humor; all found pleasure in speaking of their homes and families, of which they see so little; all had changed cooks just previous to my arrival, and each in turn declared that his present *chef* was certainly the worst he had ever known. Perhaps it is only fair to add that the cooks, when interviewed, maintained that their present berths were the poorest in their history. Some of them claimed to have been sea-faring men—captains, mates, and the like—while one had



It was hot space, too, down there.—Page 548.

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been a farmer and was following his present occupation for his health. The cook, the deck-hand, and the firemen—these are elusive and vagrant quantities. They are upon one boat to-day and another to-morrow, perhaps rotating back to the first a week later. Necessarily they "travel light," and the cook who was leaving, just as I boarded one craft, had as baggage only a straw hat and a soiled collar carried unwrapped in his hand.

The matter of the tow-man's long hours was strikingly presented to me one morning by my second Captain, as we cruised down the lower harbor on the way to Arthur Kills and Staten Island Sound. It was a gray day. The fog had come down, whistles were blowing everywhere, and the harbor had become a shoreless sea. Perhaps this made the Captain rather gloomy, for he was silent and reflective. Presently he said:

"I haven't seen my children awake for months. I get home after they go to bed, and I leave in the morning before they wake up. Once or twice a year I take a day off just to hear how their voices sound."

A deck-hand.

The Captain leaned back and hummed a few lines that ran something like this:

It's up the river and down the river,
And up and down the bay,
All the week and Sunday too—
Towing night and day.
Never a chance to court your girl,
Never to see your wife;
Oh, it's night and day, and hell to pay—
That is a tow-man's life.

"But there are good sides to it," he went on, "after all, and I don't know what I'd do if I gave it up. The porgy-men have the best chance. But you've got to know how. In the first place you have to know people, and then how to save expenses. Coal is a big item, and there's where you save most. A porgy-man takes his coal early, before day. He goes to the shoot and takes on, say, five ton, and hands up for two. The shoot tender gets that, so it's a good thing all around. Then a man's got to know a big job when he sees one. Suppose you strike a schooner that's lost her anchor and is drifting. Do you suppose the captain is going to tell you so? Not much! He'll let his anchor chains drag in the water to make you think he's safe enough, until he's got your price to hook onto him. Then you'll find you've taken a job for about six dollars that you might as well had a hundred for."

We were in the Kills now, and looking back over the stern, I saw a string of oyster boats trailing out behind, one after another, as boys sometimes hitch their sleds to a sleigh. They were making time and saving labor on their trip to the seed-oyster beds, farther down. The Captain laughed good-naturedly.

"We always tow those fellows free," he said, "or any little boat, though we don't like to take a line unless a man understands his business. He's likely to get jerked overboard or swamped. Then we'd be held to blame."

Those are quiet, redolent shores behind Staten Island, and when the fog lifted, the day was fair. Our prize was a barge loaded with kaoline from the factory there, and the primitive dock with its foreign work-people might have been a thousand miles from the metropolis. They gathered to see us off, and waved their handkerchiefs at parting. When we had landed the barge at its dock in East River we went porgying. But it was a dull afternoon and we earned only three dollars, the price for shifting a scow-load of copper bars. Close in along the piers that lie between Erie Basin and

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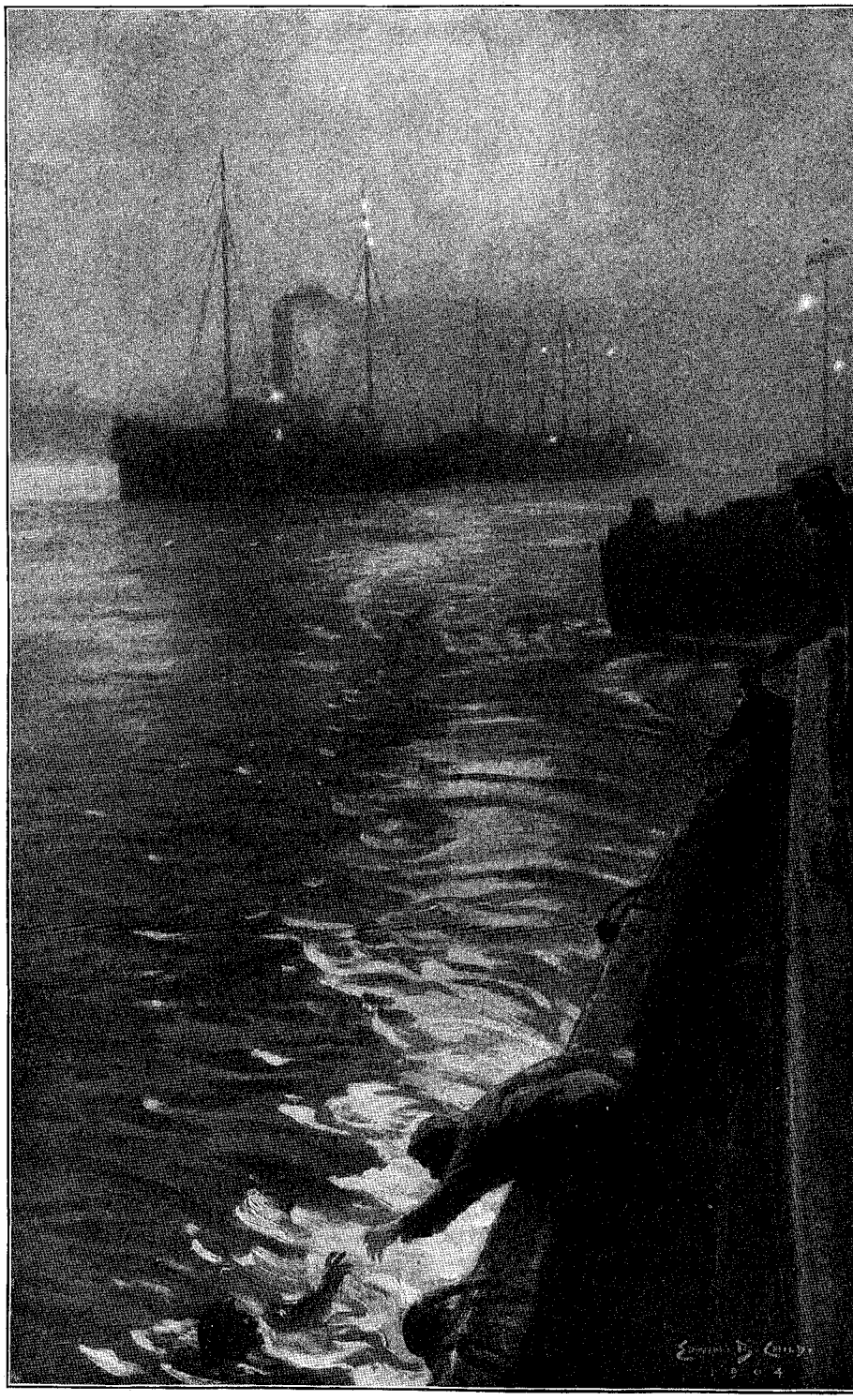

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

A night rescue.

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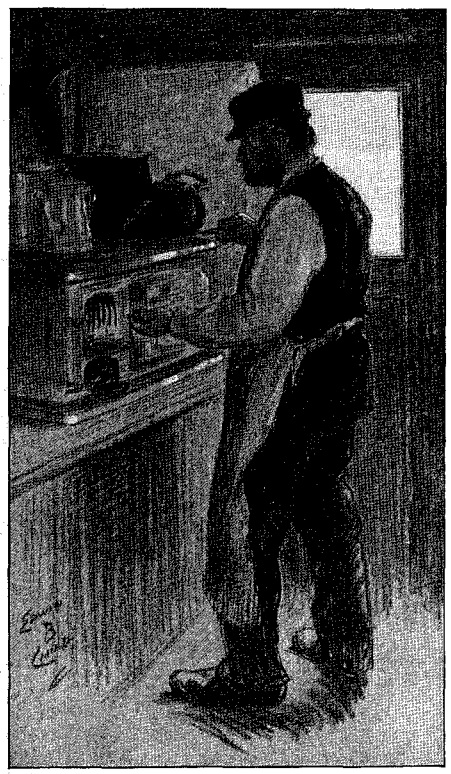
Gowanus Bay we cruised, nosing in and out of slips fairly crowded and jammed with rich prizes, always on the lookout for a banner or a hail, searching keen-eyed and hungrily, finding nothing; across Red Hook where many schooners lie at anchor, up by the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island, along the Manhattan shore of the North River, where the huge, black-hulled, red-stacked ocean liners, loading or unloading, await their scheduled moment of sailing. Carefully and faithfully we followed the chase as far as Grant's tomb; but the hunting was not good hunting, and returning in the peace of evening the Captain was silent and savage, as the fisherman who returns with one or two small fish to show for a long day's effort.



The cook.

"Old man ought to be glad we brought the boat back, after a day like this," he grumbled, and then all at once there came a chance to blow off steam.

We were "bucking the tide," and consequently holding inshore where the current was not so swift. Coming toward us was a tug with a barge, evidently intending to land her just here, and desirous that we should turn out into the stream instead of forcing her to wait until we had passed.

Fiercely my Captain jerked the whistle cord twice to show that he intended keeping in-shore. Instantly the other captain answered with a single keen note, warning us not to cross his bows. Again we hurled two notes of defiance, and once more he challenged with one. Meantime we were hard upon each other, and the situation seemed fraught with peril. But at this instant the captain of the other boat leaned out of his window and made a rather personal remark. Whereat my Captain also leaned out and cast a reflection or two on our friend's antecedents. Then I forgot all else in admiring the embroideries of their dialogue. If my Captain was everything that other captain called him, he was unfit to command the poorest scow on the North River. If that captain deserved any one of the names my Captain applied to him, he ought long ago to have been behind prison bars in a solitary cell. There was something really impressive in their cumulative defamation of character. When they were through we had drifted by, doubtless owing to our superior profanity.

"I suppose you'll have to wipe that out with blood," I said, as soon as I thought the Captain was cool enough to approach.

"Wipe what out?" he asked quite cheerfully; then, remembering, "oh, that—why, that's nothing. He's forgot all about it by this time. We're likely to see each other to-night and take a drink together." See each other they did, and if there was any reference to the incident I failed to hear it, though I can testify as to the refreshment.

I cannot recall all the work we did during my period of harbor navigation. Barges, scows, and schooners innumerable we towed hither and yon and conducted "through the Gates." We helped "mud-diggers" and pile-drivers to their labors, we assisted water-logged and otherwise disabled craft to hospital docks, and stanch vessels to get out to sea. During the heated days of August the towing of the big double-decked

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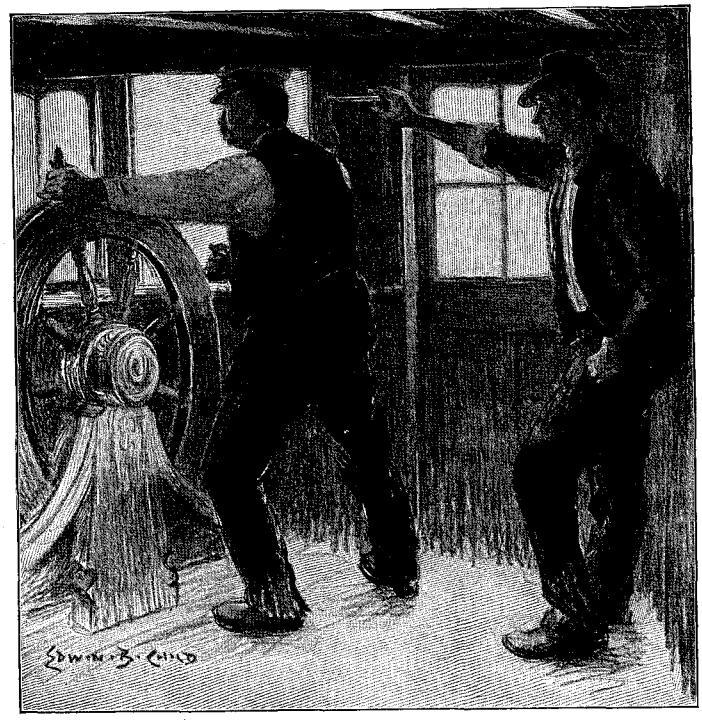

In the pilot house.

excursion barges became our chief occupation. Societies of various sorts—political, religious, and national—engage these barges, and it is the usual policy to spend as much of the day as possible, going and coming, so that enough refreshments may be sold on board to cover expenses. My most pleasant recollection of this sort is of an excursion given to a host of "fresh-air" children by one of the newspapers. We towed them to a grove on the Hudson, and the going and coming, and their hour or two under the pleasant trees was a constant romp of hurrah and delight.

"I like 'fresh-airs,'" commented the Captain as we watched them; "they're better than Harps or Square-heads or Hot-airs, any time."

I inquired into the meaning of these, to me, unusual terms.

"Why," grinned the Captain, "'Harps' are Irish societies, 'Square-heads' are Norwegians, 'Hot-airs' are preachers and church societies. Harps and Square-heads usually fight a good deal, and don't want to get back to the dock as long as there's any beer aboard. I've got ten dollars extra, more than once, for staying out till midnight; but I'd rather get home. Ministers and church societies don't fight, but they want to stay out late and no extra money. These kiddies have to be home by dark, and besides, I like to see 'em have a good time."

. . . . . .

Morning in January. Cold, deadly cold—the mercury shrunken almost to the bulb. Icy streets and slicing wind, then a stumbling in the dark down a slippery dock, a crawling over ice-glazed barges in search of a special craft. It is dangerous venturing, and the boy who has brought the cook's supplies is afraid to attempt it.

Morning on the ice-packed harbor. At first dull and dark, with tall masts and low, heavy shapes, lying at anchor, or moving slowly to and fro to unseen dock or destination. Slowly the light comes. The moving, battered ice catches glint and color from the sky. Steam rises from the open water spaces; flocks of gulls hover and swoop about, seeking food; day dawns upon a marvellously tinted water world.

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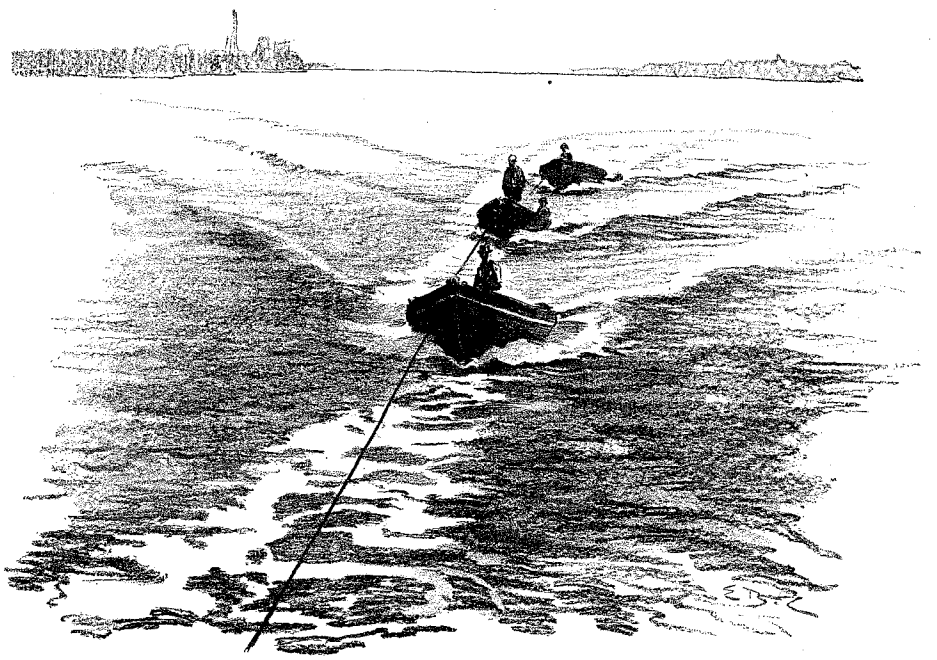
It is hard towing in this mid-winter weather. The heavy ice smashes under our bow and heaps itself against the row of fenders across the square front of the scow, that pulls and strains at our ice-encrusted hawser. Unless we can reach the Gates with a fair tide it will not be possible for us to pass.

The Captain alternately consulted his watch and the tide schedule, and prophesied failure. I don't think he cared especially for the wonder of changing hues in ice and water and shore, or the effect of smoke and steam outlined against the winter sky—the eternal and never-tiring panorama of that winter morning when we battled through the Gates to Port Morris anchorage. It was not the scow's destination, but it was evident that we could take her no farther. So we lodged her there, the scow captain's wife rendering valuable assistance by seizing a great, ice-stiffened line—heaved from the shore—bending it skilfully over the bits, with sinewy, hardened hands. Even the dog came out to do what he could by leaping about the deck and barking encouragement.

Now we set off up the Sound to relieve if possible some ice-bound schooner that might be willing to pay liberally for the service. But the floes became more numerous, and the ice heavier, congealing in that zero weather almost as rapidly as we broke our way through. Here and there were tugs—some of them far more powerful than ours—struggling and battling with the frozen fields. Going "light" we pushed by them, following, where we could, in channels recently broken. But beyond the "Brother" islands, the Sound from side to side all at once became a frozen expanse of white, salt-water ice, wherein tugs, barges, and schooners were held prisoner as in an Arctic sea. A few of the heaviest tugs were still trying to make progress. By keeping in the track opened by the great Sound steamers we could still advance for a time. Then as the intense cold glued the ice more firmly together, we were held hard and fast, while the schooners we had come to relieve lay on the winter horizon, with a long frozen stretch between.

We called across to such tug captains as were near, and asked them how they liked it, and if they were provisioned for a winter in the ice. Then we tried to batter our way through, hoping to find a channel. Presently we tried to back out, but we



A string of oyster boats trailing out behind.—Page 558.

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could do that neither. We were held solidly by the pack.

For a time it looked as if we might lie there an indefinite period, with the alternative of getting out and walking across to the New Rochelle or Port Washington shores. But eventually something shifted, back of us, and we were able to work over into thinner ice. The persistent Captain, perhaps unmindful of the superb Arctic spectacle, but seeing the rich prizes just beyond it, made another brave effort to reach them. A Sound steamer ground its way past, her captain calling out the unnecessary information that those vessels were anxious to "go through." We thanked him, and endeavored to avail ourselves of his channel. It was no use. The ice, that varied in thickness from two to eight inches and was heaped and hummocked on every side, had closed again before we had gone any appreciable distance, and it was with difficulty that we worked our way back to safety, leaving the imprisoned fleet until warmer winds or more favorable tides should make release possible.

From the tow-man's point of view the day had been a failure. But for one to whom the picture phases of the winter sea and sky have value, it had been as pure gold. Indeed, it was golden in reality, when turning homeward we faced the west. The gray had parted just above the horizon, and a band of cadmium seemed to possess the world. The fields of ice were no longer white; the open water had lost its gray. They had become yellow—so yellow that the waste ahead was as a wide plain of mingled Etruscan and burnished metal.

The winter sun slips down. The band widens and becomes blue—the deep electric blue of January and bitter cold. And the white ice gives back tones of ultramarine, varied and wonderful, while the water spaces glow with such peacock iridescence as drives men color mad. A sudden black volume of smoke from a tiny tug just before us—her green light and red caught by the churned water below and carried downward in a myriad of swift multiplications.

It is dark when we round the Battery into North River. High on our right the enchanted city is lifted against the blue-black sky. The amazing spectacle of the river on a winter's night outspreads before us. Here and there eagles more fortunate than ours are coming in with their prey. One has two lights, one above the other, on her flag-staff. She carries her capture along-side. She is dead ahead of us, but we know she is approaching by her green light to starboard. She whistles twice to indicate that she will pass us on the starboard side. Yonder is another with three lights on her staff. Somewhere back in the dark behind, at the end of a long hawser she tows her prize, doubtless a barge or a scow—perhaps a string of them—and the households in the snug cabins aboard are sitting down to their evening meal, careless of the cold, of danger, and of their destination. The winter night closes in upon the harbor world.

VARICK'S LADY O' DREAMS

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATION BY F. V. DUMOND

VARICK laid down the book with which he had beguiled an hour of the night, turned off the electric light in the shaded globe that hung above his head, pulled the sheets a little nearer his chin, reversed his pillow that he might rest his cheek more gratefully on the cooler linen, stretched, yawned, and composed himself to slumber with an absolutely untroubled conscience.

He was an eminently practical and almost rudely healthy young man, with an unreflecting belief in the existence of things he had seen, and considerable doubt con-

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Drawn by F. V. DuMond.

"Take it, dear, and keep it—for memory."—Page 571.

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cerning those which he had not seen. In his heart he regarded sentiment as the expression of a flabby nature in a feeble body. Once or twice he had casually remarked to his intimates that he supposed he'd fall in love some time—other chaps did; and he had also, in an unusually candid moment, given to a choice company of his chums the benefit of his conviction that when a fellow did care for a woman, and got her, he ought to treat her properly, by George! and see that she had amusements and was not neglected as lots of 'em did neglect their wives. His friends had dropped all other interests of the moment to solicitously inquire the name of the celestial being who was inspiring these uplifting theories. Varick had first flouted the idea with a laugh, and then carefully explained that while women, collectively, were "all right," as individuals he had "no use for 'em"; after which he had smiled his own surprisingly seraphic smile and returned to the cleaning of the various guns on which his deepest affections were then centred. From all this it will be seen that Varick was not the person to have unusual psychological experiences.

For a few moments, on this particular night, his thoughts turned pleasantly from one to another of the quiet delights of the morning's fishing. The book he had dropped was *Fly, Rod and Tackle*, and, like all enthusiastic anglers, he pined to give the author the benefit of his piscatorial experiences and of a few discoveries he himself had made as to certain flies and their action under given conditions. He had fished all the morning and played golf all the afternoon, and he had finished the day with a swim in the club pool, subsequently appearing at dinner with a showily red face and very wet hair, to argue fiercely over the soup concerning the merits of a horse his cousin wanted him to buy. Then he had played a few rubbers of bridge at five cents a point, and had retired to his own rooms bearing some nineteen dollars in good American money reluctantly bestowed upon him by his opponents in the game. Altogether it had been a fairly pleasant day, very much like most of the other days in his untroubled life.

Varick stretched his athletic young body luxuriously between the sheets, yawned once more, stared in the semi-darkness, heard a distant clock strike two, and wondered mildly why he was not more sleepy. There was a dim light burning in the hall beyond his bedroom, and by its reflection, through the transom over the door, he could see quite plainly the various pieces of furniture around him—his dressing-case, with its array of silver toilet articles, the solid front of his chiffonier, the carved arms of his favorite lounging chair, even the etchings and prints on the walls. Suddenly, as he looked at these familiar objects, a light haze fell over them, giving him for an instant the impression that a gauze curtain had been dropped between them and his eyes. They slowly melted away, and in their place he saw the streets of a tiny village in some foreign country which he did not know. A moment later, in what seemed at the time a perfectly natural transition from his bed in an Adirondack club-house, he was walking up the streets of the little town, in correct tourist attire, looking in vain for a familiar landmark, and with a strange sinking of the heart. How he got there, or why he was there, was equally incomprehensible to him. It was high noon of a warm summer day, and the red roofs of the old buildings seemed to glow in the heat. Before him, at the end of the street down which he was walking, was a public square where marketing was going on in the open. It was crowded with men and women in picturesque peasant costumes he did not recognize, though he had travelled a great deal. As he drew nearer he heard them speaking, but discovered that their tongue was as unknown to him as their garb. He knew French, German, and Italian well; he had, in addition, a smattering of Spanish, and was familiar with the accents of Slavic tongues. But this babel that met his ears was something new. Taken in connection with the foregoing experience, the discovery sent a cold chill down the spinal column of Mr. Lawrence Varick, better known to his friends as "Laurie." For the first time in his debonair life he was afraid, and admitted it inwardly, with a sudden whitening of the lips.

"It's so infernally queer," he told himself uneasily. "If I could remember how I got here, or if I knew anything about the place——"

"Have you classified them?" asked a voice at his elbow. It was feminine, contralto, and exquisitely modulated. The words were English, but spoken with a

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slight foreign accent. With a leap of the heart Varick turned and looked at the speaker.

She was young, he saw at once—twenty-two, twenty-three, possibly twenty-four. He inclined to the latter theory as he observed her perfect poise and self-possession. She was exquisitely dressed; he realized that despite the dimness of masculine perception on such points, and, much more clearly, saw that she was beautiful. She was small, and the eyes she raised to his were large and deeply brown, with long black lashes that matched in color the wavy hair under her coquettish hat. As he stared at her, with surprise, relief, and admiration struggling in his boyishly handsome face, she smiled, and in that instant the phlegmatic young man experienced a new sensation. His own white teeth flashed as he smiled back at her. Then he remembered that it is customary for gentlemen to reply when ladies ask a question.

"I—I—beg your pardon," he stammered, "a—a thousand times. But to tell you the truth I'm—I'm horribly confused this morning. I—I don't seem, somehow, to place myself yet. And I can't understand what these people say. So, when you spoke English it was such a relief——"

He stopped suddenly and turned a rich crimson. It had occurred to him that this incoherent statement was not quite the one to win interest and admiration from a strange and exceedingly attractive woman. What would she think of him? Perhaps that he was intoxicated, or insane. Varick's imagination, never lively, distinguished itself during the next few seconds by the stirring possibilities it presented to his mind. He grew redder, which was very unfortunate, and shuffled miserably from one foot to the other, until he noticed that she was looking at him with a glance that was entirely dignified yet very friendly. It had an oddly sympathetic quality in it as well. His spirits rose a trifle.

"You must think me an awful duffer," he murmured contritely. "I'm not always like this, I assure you."

"I know," she assented. "I understand. Walk on with me. Possibly I may be able to help you."

He bowed assent and the two walked toward the crowded square.

"You're awfully good," he said, feeling reassured, yet still boyish and embarrassed. "I don't want to be a nuisance, but if you'll just put me right, somehow—start me on a path that will lead me home——"

The entire idiocy of this struck him. He stopped again, then burst into his contagious youthful laughter, in which she instantly joined. The mellow contralto and the clear tenor formed a soft and pleasant duet, but Varick noticed that not a head in the crowd around them turned their way, nor did an eye of all the peasant throng give them a glance. He spoke of this to his companion as they continued their walk.

"The most surprising thing to me in all this—unusualness," he said, "is the cool manner in which these beggars ignore us. You know how such people gape usually; but there's not a soul of all these people who seems to know we're here."

She looked at him with a gentle amusement and sympathy in her brown eyes.

"That is not surprising," she said quietly. "For you know we are not here—really."

Varick stopped for the second time and stared at her, with a repetition of that new and annoying sinking in the region of his heart. Her words were certainly disconcerting, but she herself was delightfully human and most reassuringly natural. She had started on, and he tried to fall into her mood as he overtook her.

"Where are we, then?" he asked, with a short and not especially mirthful laugh.

Her smooth brow wrinkled for a moment.

"I do not know," she said frankly. "That is, I do not know this place, where we *think* we are, though I have been here before, and the experience does not frighten me now. But I know where we *really* are. You are asleep somewhere in America, and I—but, oh, my dear, my dear, you're going to wake!"

The clock that was somewhere struck three. Varick, sitting up in his bed with eyes staring into the darkness, saw again his familiar room, the dim light, the silver, the dressing-case, the pictures. He sprang to the door opening into the hall, and tried it. It was bolted, as he had left it. So was the other door leading into his sitting-room. The darkness around him still seemed full of the refrain of the words he had just heard—where?

"*Oh, my dear, my dear, you're going to wake!*" And her eyes—her smile——

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Varick got into bed again, in a somewhat dazed condition with a tremor running through it. Very slowly he straightened himself out, very slowly he pulled up the bedclothes. Then he swore solemnly into the obscurity of the room.

"Well, of—all—the—dreams!" he commented helplessly.

As the months passed, after Varick got back to town and into the whirl of city life, he recalled his dream frequently, at first, then more rarely, and finally, not at all. It was almost a year later when, one night, lying half awake, he saw again the fine, transparent, screen-like veil enshroud the objects in his bedroom. It was winter, and a great log was burning in the large fireplace. He had tried to choke the flames with ashes before he went to bed, but the wood had blazed up again and he had lain quiet, awaiting slumber and blinking indifferently at the light. His bedroom overlooked Fifth Avenue. There was a large club-house just opposite his house, and cabs and carriages still came and went. Varick heard the slam of carriage doors, the click of horses' hoofs on the wet asphalt, and congratulated himself on the common sense which had inspired him to go to bed at eleven instead of joining the festive throng across the street. He had dutifully spent the morning in his father's offices, and then, with a warming sense of virtue, had run out of town for a late luncheon and a trial of hunters. To-night he was pleasantly tired, but not drowsy. When the curtain fell before his surroundings, and he saw them melting imperceptibly into others quite foreign to them, he at once recalled the similar experience of the year before. With a little quickening of his steady heartbeats, he awaited developments.

Yes, here was the old town, with its red roofs, its quaint architecture, its crowded, narrow, picturesque streets. But this time they seemed almost deserted, and the whole effect of the place was bleak and dreary. The leaves had dropped from the trees, the flowers had faded, the vines that covered the cottage walls were brown and bare. He was pleasantly conscious of the warmth of a sable-lined coat he had brought from Russia two years before. He thrust his gloved hands deep into its capacious pockets and walked on, his eyes turning to right and left as he went. At intervals he saw a bulky masculine figure, queerly dressed, turn a corner or enter a house. Once or twice one came his way and passed him, but no one looked at him or spoke. For a moment Varick was tempted to knock at one of the inhospitably closed doors and ask for information and directions, but something—he did not know what—restrained him.

When she appeared it was as suddenly as she had come before, with no warning, no approach. She was at his elbow—a bewitching thing of furs and feminine beauty, French millinery and cordiality. She held out her small hand with a fine *cameraderie*.

"Is it not nice?" she asked at once. "I was afraid I should arrive first and have to wait alone. I would not have liked that."

He held her hand close, looking down at her from his great height, his gray eyes shining into hers.

"Then you knew—you were coming?" he asked slowly.

"Not until the moment before I came. But when I saw the curtain fall——"

"You saw that, too? A thin, gauzy thing, like a transparency?"

"Yes."

He relapsed into silence for a moment, as he unconsciously adapted his stride to hers, and they walked on together as naturally as if it were an every-day occurrence.

"What do you make of it all?" he at length asked.

She shrugged her shoulders with a little foreign gesture which seemed to him, even then, very characteristic.

"I do not know. It frightened me—a little—at first. Now it does not, for it always ends and I awake—at home."

"Where is that?"

She hesitated.

"I may not tell you," she said slowly. "I do not quite know why, but I may not. Possibly you may know some time. You, I think, are an American."

He stared hard at her, his smooth face taking on a strangely solemn expression.

"You mean to say," he persisted, "that this is all a dream—that you and I, instead of being here, are really asleep somewhere, in different continents?"

She nodded.

"We are asleep," she said, "in different continents, as you say. Whether we are dreaming or whether our two souls are taking a little excursion through space—oh,

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who shall say? Who can question the wonderful things which happen in this most wonderful world? I have ceased to question, but I have also ceased to fear."

He made no reply. Somewhere, in the back of his head, lay fear—a very definite, paralyzing fear—that something was wrong with him or with her or with them both. Instead of being in the neutral border-land of dreams, had he not perhaps passed the tragic line dividing the normal mind from the insane? She seemed to read his thoughts, and her manner became more gentle, almost tender.

"Is it so very dreadful?" she asked softly. "We are together, you know, my friend. Would it not be worse to wander about alone?"

With a great effort he pulled himself together.

"Infinitely," he said, with gratifying conviction. "And you're—you're a trump, you know. I'm ashamed of acting like such a hound. If you'll bear with me I'll try from now on to be more like a man and less like a fretful ghost."

She clapped her hands.

"Capital!" she cried. "I knew you would—what is the word?—oh, yes—*adapt* yourself. And it is only for a little while. You will wake very soon. But you ought to enjoy it while it lasts. There are many amusing things about it all."

Varick reflected grimly that it was not the "amusing things" which occasioned his perturbation, but he kept his reflection to himself and smiled down at her sunnily.

"For example," she continued, "as we really do not exist here, and as we are not visible to these people, we cannot do anything that will affect them in any way or attract their attention. Look at that!"

They were passing a small house whose front door, opening on the street, stood half open. Within they could see a stout woman standing at a tub and washing busily, and a little girl pouring hot water from a quaint kettle into a large pan full of soiled blue dishes. The pan stood near the edge of a wooden table, and the little girl was perched on a stool just high enough to bring her on a level with her work.

"You are, I am sure, a fine athlete," murmured the woman. "Or else your looks belie you," she added, with a roguish upward glance. "Yet with all your strength you cannot push that pan of dishes off the table."

Without a word, Varick passed through the doorway, strode into the house and up to the table. She followed him closely. He attempted to seize the pan in his powerful hands—and, to his horror, discovered that they held nothing. The pan remained on the table and the child was now unconcernedly washing the blue dishes, humming a little folk-song as she worked. As if to add to the irony of the situation, the small laborer quietly lifted the pan and moved it to a position she thought more convenient. This was the last touch. With a stifled murmur of intense exasperation, Varick put forth all his strength in a supreme effort. The pan fell, the water and broken blue dishes covering the floor. He sprang back and stood aghast, gazing at the havoc he had wrought.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear," murmured the voice at his side. "I never dreamed you could do it, or I would not have suggested it. Oh, oh, the poor little darling!"

For the stout woman at the tub had hastily dropped her work, crossed the room, and was soundly chastising the unhappy infant whom she supposed was responsible for the mischief. Varick caught her arm.

"Oh, I say," he cried, "this won't do at all! She didn't do it; it was all my fault. I'll pay for the things. Here—here——"

He fumbled in his pockets as he spoke and pulled out several gold pieces. But the fat arm of the old woman offered no resistance to his grasp, and the gold pieces did not exist for her. It was evident that she saw neither him nor them, nor the woman with him. With an unsparing hand she spanked the child, whose voice rose in shrill lamentations. Varick and his companion in guilt crept out of the room with a sense of great helplessness upon them, and he breathed a long breath of relief at finding himself—in bed, with a cold February sun shining in through his windows, and the faithful Parker at his side with the quieting announcement that his bath was ready.

One of Varick's boon companions in camp and hunting excursions was a distinguished New York specialist in nervous diseases. A day or two later Varick found it convenient to drop into this man's office and, quite casually, tell him the story of his

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dreams, giving it various light touches that he fondly imagined concealed the anxiety that lay beneath the recital. "Recurrent dreams," he then learned, were a very common human experience and not deserving of much attention.

"Don't think about it," said his friend. "Of course, if you worry over it, you'll be dreaming it all the time. Send this 'personally conducted tour' to me if you don't like it. I don't mind meeting pretty women who are 'dreams,' whether in the flesh or out of it."

As time went on and the dream did not return, Varick decided that he would not mind, either. He thought of her a great deal; he even longed for her. Eventually he deliberately tried to induce the dream by going to bed early, putting himself in the proper mental attitude, as he conceived it, and staring wide-eyed into his dimly lighted room. But only once in eighteen months was he even partly successful. Then he saw the haze, saw the familiar streets, saw her far, far ahead of him, and hurrying onward, saw her turn a sharp corner, caught one backward look from her dear brown eyes as she vanished—and awoke! He gave much thought to that look in the months which followed. He was a modest youth, singularly unconscious of his own charms; but the eloquent glance had conveyed to him a sense of longing—of more than longing.

Quite an interval elapsed before she came again. There was, first of all, the inevitable filmy effect, but, in the vision that succeeded it, instead of finding himself in the little town, he was in the depths of a great old forest, and in horrible agony. Some accident had occurred—he did not know what. He only knew that he was shot, suffering, dying! He groaned, and even as he writhed in a spasm of pain, he saw her sitting on the sward beside him. He turned glazed eyes on her. Her brown ones looked back into his with a great love and pity in their depths.

"Oh, my dear," she whispered, "I know it seems terribly hard to you. And because you think you suffer, it is almost as hard for you as if you did. But you are not really hurt, you know. You are not suffering. It is all in the dream. You are sound asleep, far, far away."

He forced a sardonic laugh from his stiff throat.

"Not this time," he managed to articulate. "Whatever the others may have been, this is no dream. This is the real thing—and death!"

She smoothed the hair back from his damp brow with a beautiful, caressing touch. He felt her fingers tremble.

"No," she said. "It is a dream, and almost over."

"Then will you stay with me," he gasped, "to the end?"

"Yes," she promised. "Try to bear it just a moment longer. Courage, dear heart! for already you are waking—you are waking—*you—are—awake!*"

He was, and it was daylight, and around him were the familiar objects of his own room. He wiped his forehead, which was cold and wet. He felt utterly exhausted.

"Stay with me to the end!"

If she only would! If he could find her—find her in this warm, human world, away from that ghastly border-land where they two met. For in that hour he knew he loved—what? A woman or a ghost? A creature of this world or a fantasy of the night? Wherever she was, whatever she was, he loved her and he wanted her. And in that hour of his agony her eyes had told that she loved him.

It was eight months before they met again. Varick's friends thought him changed, and quite possibly he was. The insouciant boy of twenty-eight had become a man, a sympathetic, serious, thoughtful man, still given to sports and out-door life, but more than all devoted to a search which had taken in no end of out-of-the-way European towns. He was sleeping in one of these one night (not *the* one, alas! he had not found that) when the veil, now so warmly welcome, fell for the fourth time.

He was in an exquisite Italian garden, a place all perfume and May breezes and flooding sunshine and over-arching blue sky. As he entered it he saw her coming to meet him, and he went forward to greet her with his pulses bounding and such a light in his eyes as no eyes but hers had ever seen there. Even in that supreme moment the wonderfully *real* atmosphere of it all impressed him. He heard a dry twig crack under his foot as he walked, and he recognized the different perfumes of the flowers around him—the heavy sweetness of a few belated orange blossoms, the deli-

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cate breath of the oleander, the reminiscent perfume of the rose. Then their hands met and their eyes, and each drew a long breath, and neither spoke for a moment. When Varick found words they were very commonplace ones, in use by many others in this weary world.

"Oh, my love, my love!" he said. And she, listening to them, with sudden tears in her brown eyes, seemed to find them wholly satisfactory and pleasing to the ear.

"It has been so long, so long," he gasped. "I began to think I was never to see you again."

They drifted side by side along a winding, rose-hedged path, past an old sundial, past a triumphant peacock strutting before his mild little mate, past a fountain whose spray flung out to them a welcome. She led the way with the accustomed step of one who knew and loved the place. They came to a marble seat, half hidden by a tangle of vines and scarlet blossoms, and sheltered by overhanging oleander branches, and she sat down and moved her skirts aside that he might sit close to her. Her brown eyes, raised now to his hungry gray ones, looked at him with the softened brilliance he had sometimes seen in those of a happy child.

"Should you have missed me?" she asked softly, "if you had never seen me again? Should you have been sorry?"

He drew a long breath.

"I love you," he said. "Whatever you are, wherever you come from, whatever all this means, I love you. I don't understand anything else, but I know that. It's the one sure thing, the one real thing, in all this tangle."

Without a word she put her hand in his. He could feel distinctly its cool, soft, exquisite texture. With an exclamation of delight he drew her toward him, but she held herself away, the expression of her beautiful face softening the effect of the recoil.

"Not yet, dear," she said gently. "We must be very careful. You do not understand. If you do anything abrupt or sudden you will wake—and then we shall be parted again, who knows for how long!"

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. Seeing them, he buried his face in his hands and groaned, while the sense of his utter helplessness rolled over him like a flood.

"God!" he broke out, with sudden fierceness. "What devil's trick is this? It's not a dream. It can't be a dream. Here we are, two human beings in a human world—I'll swear it. Smell that oleander. Listen to that bird sing. Hear the trickle of that fountain. And yet you tell me that we are asleep!"

She laid her head in the curve of her arm, resting on the ivy-covered back of the low seat. Bending over her, he saw that her cheeks were wet. The sight made him desperate.

"Don't!" he cried hoarsely. "Don't do that! Tell me what is expected of me. Whatever it is, no matter how hard it is, or how long it takes, I'll do it."

She did not reply, but she made a quick little gesture with the hand nearest him. It signified hopelessness, almost despair. Darkness began to fall, and an early moon hung pale in the heavens. Somewhere in the thick bushes near them a nightingale began to sing. To Varick's excited fancy there was a heart-breaking pathos in the soft notes. They seemed to have been together, he and she, for a long time—for hours. He bent his head till it touched hers.

"But you love me?" he asked. She moved a little and wiped her eyes with an absurdly tiny, lace-edged square of linen. One corner, he noticed, bore an embroidered coronet.

"Yes," she said very quietly, "I love you."

Her tone as she spoke expressed such entire hopelessness that the full sense of her words did not at once come to him. When it did, slowly, sweetly, she was speaking again.

"But oh, dear heart, dear heart!" she broke out. "Why do we love? To what can love lead us—two poor shadows in a dream world, in which alone we can meet!"

He was silent. There seemed, somehow, nothing that he could say, though later he thought of many words with which he might have filled that throbbing silence. The dusk deepened around them. Off in the thicket the nightingale still warbled passionately, and now the stars began to come out over their heads, pale as yet against the warm blue of the heavens. Varick, sitting stiffly on the old marble bench, became conscious of an odd dizziness, and set his

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teeth with a sudden determination to show no evidence of it. She had risen and was moving about among the rose-bushes just behind them. Almost before he missed her she had returned, holding in her hand a beautiful salmon-hued rose, with a flame-colored, crumply heart. He had never before seen one like it. As she held it near him it exhaled an exquisitely reminiscent perfume—the perfume of old joys, old memories, and loves of long ago.

"Is it not beautiful?" she said. "It is called the *noisette*. Take it, dear, and keep it—for memory." Then, as he took it from her, her eyes widened in a sudden anguish of dread and comprehension.

"Oh, you're leaving me!" she said. "You're waking. Dearest, dearest, stay with me!"

The words and the look that accompanied them galvanized him into sudden action. He sprang to his feet, caught her in his arms, held her there, crushed her there, kissing her eyes, her hair, her exquisitely soft mouth.

"I will not leave you," he raved. "I swear I won't. I defy the devil that's back of this. I swear——" But she, too, was speaking now, and her words came to his ears as from a long, long distance, sobbingly, with a catch in the breath, but distinct.

"Alas!" she cried, "you have ruined everything. You have ruined everything! You will never see me again. Dearest, dearest——"

He awoke. His heart was thumping to suffocation, and he lay exhausted on his pillow. It was a dark morning, and a cold rain beat dismally against the window-panes. Gone were the Dream Woman, the Italian garden, the song of the nightingale, the perfume of flowers. How definite that perfume had been! He could smell it yet, all around him. It was like—what was it like? He became suddenly conscious of an unusual sensation in his hand, lying on the bed-spread. He glanced at it and then sat up with a sudden jerk that almost threw him off his balance. In his upturned palm was a rose—a salmon-colored rose, slightly crushed, but fresh and fragrant, with a flame-colored, crumply heart. Varick stared at it, shut his eyes, opened them, and stared again. It was still there, and with the discovery that it was, Varick became conscious of a prickling of the scalp, a chill along the spine. His brown face whitened.

"Well, by all the gods!" he gasped. "How did that thing get here?"

No one ever told him. Possibly no one could except the Dream Woman, and her he never saw again, so the mystery was unfathomable. He put the rose between the leaves of the Bible his mother had given him when he went to college, and which he had not happened to open since until that morning; and the rose became dry and faded as the years passed, quite as any other rose would have done.

Varick paid a second and quite casual visit to his medical friend, who scoffed at him rudely and urged him to go on a long hunting trip. He went and was singularly successful, and came back with considerable big game and a rich, brown complexion. When the doctor asked him whether he still awoke from his innocent slumbers to find his little hand full of pretty flowers, Varick swore naturally and healthfully, turned very red, and playfully thumped the medical man between the shoulders with a force that sent that gentleman's eye-glasses off his nose. But notwithstanding all these reassuring incidents, Varick has never married, and he remains deeply interested as to the source of that rose. He would be very grateful to anyone who could tell him where the thing came from. The nearest he ever came to this was when a man who knew a good deal about flowers once inspected the faded rose, at Varick's request, and listened to the description of how it looked when fresh.

"Why, yes," he said, "I know that variety. It grows in Italy, but I don't think it's known here. They call it the *noisette!*"

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THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

I WAS a soldier. I was a hero. You notice my tenses are past. I am a simple school-teacher now, a prisoner in Black Log. There are no bars to my keep, only the wall of mountains that make the valley; and look at them on a clear day, when sunshine and shadow play over their green slopes, when the clouds all white and gold swing lazily in the blue above them, and they speak of freedom and of life immeasurable. There are no chains to my prison, no steel cuffs to gall the limbs, no guards to threaten and cow me. Yet here I stay year after year. Here I was born and here I shall die.

I am a traveller. In my mind I have gone the world over, and those wanderings have been unhampered by the limitations of mere time, for I know my India of the First Century as well as that of the Twentieth, and the China of Confucius is as real to me as that of Kwang Su. Without stirring from my little porch down here in the valley I have pierced the African jungles and surveyed the Arctic ice-floes. Often the mountains call me to come again, to climb them, to see the real world beyond, to live in it, to be of it, but I am a prisoner. They called to me as a boy, when wandering over the hills, I looked away to them, and over them, into the mysterious blue, picturing my India and my China, my England and my Russia in a geographical jumble that began just beyond the horizon.

Then I was a prisoner in the dungeons of Youth and my mother was my jailer. The day came when I was free, and forth I went full of hope, twenty-three years old by the family Bible, with a strong, agile body and a homely face. I went as a soldier. For months I saw what is called the world; I had glimpses of cities; I slept beneath the palms; I crossed a sea and touched the tropics. Marching beneath a blazing sun, huddling from the storm in the scant shelter of the tent, my spirits were always keyed to the highest by the thought that I was seeing life and that these adventures were but a foretaste of those to come. But one day when we marched beneath the blazing sun, we met a storm and found no shelter. We charged through a hail of steel. They took me to the sea on a stretcher, and by and by they shipped me home. Then it was that I was a hero—when I came again to Black Log—what was left of me.

My people were very kind. They sent Henry Holmes's double phaeton to the county town to meet my train, and as I stumbled from the car, being new to my crutches, I fell into the arms of a reception committee. Tim was there. And my little brother fought the others off and picked me up and carried me, as I had carried him in the old days when he was a toddling youngster and I a sturdy boy. But he was six feet two now and I had wasted to a shadow. Perry Thomas had a speech prepared. He is our orator, our prize debater, our township statesman, and his frock coat tightly buttoned across his chest, his unusually high and stiffly starched collar, his repeated coughing as he hovered on the outskirts of the crowd, told me plainly that he had an address to make. Henry Holmes, indeed, asked me to stand still just one minute, and I divined instantly that he was working in the interest of oratory; but Tim spoiled it all by running off with me and tossing me into the phaeton.

So in the state-coach of Black Log, drawn by Isaac Bolum's lemon-colored mules, with the committee rattling along behind in a spring wagon, politely taking our dust, I came home once more, over the mountains, into the valley.

Sometimes I wonder if I shall ever make another journey as long as that one. Sometimes I have ventured as far as the gap, and peeped into the broad open country, and caught the rumble of the trains down

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"Welcome home—thrice welcome!"—Page 578.

by the river. There is one of the world's highways, but the toll is great, and a crippled soldier with a scanty pension and a pittance from his school is wiser to keep to the ways he knows.

And how I know the ways of the valley! That day when we rode into it every tree seemed to be waving its green arms in salute. As we swung through the gap, around the bend at the saw-mill and into the open country, checkered brown and yellow by fields new-ploughed and fields of stubble, a flock of killdeer arose on the air and screamed a welcome. In their greeting there seemed a taunting note as though they knew they had no more to fear from me and could be generous. I saw every crook in the fence, every rut in the road, every bush and tree long before we came to it. But six months had I been away, yet in that time I had lived half my life, and now I was so changed that it seemed strange to find the valley as fat and full as ever, stretched out there in the sunshine in a quiet, smiling slumber.

"Things are just the same, Mark, you'll notice," said Tim, pointing to a hole in the flooring of the bridge over which we were passing.

The valley had been driving around that same danger spot these ten years. There was a world of meaning to the returning wanderer in that broken plank, and it was not hard to catch the glance of my brother's eye and to know his mind.

Henry Holmes in the front seat, driving, caught the inflection of Tim's voice and cried testily: "You are allus runnin' the walley down. Why don't you tell him about the improvements instead of pintin' out the bad spots in the road?"

"Improvements?" said I, in a tone of inquiry.

"Theop Jones has bought him a new side-bar buggy," replied the old man. "Then the Kallabergers has moved in from

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the country and is fixin' up the Harmon house at the end of town."

"And a be-yutiful place they're makin' of it," cried Isaac Bolum; "be-yutiful!"

"They've added a fancy porch," Henry explained, "and are gittin' blue glass panes for the front door."

"We've three spring-beds in town now," put in Isaac in his slow, dreamy way. "If I mind right the Spikers bought theirs before war was declared, so you've seen that one. Well, Piney Martin he has got him one—let me see—when did he git it, Henery?"

Old Holmes furrowed his brow and closed one eye, seeking with the other the inspiration of the sky.

"July sixth," he answered. "Don't you mind, Ike, it come the same day and on the wery same stage as the news of the sinkin' of the Spaynish fleet?"

"Nonsense," retorted Isaac. "You're allus mixin' dates, Henery. You're thinkin' of Tip Pulsifer's last baby. He come July six, for don't you mind how they called him Cevery out of pity and generosity for the Spayniards. Piney's spring-bed arrived the same day and on the same stage as brung us the news of Mark here havin' his left leg shot off."

"Mebbe—mebbe—mebbe," muttered Henry, shaking his head dubiously. "It certainly do beat all how things happens all at once in this world. Come to think of it, the wery next day six of my sheep was killed by dogs."

"It's good you're gittin' your dates cleared," snapped old Bolum. "On history, Henery Holmes, you are the worst."

Henry retorted with an angry protest against the indictment, declaring that he was studying history when Bolum was being nourished on "soft food." That was true. Isaac admitted it frankly. He wasn't his mother's keeper, that he could regulate his own birthday. Had that been in his power he would certainly have set it a half century earlier or later to avoid being constantly annoyed by the "onreasonablest argeyments" Six Stars had ever heard. This made old Holmes smile softly, and he turned and winked at me. The one thing he had ever been thankful for, he said, was that his life had fallen with that of Isaac Bolum. Whenever he done wrong; whenever the consciousness of sin was upon him and he needed the chastisin' rod, he just went to the store and set and listened to Ike. To this Isaac retorted that it was a wonder the rod had not worn out long ago; it was pleasing to know, at least, that he was made of tough old hickory. Henry admitted this to be a "good un" on him—an unusual one, considering the source whence it came—but that did not settle the exact date of the arrival of Piney Martin's spring-bed.

It was time for me to protest that it mattered little whether the event occurred on July sixth or a week later, since what really interested me was the question as to who was the owner of the third of these luxuries. Isaac's serious, self-conscious look answered me, but I pressed the inquiry to give him an opportunity to sing the praises of this newest of his household gods. Mr. Bolum's pleasure was evident. Once launched into an account of the comfort of springs as compared to a straw-stick on ropes, he would have monopolized our attention to the end of the journey, but the sagacious Henry blocked him rudely by a tug at the reins which almost threw the lemon-colored mules on their haunches.

We were at the foot of the slope where the road to Buzzards Glory branches from the pike. The Arkers had spied us coming, and ran down from the tannery to greet us. Arnold, after he had a dozen times expressed his delight at my return, asked if I had seen any shooting. His son Sam's wife nudged him and whispered in his ear, upon which he apologized abruptly, explaining that he had dropped his spectacles in the tanning vat. Sam sought to extricate his father from these imaginary difficulties by demanding that I go coon-hunting with him on the next night. This set Sam's wife's elbow going again very vigorously, and the further embarrassment of the whole family was saved by Henry Holmes swinging the whip across the backs of the mules.

On went the state-coach of Black Log. We clattered quickly over the last level stretch. We dragged up the last long hill, and from its brow I looked on the roofs of Six Stars rising here and there from the green bed of trees. I heard the sonorous rumble of the mill, and above it a shrill and solitary crow. On the state-coach went, down the steep, driving the mules madly before it. Their hoofs made music on the bridge, and my journey was ended.

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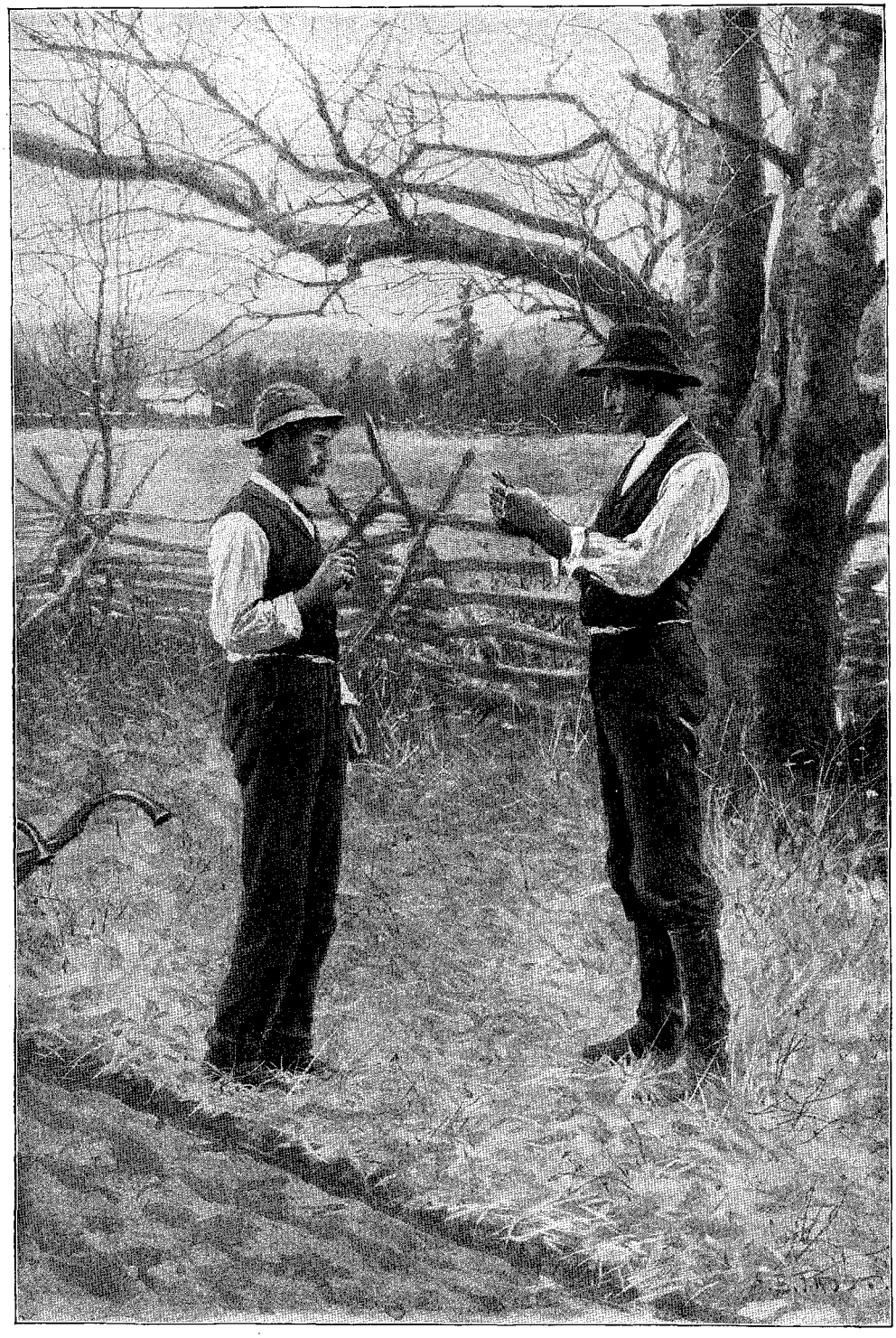

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Tim and I had stopped our ploughs to draw lots and he had lost.—Page 580

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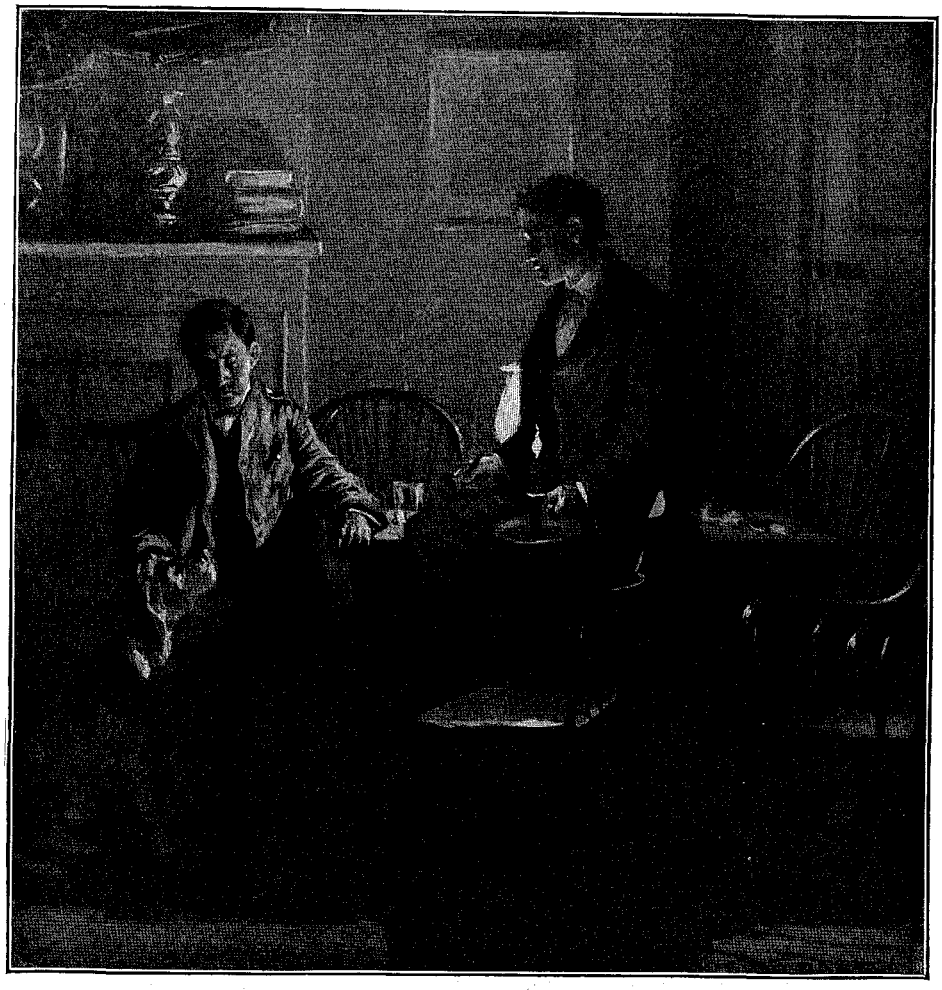

"Well, old chap!"—Page 584.

Home again! Even Tip Pulsifer was dear to me then. He was between the wheels when we stopped, and I planted a crutch on one of his bare feet and embraced him.

He grinned and cried, "Mighty souls!"

That embrace, that grin and that heart-born exclamation marked the entrance of the Pulsifer family into my life. Theretofore I had regarded them with a suspicion born of a pile of feathers at the door of their shanty on the ridge, for they kept no chickens. Now the six little Pulsifers, all with the lower halves of their faces washed and their hair soaped down, were climbing around me, and the latest comer, that same Cevery who arrived with Piney Martin's spring-bed, was hoisted into kissing distance by his mother, who was thinner and more wan than ever, but still smiling. But this was home and these were home people. My heart was open then and warm, and I took the seven little Pulsifers to it. I took old Mrs. Bolum to it, too, for she tumbled the clamoring infants aside and in her joy forgot the ruffles in the sleeves of her wonderful purple silk. At her elbow hovered the tall, spare figure of Aaron Kallaberger. Mindful of the military nature of the occasion he appeared in his old army overcoat, in spite of the heat. Rare honor, this! And better still, he hailed me as "Comrade," and enfolding my hand in his long horny fingers, cried "All's well, Mark!"

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The mill ceased its rumbling. Already the valley was rocking itself to sleep. Out of the darkening sky rang the twanging call of a nighthawk, and the cluck of a dozing hen sounded from the foliage overhead. A flock of weary sheep pattered along the road, barnward bound, heavy eyed and bleating softly. The blue gate was opened wide. My hand was on Tim's shoulder and Tim's arm was my support.

"All's well!" I cried. For I was hobbling home.

II

PERRY THOMAS still had his speech to deliver. He hovered around the rocking-chair in which they had enthroned me, and with one hand he kept clutching violently at his throat as though he were suppressing his eloquence by muscular effort. His repeated coughing seemed a constant warning that at any minute he might be vanquished in the struggle for becoming silence. There was a longing light in his eyes and a look of appeal whenever our glances met. My position was embarrassing. He knew that I realized his predicament, but how could I interrupt the kindly demonstrations of the old friends who pressed about me, to announce that the local orator had a formal address of welcome that was as yet unspoken? And an opportunity like this might never again occur in Perry's life! Here were gathered not only the people of the village, but of the valley. His words would fall not alone on the ears of a few choice spirits of the store forum, or the scoffing pedants of the literary society, for crowded into that little room were old men whose years would give weight to the declaration that it was the greatest talking they had ever heard; were young children, who in after years, when a neglected gravestone was toppling over all that was left of the orator, would still speak of the wonders of his eloquence; were comely women to whom the household was the world and the household task the life's work, but who could now for the moment lift their bent forms and have their dulled eyes turned to higher and better things. Moreover, there were in that room a score of deep eyes that could not but quicken at the sight of a slender, manly figure, clad in scholastic black, of a thin, earnest face, with beetled brows and a classic forehead from which swept waves of black hair. Little wonder Perry was restless under restraint! Little wonder he grew more melancholy and coughed louder and louder, as the light without faded away, and the faces within were dimmed in the shadow!

From the kitchen came the clatter of dishes and pans and a babel of women's voices, the shrill commands of old Mrs. Bolum rising above them. The feast was preparing. Its hour was at hand. Apollo never was a match for Bacchus, and Perry Thomas could not command attention once Mrs. Bolum appeared on the scene. He realized this. Her cries came as an inspiration to action. In the twilight I lost him, but the lamp-light disclosed him standing over Henry Holmes, who had been driven into a corner and was held prisoner there by a threatening finger. There was a whispered parley that ended only when the old man surrendered and, stepping to the centre of the room, rapped long and loud on the floor with his cane.

Henry is always blunt. He has a way of getting right at the heart of things with everyone except Bolum. For Isaac, he regards circumlocution as necessary, taking the ground that with him the quantity and not the quality of the words counts. So when he had silenced the company and with a sweep of his cane had driven them into close order about the walls, he said: "Mr. Thomas is anxious to make an address."

At this moment Mr. Thomas was about to step into the zone of fire of a hundred eyes. There was a very audible titter in the corner where three thoughtless young girls had squeezed themselves into one rocking-chair. The orator heard it and brought his heels together with a click.

"Mind what I told you, Henery," he whispered very loud, glaring at Mr. Holmes.

"Oh, yes," Henry returned in a casual tone.

He thumped the floor again, and when the tittering had subsided, and only the snuffling of Cevery Pulsifer broke the silence, he said: "In jestice to Mr. Thomas, I am requested to explain that the address

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was originally intended to be got off at the railroad. It was forgot by accident, and *him not havin' time* to change it, he asks us to make believe we are standin' along-side of the track at Pleasantville just as the train comes in."

Isaac Bolum had fixed himself comfortably on two legs of his chair, with the projecting soles of his boots caught behind the rung. Feet and chair-legs came to the floor with a crash, and half rising from the seat, one hand extended in appeal, the other at his right ear, forming a trumpet, he shouted: "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman."

"This ain't a liter'ry meetin', Mr. Bolum. The floor is Mr. Thomas's, I believe," said Henry with dignity.

"But I didn't catch the name of the station you said we was to imagine."

"I said Pleasantville," cried Henry angrily.

"I apologize," returned Isaac. "I thought you said Meadowville, and never havin' been there, I didn't see how I could imagine the station."

"It seems to me, Isaac Bolum," retorted Henry with dignified asperity, "that with your imagination you could conjure up a whole railroad system, includin' the freight-yard. But Mr. Thomas has the floor."

"See here, Henery Holmes," cried Isaac, "it's all right for us old folks, but there's the children. How can they imagine Pleasantville station when some of 'em ain't yet seen a train?"

This routed even Henry Holmes. At the store he would never have given in, but he was not accustomed to hearing so loud a murmur of approval greet the opposition. He realized that he had been placed in a false position by the importunities of Mr. Thomas, and to him he now left the brunt of the trouble by stepping out of the illumined circle and losing himself in the company.

The fire-swept zone had no terrors for Perry. With one hand thrust between the first and second buttons of his coat, and the other raised in that gesture with which the orator stills the sea of discontent, he stepped forward and turning slowly about, brought his eyes to bear on the contumacious Bolum. He indicated the target. Every optic gun in the room was levelled at it. The upraised hand, the potent silence, the solemn gaze of a hundred eyes was too much for the old man to bear. Slowly he swung back on two legs of his chair, caught the rungs again with the projecting soles, turned his eyes to the ceiling, closed them, and set himself to imagining the station at Pleasantville. The rout was complete.

Perry wheeled and faced me. The hand was lowered slowly; four fingers disappeared and one long one, one quivering one, remained, a whip with which to chastise the prisoner at the bar.

"Mark Hope," he began, in a deep, rich, resonant voice, "we welcome you home. We have come down from the valley, fourteen mile through the blazin' noonday sun, fourteen mile over wind-swept roads, that you, when agin you step on the soil of our beloved county, may step into lovin' hands, outstretched to meet you and bid you welcome. Welcome home—thrice welcome—agin I say, welcome!"

Both of the orator's hands swung upward and outward, and he looked intently at the ceiling. He seemed prepared to catch me as I leaped from a second-story window. The pause as he stood there braced to receive the body of the returning soldier as it hurtled at him, gave Isaac Bolum an opportunity to be magnanimous. He clapped his hands and cheered. In an instant his shrill cry was drowned in a burst of applause full of spirit and heart, closing with a flourish of wails from Cevery Pulsifer and the latest of the Kallabergers. Perry's arms fell gracefully to his side and he inclined his head and half closed his eyes in acknowledgment. Then turning to Isaac, measuring every word, in a voice clear and cutting, his long forefinger shaking, he cried: "From the bloody battlefields of Cuby, from her tropic camps where *you suffered and bled, you come home to us* to-day. You have fought in the cause of liberty. To your country you have give a limb—you——"

Poor Bolum! Awakened from the gentle doze into which he had fallen the instant Cevery Pulsifer relieved him of the duty of leading the applause, he brought his chair down on all four legs, and slapped both knees violently. Satisfied that they were still there, he looked up at the orator.

"You have give a limb," repeated Perry, emphasizing the announcement by shaking his finger at the old man.

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Isaac's mouth was half open for a protest, when he remembered, and leaning over seized the toe of each boot in a hand and wriggled his feet. When we saw his face again he was smiling gently, and swinging back, he nestled his head against the wall and closed his eyes once more.

"You would have give your life," cried Perry.

But the only sign old Bolum made was to twirl the thumbs of his clasped hands.

"Six months ago, six short, stirrin' months ago you left us, just a plain man, at your country's call." Perry was thundering his rolling periods at us. "To-day, a moment since, standin' here by the track, we heard the rumblin' of the train and the engyne's whistle, and we says a he-ro comes —a he-ro in blue!"

Had Perry looked my way he might have noticed that I was clad in khaki, but he was addressing Henry Holmes, whose worthy head was nodding in continual acquiescence. The old man stood, with eyes down-cast and hands clasped before him, a picture of humility. The orator, carried away by his own eloquence, seemed to forget its real purpose, and in a moment, sitting unnoticed in my chair with Tim at my side, I became a minor figure, while half a hundred were gathered there to do honor to Henry Holmes. Once I even forgot and started to applaud when Perry raised his hand over the gray head as though in blessing and said solemnly: "He-ro in blue—agin we bid you welcome!"

A little laugh behind me recalled me to my real place, and with a burning face I turned.

I have in my mind a thousand pictures of one woman. But of them all the one I love most, the one on which I dwell most as I sit of an evening with my pipe and my unopened book, is that which I first saw when I sought the chit who noticed my ill-timed applause and laughed at me. I found her. I saw that she laughed with me and for me, and I laughed too. We laughed together. An instant, and her face became grave.

The orator, now swelling into his peroration, was forgotten. The people of the valley—Tim—even Tim—all of them were forgotten. I had found the woman of my firelight, the woman of my cloudland, the woman of my sunset country down in the mountains to the west. She had always been a vague, undefined creature to me—just a woman, and so elusive as never to get within the grasp of my mind's eye; just a woman whom I had endowed with every grace; whose kindly spirit shone through eyes, now brown, now blue, now black, according to my latest whim; who ofttimes, worn, or perhaps feigning weariness, rested on my shoulder a little head, crowned with a glory of hair sometimes black, and sometimes golden or auburn, and not infrequently red, a dashing, daring red. Sometimes she was slender and elf-like, a chic and clinging creature. Again she was tall and stately, like the women of the romances. Again she was buxom and blooming, one whose hand you would take instead of offering an arm. She had been an elusive, ever-changing creature, but now that I had looked into those grave, gray eyes, I fixed the form of my picture, and fixed its colors and fired them in to last for all my time.

Now she is just the woman that every woman ought to be. Her hair is soft brown and sweeps back from a low white forehead. She has tried to make it straight and simple, as every woman should, but the angels seem to have curled it here and mussed it there, so that all her care cannot hide its wanton waves. Her face is full of life and health, so open, so candid, that there you read her heart, and you know that it is as good as she is fair.

She stood before me in a sombre gown, almost ugly in its gray color and severe lines, but to me she was a quaint figure such as might have stepped out of the old world and the old time when men lived with a vengeance, and godliness and ugliness went arm in arm, for Satan had pre-empted the beautiful. Against her a homely garb failed. She was beautiful in spite of her clothes and not because of them. But this is generally true with women. This one, instead of sharing our admiration with her gown, claimed it all for herself. Her face had no rival.

I did not turn away. I could not. The gray eyes, once flashing with the light of kindly humor, now softened with sympathy, now glowed with pity. Pity! The thought of it stirred me with anger. The justice of it made me rage. She saw in the chair a thin, broken figure, a drawn brown

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face, a wreck of a man. Yesterday—a soldier. To-day—a hero. To-morrow—a crippled veteran, and after that a pensioner drifting fast into a garrulous dotage. She, too, was looking into the future. She knew what I had lost. She saw what I dreaded. Her eyes told me that. She did not know what I had gained, for she came of a silly people whose blood quickened only to the swing of a German hymn and who were stirred more by the groans of a penitent sinner than the martial call of the bugle.

So it came that I struggled to my crutches and broke rudely in on Perry Thomas's peroration. I had gathered all my strength for a protest against the future. The people of the valley were to know that their kindness had cheered me, but of their pity I wanted none. I had played a small part in a great game and in the playing was the reward. I had come forth a bit bruised and battered, but there were other battles to be fought in this world, where one could have the same fierce joy of the conflict; and he was a poor soldier who lived only to be toted out on Decoration days. I was glad to be home, but gladder still that I had gone. That was what I told them. I looked right at the girl when I said it, and she lifted her head and smiled. They heard how in the early spring in the meadow by the mill-dam Tim and I had stopped our ploughs to draw lots and he had lost. He had to stay at home, while I went out and saw the world at its best, when it was awake to war and strife, and the mask that hid its emotion was lifted. They heard a very simple story and a very short one, for now that I came to recount it all my great adventure dwindled to a few dreary facts. But as best I knew I told them of the routine of the camp and of the endless drills in the long spring days down there at Tampa before the army took to sea. I spoke of the sea and the strange things we saw there as we steamed along—of the sharks that lolled in our wake, of the great turtles that seemed to sun themselves on the wave-crests, of the pelicans and the schools of flying fishes. Elmer Spiker interrupted to inquire whether the turtles I had seen were "black-legs, red-legs, or yaller-legs." I had not the remotest idea, and said that I could not see how the question was relevant. He replied that it was not, except that it would be of interest to some of those present to learn that there were three distinct kinds of "tortles"—red-legs, black-legs, and "yaller-legs." They were shipped to the city and all became "tarripine." This annoyed me. Elmer is a great scholar, and it was evident that he was simply airing his wisdom, and rather than give him a second opportunity I tried to hurry to land; but Isaac Bolum awoke and wanted to know if he had been dreaming.

"I thot I heard some one speakin' of flyin' fishes," he said.

It was reckless in me to mention these sea wonders, for now in defence of my reputation for truthfulness, I had to prove their existence. The fabric of my story seemed to hang on them. Elmer Spiker declared that he had heard his grandfather tell of a flying sucker that inhabited the deep hole below the bridge when he was a boy, but this was the same grandfather who had strung six squirrels and a pigeon on one bullet in the woods above the mill in his early manhood. There Elmer winked. Isaac Bolum allowed that they might be trout that had trained themselves in the use of wings, but he did not believe that any ordinary fish such as a chub or a pike or a sunny would care to leave its natural element to take up with the birds. Perry Thomas began to cough. That cough is always like a snake's warning rattle. Before he had time to strike, I blocked the discussion by promising that if the company suspended judgment I would in the near future prove the accuracy of my statements on flying fishes by the encyclopædia. This promise met with general approval, so I hurried over the sea to the dry land where I knew the ways better and was less likely to arouse higher criticism. I told them of the stirring times in Cuba, till the day came when we stormed the hill, and they had to carry me back to the sea. I told them how lucky I was to get to the sea at all, for often I had closed my eyes, worn out by the pain and the struggle for life, little caring whether ever again I opened them to the light. Then strength came, and hope, and I turned my face to the North, toward the valley and home. It was hard to come back on crutches, but it was better than not to come at all. It was best, to have gone away, else I had never known the joy of the return, and I was pretty sure

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to stay, now that I was home, but if they fancied me dozing away my life at the store stove they were mistaken; not that I scorned the learned discussion there, but the frosts were coming soon to stir up sluggish blood, and when the guns were barking in the woods, and the hounds were baying along the ridges, I would be with them.

I looked right at the girl when I said it. I was boasting. She knew it. She must see, too, what a woeful figure I should make with strong-limbed fellows like Tim there, and strong-limbed hounds like old Captain, who was lying at my side. But somehow she liked my vaunting speech. I knew it when our eyes met.

III

THE gate latch clicked. From the road Henry Holmes called a last good-night, and Tim and I were alone. We sat in silence, watching through the window the old man's lantern as he swung away toward home. Then the light disappeared and without all was black. The village was asleep.

By the stove lay my hound, Captain, snoring gently. He had tried to keep awake, poor beast! For a time he had even struggled to hold one eye open and on his master, but at last, overcome by weariness, his head snuggled farther and farther down into his fore paws, and the tired tail ceased its rhythmic beating on the floor.

What is home without a dog! Captain is happy. He smiles gently as he sleeps, and it seems that in that strange dog-dreamland he and I are racing over the ridges again, through the nipping winds, on the trail of a fox or a rabbit. His master is home. He has wandered far to other hunting grounds, but now that the tang is in the air that foretells the frost and snow, he has come again to the dog that never misses a trail, the dog that never fails him.

The hound raised his head and half opened one eye. He was sure that I was really there, and the gleam of white teeth showed a broadening dog-smile. And once more we were away on the dreamland trail—Captain and I.

"He's been counting the days till you got home, Mark," said Tim, holding a burning match over my pipe. "It was a bit lonely here, while you were gone, so Captain and I used to discuss your doings a good deal after the rest of the place had gone to bed. And as for young Colonel, why he's heard so much of you from Captain there, I'm afraid he'll swallow you when he gets at you in the morning."

Young Colonel was the puppy the returning soldier had never seen. He had come long after I had gone away, and as yet I knew him only by his voice, for I had heard his dismal wails down in the barn. In the excitement of the evening I had forgotten him, but now I raised a warning finger and listened, thinking that I might catch the appealing cry. And is there any cry more appealing than that of a lonely puppy? There was not a sound outside, and I turned to Tim.

My brother lighted his pipe, and leaned back in his chair, and looked at me. I looked at him very, very hard. Then we both began to blow clouds of smoke in each other's faces. Hardly a word had Tim and I passed since that day in the field when I drew the long twig that sent me away and left him behind to keep our home. What a blessing a pipe is at a time like this! Tim says more by the vigor of his smoking than Perry Thomas could express in a year's oration. So we enshrouded our emotions in the gray cloud; but if he did not speak, I knew well what he would be saying, and the harder I puffed the easier did he divine what was uppermost in my mind. For we were brothers! This was the same room that for years had been our world; this the same carpet over which we had tumbled together at our mother's feet. There was the same cupboard that had been our mountain; here the same chairs that formed our ridges and our valleys. At the table by my side, by the light of this very lamp, we sat together not so very long ago, boys, spelling out with our father, letter by letter, word by word, the stories of the Bible. Here we had lived our little lives; here we were to live what was to come; and where life is as simple as it is with us we grow a bit like the animals about us. We sit together and smoke; we purr, as it were, and know each other's mind. Tim and I purred. Incident by incident, year by year, we travelled down the course of our

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lives again, over the rough ways, over the smooth ways, smoking and smoking, until at last we brought up together at the present. Not a word had either of us spoken, but at last when our reminiscent wanderings were over and we paused on the threshold of the future, Tim spoke.

"Attractive?" he said in a tone of inquiry.

He was looking at me with eyebrows arched, curiously, and there was a faint suggestion of hostility in the set of his mouth.

Poor Tim! He has seen so little of women! We have them in our valley, of course. But he and I lived much in the great book-land beyond the hills. We had read together of all the heroines of the romances, and we knew their little ways and their pretty speeches as well as if we had ourselves walked with them through a few hundred pages and lived happily ever after. They had been the women of our world as distinct from the women of our valley. The last we knew as kindly, honest persons with a faculty for twisting their English and a woeful ignorance of well-turned speeches. They never said "Fair Sir" nor "Master." But I had gone from that book-world and had seen the women of the real world. Here I had the advantage of my brother. Into his life a single woman had come from the real world. She was different from the women of our valley. I had known that the moment our eyes met, and by the way Tim smoked now, and by the tone of his terse inquiry, I knew that he had met a woman who had said "Fair Sir" to him, and I feared for him. It was disturbing. I felt a twinge of jealousy, but whether for the tall, strong young fellow before me, to whom I had been all, or for the fair-faced girl, I could not for the life of me tell. It seemed to be a bit of both.

"I remarked that she was attractive," said Tim aggressively, for I had kept on smoking in silence.

"Rather," I answered carelessly. "But who is she—a stranger here?"

"Rather," repeated Tim hotly. "Well, you are blind. I suppose you judged her by that ugly gray gown. You thought she was some pious Dunkard."

"I am no enemy of piety," I retorted. "In fact, I hardly noticed her clothes at all, except to think that their simplicity gave her a sort of Priscilla air that was fetching."

Tim softened. "That's it exactly," he said. "But, Mark, you should have seen Mary Warden when she came here."

"From where?" I asked.

"From Kansas. She lived in some big town out West, and when her mother died there was no one left to her but Luther Warden, her uncle. He sent for her, and now she is living with him. The old man sets a great store by her."

Luther Warden is rich. He has accumulated a fine lot of property above Six Stars—several good farms, a mill and a tannery; but even the chance of inheriting all these did not seem fair compensation for being his niece and having to live with him. He was good to a fault. He exuded piety. Six days of the week he worked, piling up the passing treasures of this world. One whole day he preached, striving for the treasures in that to come. You could not lay a finger on a weak spot in his moral armor, but Tip Pulsifer, protected from the assaults of Satan only by a shield of human skin, always seemed to me the better of the two. Tip wore leaky boots all last winter, but when spring came he bought Mrs. Pulsifer a sewing machine. Have you ever worn leaky boots when the snow was banked fence high? Luther Warden's boots never leak. They are always tight and well tallowed. His horses and his cows waddle in their fat, and the wool of his flocks is the longest in the valley. Luther gets up with the sun and goes to bed with it. Some in our valley think his heavy crops come from his six days of labor, and some from his one day of preaching. He says that the one day does it all, but he keeps on getting out with the sun on the other six. I knew that the poor girl from Kansas must get up with the sun, too, for her uncle was not the man to brook any dawdling. I knew, further, that Sunday could not be a day of rest for her, for of all his people she would have to listen to his preaching.

That was why I murmured in a commiserative tone, "Luther's niece—poor girl!"

"You needn't pity her," Tim snapped. "She knows a heap more about the world than you or I do. She——"

"She is not a Dunkard, then?" I interrupted.

"Not a bit," Tim answered. "I don't

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know what she was in Kansas, but Luther has preached so much on worldliness and the vanity of fine clothes that it wouldn't look right for his niece to go flaunting frills and furbelows about the valley. That plain gray gown is a concession to the old man. He'd like her to wear a prayer-cap and a poke bonnet, I guess, but she has a mind of her own. I think she drew the line there."

She had not given up so much, I thought. Perhaps in her self-denial there was method and her simple garb became her best. Even a prayer-cap might frame her face the fairest; but she must know. And I had seen that in the flash of her eye and the toss of her head that told me that a hundred Luther Wardens, a hundred Dunkard preacher uncles, could not abate her beauty one jot.

"She's rich," said Tim.

He blurted it out. As long as I had seen her and found her beautiful, this announcement seemed uncalled for. Had she been plain of face and figure it might have served a purpose, were my brother endeavoring to excuse the sentimental state of mind he had disclosed to me. He knew that the place he held in my heart was first. This had always been true, and in our lonely innocence we had promised it should be true to the end. There was to be a fair return. He had promised it, and now he was learning how hard it was to keep faith. His attitude was one of half penitence, half defiance. Had I not seen the girl, had he told me that she was beautiful, and even rich and good, all our boyish pledges would have been swept aside, and I should have cheered him on. But I had seen her. She had laughed with me. Somehow we had understood each other. And now I cared not so much what he felt for her as how she looked on him. For once in our lives Tim and I were fencing.

"She's pretty, Tim," said I, "and rich, you say?"

"Mary has several thousand dollars," he answered. "Besides that, she'll get all old man Warden has to leave, and that's a pretty pile."

"Little wonder she wears that Dunkard gown," said I with the faintest sneer.

It angered Tim.

"That's not fair," he cried. "She's not that kind. Luther Warden is all she has of kin, and if it makes him any happier to see her togged out in that gawky Dunkard gown——"

"Gawky?" said I. "Why, man, on a woman like that a plain dress is simply quaint. She looks like an old Dutch picture. You must not let her change it."

The insinuation of his authority made Tim pound the table with his pipe. He was striving to be angry, but I knew what that furious flush of his face meant. He tried to conceal it by smoking again, but ended in a laugh.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said. Then he laughed again.

"Tell me," I went on, following up my advantage, "when is she coming here, or when are you going to move up there?"

My brother recovered his composure.

"It's all silly, Mark. There is no chance of a girl like that settling down here with a clumsy fellow like me—a fellow who doesn't know anything, who's never been anywhere, who's never seen anything. Why, she's travelled; she's from Kansas; she's lived in big cities. This is nothing but a lark for her. She'll go away some day, and she'll leave us here, grubbing away on our bit of a farm and spending our savings on powder and shot—until we get to the happy hunting grounds."

Tim laughed mournfully. "I've been just a little foolish," he went on, "but I couldn't help it, Mark. It doesn't amount to anything; it never did and never will. and now that you're here and the rabbit season will soon be in, we'll have other things to think of. But you must remember I'm not the only man in the world who's been a bit of a fool in his time."

"No," said I. "May I be spared myself. But see here, Tim, how does it feel?"

"How does what feel?" snapped Tim.

"To be in love the way you are," I answered.

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

He had been taken back, and hesitated between anger and amusement. When Tim hesitates he loses his temper as a sensible man should lose it—he burys it, and his indomitable good humor wins.

"Tip Pulsifer says it's like religion," he answered. "At first it makes you feel all low-down like, and miserable, and you don't care. Then you either get over it entirely or become so used to it you don't feel it at all."

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"May I be spared!" I cried, "and may you get over it."

But the youngster refused to commit himself. He just smiled and smoked, and it seemed as though in his suffering he was half happy. I smoked, too. We smoked together. The silence startled Captain, for the clock struck, and yawning, he arose, trotted to my side, and with one leap he brought his ponderous paws into my lap.

You can trust your dog. He never fails you.

"Well, old chap," I said, as I scratched his nose ever so gently, "you at least have no one to think of but me and Tim there, eh?"

"No," cried Captain heartily.

That was not the exact word that he used, but he expressed it by beating his tail against the table and giving a long yowl.

"And if Tim, there, goes dawdling after a woman, we shall stick to the ridges, and the foxes, and the rabbits. We can't go as fast as we used to, Captain, but we can go together, eh?"

"The same as ever and the same forever," cried Captain.

Those were not his exact words, but I saw his answer in his eyes, for he had climbed higher and they were close to mine. He seemed ready to swallow me.

"And when he brings her home, Captain," said I, "and fills the whole house with young ones who'll pull your tail and tickle your ears and play horse with my crutches, we shall sit outside and smoke our pipes alone, in peace and quiet, eh, Captain?"

"Oho!" cried Captain. "That we will, and you never need want, Mark, for I've many a fine bone buried away against old age and rainy weather."

"Spoken like a man," said I, slapping the hound on the back.

Tim had lighted a candle. Now he blew out the lamp and stood over me in the half light, holding out a hand.

"Come," he said. "That's right, put your hand on my shoulder, for the stairs are steep and will trouble you. That's the way. Come along, Captain; to-night we'll all go up together. And when she comes—that woman—we'll go to your house—all three of us—the same as now—eh, Captain?"

IV

"I LOVE soldiers—just love 'em," she said.

"The sentiment is an old one with women," said I. "Were it not so, there would be no soldiers."

"And for that reason you went to war?" she said.

"In part, yes," I answered.

"How I should like to see the woman!" she cried. "How proud she must be of you!"

"Of me?" I laughed. "The woman? Why, she doesn't exist."

"Then why did you turn soldier?"

"I feared that some day there might be a woman, and when that day came I wished to be prepared. I thought that the men who fought would be the men of the future. But I have learned a great deal. They will be the men of the past in a few months. The memory of a battle's heroes fades away almost with the smoke. In a little while, to receive our just recognition we old soldiers will have to parade before the public with a brass band, and the band will get most attention. Would you know that Aaron Kallaberger was a hero of Gettysburg if he didn't wear an army overcoat?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I have heard about it so often. He has told me a hundred times."

"I suppose you have told a hundred other persons of Aaron's prowess?" said I.

"No-o-o," she answered.

"And so," said I, "when Perry Thomas finished his oration last night, I had to catch it up; and if my soldiering is to result in any material good to me I must keep that oration moving to the end."

"But will you?" she asked.

How I liked the way she put it! It was flattering—subtly so. She seemed to imply that I was a modest soldier, and if there is a way to flatter a man it is to call him modest. Modesty is one of the best of policies. To call a man honest is no more than to call him healthy or handsome. These are attributes of nearly everyone at some time in his life. But to do a great deed or a good deed, and to rejoice that it has been done and the world is better for it, and not because you did it and the world

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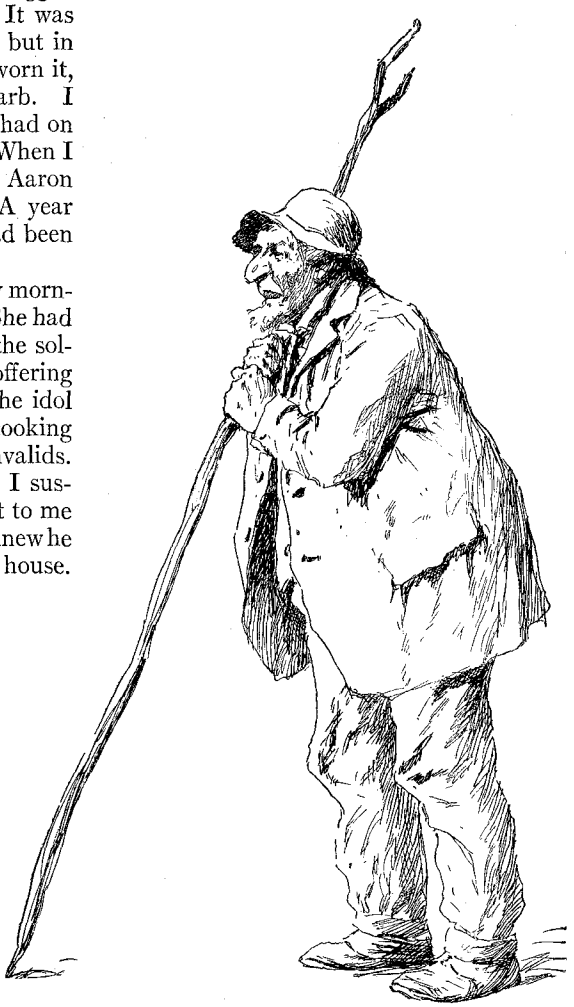
knows it, that is different. So often our modesty consists in using as much effort to walk with hanging head and sloping shoulders as we should need for a majestic strut.

She called me modest. Yet there I sat in my old khaki uniform. It was ragged and dirty, and I was proud of it. It was a bit thin for a chilly autumn day, but in spite of Tim's expostulation I had worn it, refusing his offers of a warmer garb. I was clinging to my glory. While I had on that old uniform, I was a soldier. When I laid it aside, I should become as Aaron Kallaberger and Arnold Arker. A year hence people would ask me if I had been a railroad man in my time.

She called me modest. That very morning Tim told me she was coming. She had made some jellies, so she said, for the soldier of the valley. They were her offering to the valley's idol. She thought the idol would consume them, for bachelor cooking was never intended for bachelor invalids. Tim had mentioned this casually. I suspected that he believed that the visit to me was simply a pretence, and that she knew he was to be working in the field by the house. But I took no chances. In the seclusion of my room I brushed every speck off the uniform and made sure that every inch of it fitted snugly and without an unnecessary wrinkle. Then when my hair had been parted and smoothed down, I crowned myself with my campaign hat at the dashingest possible tilt. Thus arrayed I fixed myself on the porch, to be smoking my pipe in a careless, indifferent way when she came. An egotist, you say—a vain man. No—just a man. For who when She comes would not look his best? We prate a lot about the fair sex and its sweet vanities. Yet it takes us less time to do our hair simply because it is shorter.

When Mary comes! The gate latch clicked and I whistled the sprightliest air I knew. Down in the field Tim appeared from the maze of corn-stalks and looked my way beneath a shading hand. There were foot-falls on the porch. Had they been light I should have kept on whistling in that careless way; but now I looked up, startled. Before me stood not Mary, but Josiah Nummler.

It was kind of Josiah to come, for he is an old man and lives a full mile above the village, half way up the ridge-side. He is very fat, too, from much meditation, and to aid



Josiah Nummler.

his thin legs in moving his bulky body he carries a very long stick which he uses like a paddle to propel him; so when you see him in the distance he seems to be standing in a canoe, sweeping it along. Really he is only navigating the road. He had a clothes-prop with him that day, and pausing at the end of the porch, he leaned on it and gasped. I ought to have been pleased to see Josiah.

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"Well, Mark," he said, "I am glad you're home. Mighty! but you look improved."

He gasped again and smiled through his bushy beard.

"Thank you," said I, icily, waving him toward a chair.

Josiah sat down and smiled again.

"It just does me good to see you," he said, having completely recovered his power of speech. "I should have come down last night, Mark. I 'pologize for not doin' it, but it's mighty troublesome gittin' round in the dark. The last time I tried it, I caught the end of my stick between two rocks and it broke. There I was, left settin', on the Red Hill with no way of gittin' home. I was in for comin' down here to receive you—really I was—but my missus says she ain't a-goin' to have me rovin' 'round the country that 'ay agin. 'Gimme an extry oar,' I says. And she says: 'Does you 'spose I'll let you run 'round lookin' like a load of wood?' And I says——"

The gate latch clicked. Again Tim appeared from the maze of corn and stood shading his eyes and gazing toward the house. Now the footfalls were light. And Mary came! But how could I look careless and dashing, with Josiah Nummler in the chair I had fixed so close to mine? Rising, I bowed as awkwardly as possible. I insisted on her taking my own rocker, while I fixed myself on the floor with a pillar for a backrest. Not a word did the girl say, but she sat there clutching the little basket she held in her lap.

"Eggs?" inquired Josiah.

She shook her head, but did not enlighten him.

"I should judge your hens ain't layin' well, figurin' on the size of the basket," said the old man, ignoring her denial. "There's a peculiarity about the hens in this walley—it's somethin' I've noticed ever since I was a boy. I've spoke to my missus about it and she has noticed the same thing since she was a girl—so it must be a peculiarity. The hens in this walley allus lays most when the price of eggs is lowest."

This was a serious problem. It is not usual for Josiah to be serious, either, for he is generally out of breath or laughing. Now he was wagging his head solemnly, pulling his beard, and over and over repeating, "But hens is contrary—hens is contrary."

Mary contrived to drop the basket to her side, out of the old man's sight.

"Speakin' of hens," he went on. "My missus was sayin' just yesterday how as——"

Tim was shouting. He was calling something to me. I could not make out what it was, for the wind was rustling the corn-shocks, but I arose and feigned to listen.

"It's Tim," said I. "He's calling to you, Josiah. It's something about your red heifer."

"Red heifer—I haven't no red heifer," returned the old man.

"Did I say heifer? I should have said hog—excuse me," said I, blandly.

"But I have killed all my hogs," Josiah replied, unperturbed.

Tim shouted again, making a trumpet of his hands. To this day I don't know what he was calling to us, but when this second message reached Josiah's ears, it concerned some cider we had, that Tim was anxious to know if he would care for. At the suggestion Josiah's face became very earnest, and a minute later he was hurrying down the field to the spot where Tim's hat and Tip Pulsifer's shaggy hair showed above the wreck of a corn-shock.

"How could you hear what Tim was saying?" Mary asked.

It was almost the first word she had spoken to me, and I was in my chair again, and she was where I had planned so cunningly to have her.

"I know my brother's voice," I answered gravely.

"I couldn't make out a word," said she, "but it isn't like him to let an old man go tottering over fields to see him. He would have come up here."

"I guess he would." There was a twinkle in her eyes and I knew it was useless to dissemble. "Tim and I are different. I never hesitate to use strategy to get my chair, even at the expense of a feeble old man."

"How gallant you are," she said with a touch of scorn.

"You must not scold," I cried. "Remember I had reason, after all. You did not come to see Josiah Nummler."

She was taken by surprise. It was brutal of me. But somehow the old reckless spirit had come back. I was speaking

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as a soldier should to a fair woman, bold and free. That's what a woman likes. She hates a man who stutters love. And while I did not own to myself the least passion for the girl, I had seen just enough of her on the evening before and I had smoked just enough over her that morning to be in a sentimental turn of mind that was amusing. And I gained my point. She turned her head so as almost to hide her face from me, and I heard a gentle laugh.

"All's fair in love and war," I said, "and were Josiah twice as old, I should be justified in using those means to this end."

Then I rocked. There is something so sociable about rocking. And I smoked. There is something so sociable about smoking. For a moment the girl sat quietly, screening her face from me. Then she began rocking too, and I caught a sidelong glance of her eye, and the color mounted to her cheeks, and we laughed together.

So it came that she suddenly stopped her rocking, and dropping the little basket at my feet, exclaimed: "I love soldiers—just love them!"

Then I told her that I must keep Perry Thomas's oration going to the end, and she leaned toward me, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on mine and asked: "But will you?"

"I can make no promises," I answered. "They say our bodies change entirely every seven years. Mark Hope, age fifty, will be a different man from Mark Hope, age twenty-three. He may have nothing to boast about himself, and his distorted mind may magnify the deeds of the younger man. Now the younger man refuses to commit himself. He will not be in any way responsible for his successors."

"How wise you are!" she cried.

"Wise?" I exclaimed, searching her face for a sign of mockery. But there was none.

"I mean you talk so differently from the others in the valley. Either they talk of crops or weather, or they sit in silence and just look wise. I suppose you have travelled."

"As compared to most folks in Black Log I am a regular Gulliver," I answered. "My father was a much-travelled man. He was an Englishman and came to the valley by chance and settled here, and to his dying day he was a puzzle to the people. That an Englishman should come to Six Stars was a phenomenon. That Isaac Bolum and Henry Holmes should be born here was no mere chance—it was a law of nature."

"And this English father?"

"He married, and then Tim and I came to Black Log."

"Like Isaac Bolum and Henry Holmes."

"Exactly; and we should have grown like them, but our father was a bookish man, and with him we travelled; we went with Dickens and Thackeray and those fellows, and as we came to different places in the books, he told us all about them. He'd seen them all, so we got to know his country pretty well. Once he took us to Harrisburg and by multiplying everything we saw there, Tim and I were able to picture all the great cities of the world—for instance, London is five hundred times Harrisburg."

"But why didn't you go to see the places yourself?"

"Why doesn't everybody in Black Log go to Florida in winter or take the waters at Carlsbad? We did plan a great trip—Father and Mother and Tim and I—we were going to England together when the farm showed a surplus. We never saw that surplus. I went to Philadelphia once. It's a grand place, but I had just enough of money to keep me there two days and bring me home. Then the war came. And now Tim thinks I've been around the world. He's jealous, for he has never been past Harrisburg; but I've really gone around a little circle. I've seen just enough of flying fishes to hanker after Mandalay, just enough of Spaniards to long for a sight of Spain. But they've shipped me home and here I am anchored. Here I shall stay until that surplus materializes; and you know in our country we have neither coal nor oil nor iron."

"But they tell me that you are to teach the school," she said.

"For which I am grateful," I answered. "Twenty dollars a month is the salary, and school keeps for six months, so I shall earn the large sum of $120 a year."

"But your pension?"

"With my pension I shall be a nabob in Six Stars. Anywhere else I should cut a very poor figure. But after all, this is the best place, for is there any place where the skies are bluer; is there any place where the

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grass is greener; is there any place where the storms are wilder than over our mountains?"

"Sometimes I would say in Kansas," the girl answered. "Here the world seems to end at the top of the mountain. It is hard to picture anything beyond that. Out there you raise yourself on tiptoe, and you see the world rolling away for miles and miles, and it seems to have no ending."

"I suppose you will not be able to endure your imprisonment. Some day you will go back to Kansas."

"Some day—perhaps," she laughed. "But now I am a true Black Logger. Look at my gown."

It was the gray Dunkard dress—the concession to her uncle's beliefs on worldliness. It was the first time I had noticed it.

"That is not the garb of Black Log," I said. "It was designed long ago in Germany, after patterns from Heaven."

"And designed by men," said Mary, laughing; "forced by them on a sex which wears ribbons as naturally as a bird does feathers."

"In other words, when you came to live with your pious uncle, he picked you?"

"Exactly," she said; "but I submitted humbly. I came here, as I supposed, a fairly good Christian, with an average amount of piety and an average number of faults. My worldliness shocked my uncle, and being a peaceful person, I let him pick me. But I rebelled at the bonnet—spare me from one of those coal-scuttles—I'll go to the stake first."

In her defiance she swung her own straw hat wildly around on the string. Pausing, she smoothed out the gray gown and eyed it critically.

"Was such a thing ever intended for a woman to wear!" she exclaimed.

"For most women, surely not," said I. "Few could carry that handicap and win. But after all, your uncle means it kindly. He acts from interest in your soul's welfare."

Mary's face became serious.

"Yes," she said, "he has paid me the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman—he wants to meet me in Heaven."

How could I blame Luther Warden?

I had forgotten my uniform and my glory, my hair and my hat, and was leaning forward with my eyes on the girl. And she was leaning toward me and our heads were very close. The rebellious brown hair was almost in the shade of my own dashing hat-brim.

Then I said to myself in answer to the poet, "Here's the cheek that doth not fade, too much gazed at." For its color was ever changing. And again I said to myself and to the poet, when my glance had met hers, and the color was mounting higher: "Here's the maid whose lip mature is ever new; here's the eye that doth not weary." And now aloud, forgetfully, leaning back in my chair and gazing at her from afar off—"Here's the face one would meet in every place."

Mary's chair flew back, and it was for her to gaze at me from afar off.

"What were you saying?" she demanded in a voice not "so very soft."

"Was I saying anything?" I answered, feigning surprise. "I thought I was only thinking. But you were speaking of Luther Warden."

"Was I?" she said, more quietly, but in an absent tone.

"You said he had paid you a great compliment, but do you know——"

I paused, being a bit nervous, and flushed, for she was looking right at me. Not till she turned away did I finish.

"Do you know," I went on, "last night when I saw you, I thought we must have met before, and I thought if I had met you anywhere before, it must have been in Heaven."

I had expected that at a time like this Josiah Nummler would appear. In that I was disappointed. In his place, with a bark and a bound, came a lithe setter, a perfect stranger to me, and Mary seized the long head in her hands and cried: "Why, Flash—good Flash."

She completely ignored my last remark, and patted the dog and talked to him.

"Isn't he a beauty?" she cried. "He is Mr. Weston's."

"Whose?" I asked, concealing my irritation. "Mr. Weston—and who is Mr. Weston?"

Mary held up a warning finger. There were footfalls on the gravel walk around the house.

"Sh," she whispered, "here he comes—no one knows who he is."

To this day Robert Weston's age is a

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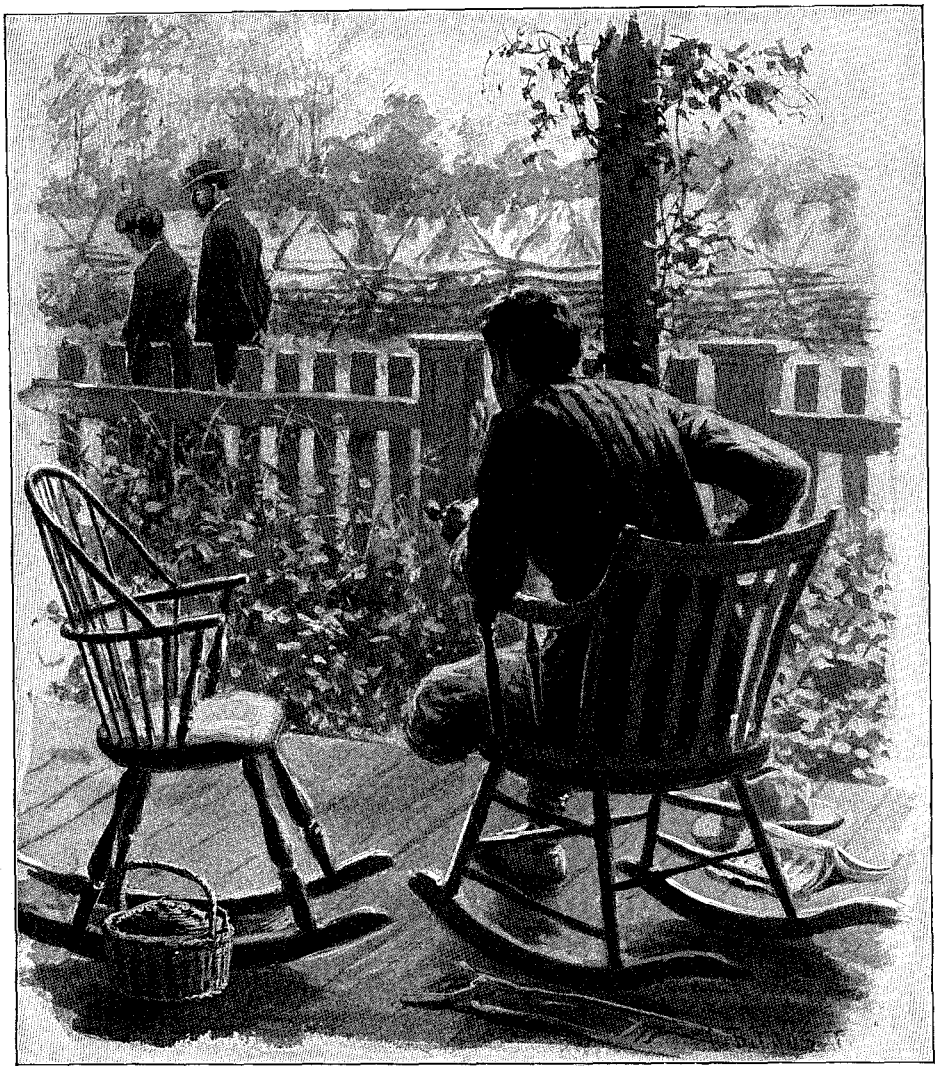

He did not stop to hear my answer.—Page 590.

mystery to me; I might venture to guess that it is between thirty and fifty. Past thirty all men begin to dry up or fatten, and he was certainly a lean person. His face was hidden beneath a beard of bristling, bushy red, and he had a sharp hook nose and small, bright eyes. From his appearance you could not tell whether he was a good man or a bad one, wise or stupid, kind-hearted or a brute. He seemed of a neutral tone. His clothes marked him as a man of the city, for we do not wear shooting jackets, and breeches and leather leggings in our valley. In the way he wore them there was something that spoke the man of the world, for in such a costume we of Black Log should feel dressed up and ill at ease; but his clothes seemed a part of him. They looked perfectly comfortable and he was unconscious of them. This is where the city men have an advantage over us country-breds. I can carry off my old clothes without being awkward. I could enter a fine drawing-room in the patched blouse I wear a-hunting with more ease than in that solemn-looking frock-coat I bought at the county town five years ago. In that garment I feel that "I am." No one could

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ever convince me that I am a mere thought, a dream, a shadow. Every pull in the shoulders, every hitch in the back, every kink in the sleeves makes me a profound materialist. But I don't suppose Weston would bother spreading the tails out when he sat down. I doubt if he would know he had it on. He is so easy in his ways. I saw that as he came swinging around the house, and I envied him for it.

"Well, I am in luck!" he cried cheerfully. "Here I came to see the valley's soldier and I find him almost holding the valley's flower."

This to me was rather an astounding thing to say, and if he intended to disable me in the first skirmish he succeeded admirably, for my only answer was a laugh; and the more I laughed the more foolish and slow-witted I felt. I wanted to run to Mary's aid, but I did not know how, and while I was rummaging my brain for some way to meet him, she was answering him valiantly.

"Almost, but not quite," she said. "But he has earned the right to hold the valley's flower entirely—whoever she may be. It's a pity, Mr. Weston, you have not been doing so, too, instead of loafing around the valley all summer long."

She did not speak sharply to him, and that angered me. She was smiling as she spoke, and he did not seem to mind it at all.

"I came to see the veteran," he said, "and not to be scolded."

"You may have my chair then." Mary was rising. "I shall leave you to the veteran—if he does not object."

She was moving away.

"Then I shall have to go with you," said the stranger calmly, "if the veteran doesn't object. He knows a woman should not go unattended around the valley. He'd rather see me doing my duty than having a sociable pipe with him and hearing about the war. How about it, Hope?"

He did not stop to hear my answer. Had he waited a moment instead of striding after the girl, with his dog at his heels, he might have seen my reply.

I raised my pipe above my head and hurled it against the fence, where it crashed into a score of pieces.

(To be continued.)

A CONFESSION

By Marguerite Merington

You hold me in your arms, as none else dare;
All grace you claim I yield, as is your right,
E'en to my minute-spending, day and night—
Yet oft by secret panel, hidden stair,
Steals forth a little ghost to trystings where
Dear memory is making meadows white
With spring, and in spring's fulness of delight
Sings adown May-sweet lanes some old-time air.

Never or thought or deed shall wrong you, though
Not mine to give you this best part of me:
A happy child in dream of long ago,
Dream whose fulfilment all is yet to be,
Nor yours the soul at last my soul shall know
When I come back no more from memory!

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL AND CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

V

OCEAN WARFARE AGAINST COMMERCE — PRIVATEERING — BRITISH LICENSES — NAVAL ACTIONS: "WASP" AND "FROLIC"; "UNITED STATES" AND "MACEDONIAN."*

IN anticipation of war the British Admiralty took the military measure of consolidating their trans-Atlantic stations, with the exception of Newfoundland. The Jamaica, Leeward Islands, and Halifax squadrons, while retaining their present local organizations, were subordinated to a single chief; for which position was designated Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, an officer of good fighting record, but from his previous career esteemed less a seaman than a gallant man. This was apparently his first extensive command, although he was now approaching sixty; but it was foreseen that the British minister might have left Washington in consequence of a rupture of relations, and that there might thus devolve upon the naval commander-in-chief certain diplomatic overtures, which the Government had determined to make before definitely accepting war as an irreversible issue. Warren, a man of courtly manners, had some slight diplomatic antecedents, having represented Great Britain at St. Petersburg on one occasion. There were also other negotiations anticipated, dependent upon political conditions within the Union; where bitter oppositions of opinion, sectional in character, were known to exist concerning the course of the Administration in resorting to war. Warren was instructed on these several points.

It was not until July 25, 1812, that a dispatch vessel from Halifax brought word to England of the attack upon the *Belvidera* by Rodgers's squadron on June 24th. By the same mail Admiral Sawyer wrote that he had sent a flag of truce to New York to ask an explanation, and had besides issued orders to all his cruisers to assemble at Halifax. The Government recognized the gravity of the news, but expressed the opinion that there was no evidence that war had been decided upon, and that the action of the American commodore had been in conformity with previous orders, not to permit foreign vessels of war to cruise within the waters of the United States. Some color was lent to this view by the circumstance that the *Belvidera* was reported to have been cruising off Sandy Hook, though not in sight of land. The British Cabinet, in short, officially assumed that facts were as they wished them to continue; the course best adapted to insure the maintenance of peace, if perchance not yet broken.

On July 29th, however, definite information was received that the United States Government had declared that war existed between the two countries. On the 31st the British Cabinet took its first measures in consequence. One order was issued forbidding British merchant vessels to sail without convoy for any part of North America or the West Indies; while another laid an embargo on all American merchant ships in British ports, and directed the capture of any met at sea, unless sailing under British licenses, as many then did to Continental ports. No other hostile steps, such as general reprisals or commercial blockade, were at this time authorized; it was decided to await the effect in the United States of the repeal of the obnoxious Orders in Council. This having taken place only on June 23d, intelligence of its reception and results could not well reach England before the middle of September. When Parliament was prorogued on July 30th, the speech from the throne expressed a willingness still "to hope that the accustomed relations of peace and amity between the two countries may yet be restored."

*A map showing the place of the naval actions mentioned in this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, page 343.

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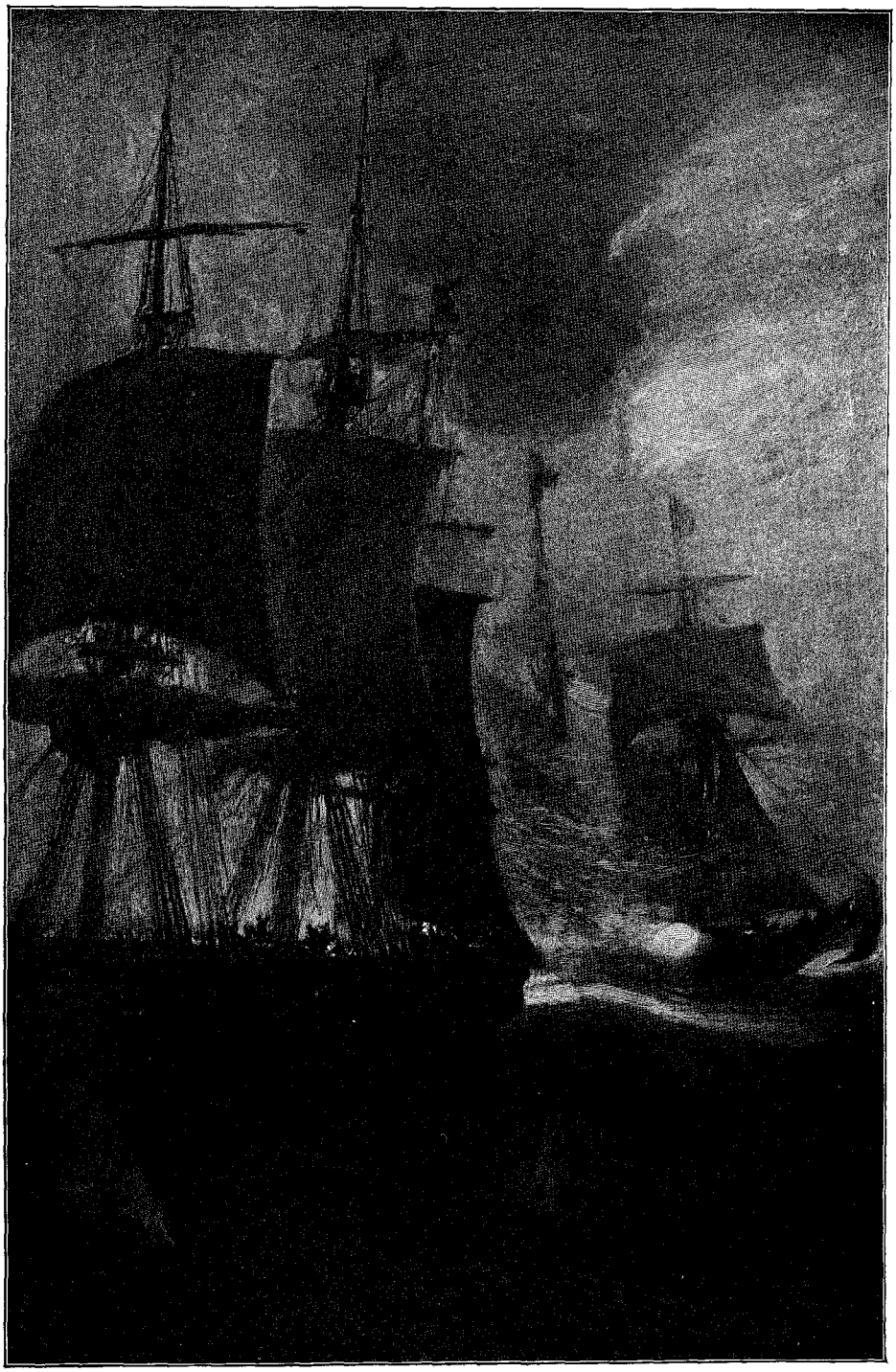

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The British ship *Princess Amelia* captured by the schooner *Rossie*, September 16, 1812.

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It is a coincidence, accidental, yet noteworthy for its significance, that the date of the first hostile action against the United States, July 31st, was also that of the official promulgation of treaties of peace between Great Britain, Russia, and Sweden. Accompanied as these were with clauses embodying what was virtually a defensive alliance of the three Powers against Napoleon, they marked that turn of the tide in European affairs which overthrew one of the most important factors in the political and military anticipations of the United States Administration. "Can it be doubted," wrote Madison on September 6th, "that if, under the pressure added by our war to that previously felt by Great Britain, her Government declines an accommodation, it will be owing to calculations drawn from our internal divisions?" Of the approaching change, however, no sign yet appeared. The reverses of the French were still in the far future. Not until September 14th did they enter Moscow, and news of this event was received in the United States only at the end of November. A contemporary weekly,* under date of December 5th, remarked: "Peace before this time has been dictated by Bonaparte, as ought to have been calculated upon by the dealers (*sic.*) at St. Petersburg, before they, influenced by the British, prevailed upon Alexander to embark in the War. . . . All Europe, the British Islands excepted, will soon be at the feet of Bonaparte." This expectation, generally shared during the summer of 1812, is an element in the American situation not to be overlooked. As late as December 4th, Henry Clay, addressing the House of Representatives, of which he then was Speaker, said: "Perhaps at this moment the fate of the north of Europe is decided, and the French Emperor may be dictating the law from Moscow. The British trade shut out from the Baltic—excluded from the Continent of Europe—possibly expelled the Black Sea—perishing in South America; its illicit avenue to the United States, through Canada, closed—was this the period for throwing open our own market by abandoning our restrictive system?" The following night Napoleon finally abandoned his routed army and started on his return to Paris.

*Niles's Register, Vol. III, p. 220.

War having been foreseen, the British Government took its first step without hesitation. On August 6th, the Foreign Office issued Warren's secret instructions, which were substantially the repetition of those already addressed on July 8th to its representative in Washington. It being probable that before they could be received he would have departed in consequence of the rupture, Warren was to submit the proposition contained in them, that the United States Government, in view of the revocation of the Orders in Council, so long demanded by it, should recall the hostile measures taken. In case of acceptance, he was authorized to stop at once all hostilities within his command, and to give assurance of similar action by his Government in every part of the world. If this advance proved fruitless, as it did, no orders instituting a state of war were needed, for it already existed; but Warren received further instructions for that contingency as to the course he was to pursue in case "a desire should manifest itself in any considerable portion of the American Union, more especially in those States bordering upon His Majesty's North American dominions, to return to their relations of peace and amity with this country." The admiral was to encourage such dispositions, and should they take shape in formal act, making overtures to him for a cessation of hostilities for that part of the country, he was directed to grant it, and to enter into negotiations for commercial intercourse between the section thus acting and the British dominions. In short, if the General Government proved irreconcilable, Great Britain was to profit by any sentiment of disunion found to exist.

Warren sailed from Portsmouth August 14th, arriving in Halifax September 26th. On the 30th, he dispatched to the United States Government the proposal for the cessation of hostilities. Monroe, the Secretary of State, replied on October 27th. The President, he said, was at all times anxious to restore peace, and at the very moment of declaring war had instructed the Chargé in London to make propositions to that effect to the British Ministry. An indispensable condition, however, was the abandonment of the practice of impressment from American vessels. The President recognized the embarrassment under which

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Great Britain lay, because of her felt necessity to control the services of her native seamen, and was willing to undertake that they should hereafter be wholly excluded from the naval and merchant ships of the United States. This should be done under regulations to be negotiated between the two States, in order to obviate the injury alleged by Great Britain; but, meanwhile, impressing from under the American flag must be discontinued during any armistice arranged. "It cannot be presumed, while the parties are engaged in a negotiation to adjust amicably this important difference, that the United States would admit the right, or acquiesce in the practice of the opposite party, or that Great Britain would be unwilling to restrain her cruisers from a practice which would have the strongest tendency to defeat the negotiation." The Orders in Council having been revoked, impressment remained the only outstanding question upon which the United States was absolute in its demand. That conceded, upon the terms indicated, all other differences might be referred to negotiation. Upon this point Warren had no powers, for his Government was determined not to yield. The maritime war, therefore, went on unabated; but it may be mentioned here that the President's undertaking to exclude British-born seamen from American ships took effect in an Act of Congress, approved by him March 3, 1813. He had thenceforth in hand a pledge, which he considered a full guarantee against whatever Great Britain feared to lose by ceasing to take seamen from under the American flag. It was not so regarded in England, and no formal agreement on this interesting subject was ever reached between the two.

The conditions existing upon his arrival, and the occurrences of the past three months of war, as then first fully known to Warren, deeply impressed him with the largeness of his task in protecting the commerce of Great Britain. He found himself at once in the midst of its most evident perils, which in the beginning were concentrated about Halifax, owing to special circumstances. Although long seemingly imminent, war when it actually came had found the mercantile community of the United States, for the most part, unbelieving and unprepared. The cry of "Wolf!" had been so often raised that they did not credit its coming, even when at the doors. This was especially the case in New England, where the popular feeling against war increased the indisposition to think it near. On May 14th, Captain Bainbridge, commanding the Boston Navy Yard, wrote: "I am sorry to say that the people here do not believe we are going to war, and are too much disposed to treat our national councils with contempt, and to consider their preparations as electioneering." The presidential election was due in the following November. A Baltimore newspaper of the day, criticising the universal rush to evade the embargo of April 4th, instituted in order to keep both seamen and property at home in anticipation of hostilities, added: "In justice it must be said that most people believed that the embargo, as on former occasions, did not mean war."

Under the general sense of unpreparedness, it seemed to many inconceivable that the Administration would venture to expose the coasts to British reprisals. John Randolph, repeating in the House of Representatives a conversation between the Committee on Foreign Relations and the Secretary of State, Monroe, said: "He was asked whether any essential changes would be made in the sixty days (of the proposed embargo) in the defence of our maritime frontier and seaports. He replied, pretty considerable preparations would be made. He said New York was in a pretty respectable state, but not such as to resist a formidable fleet; but that it was not to be expected that that kind of war would be carried on." The obvious reply was, "We must expect what commonly happens in wars." "As to the prepared state of the country, the President, in case of a declaration, would not feel bound to take more than his share of the responsibility. The unprepared state of the country was the only reason why ulterior measures should be deferred." Randolph's recollections of this interview were challenged by members of the Committee in other points, but not in these. The Administration had then been in power three years, and the causes of war had been accumulating for at least seven; but so notorious was the unreadiness of the country that great part of the community even now saw only bluster.

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For these reasons the first rush to privateering, although feverishly energetic, was of a somewhat extemporized character. In consequence of the attempt to elude the embargo, by a precipitate and extensive export movement, a very large part of the merchant ships and seamen were now abroad. Hence, in the haste to seize upon enemy's shipping, anything that could be sent to sea at quick notice was utilized. Vessels thus equipped were rarely best fitted for a distant voyage, in which dependence must rest upon their own resources and upon crews both numerous and capable. They were therefore necessarily directed upon commercial highways near at hand, which, though not intrinsically richest, nor followed by the cargoes that would pay best in the United States, could nevertheless adequately reward enterprise. In the near vicinity of Halifax the routes from the British West Indies to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the St. Lawrence, met and crossed the equally important lines of travel from the British Islands to the same points. This circumstance contributed to the importance of that place as a naval and commercial centre, and also focussed about it by far the larger part of the effort and excitement of the first privateering outburst from the United States. Until some time after Warren came, only the British ships-of-war could undertake to check and retaliate this; for the Government, in its desire to restore peace, had as yet refused to authorize privateering. As Rodgers's bold sortie, and disappearance into the unknown with a strong squadron, forced concentration upon the British vessels, the numbers of dispersed cruisers dealing with the many American privateers were very inadequate. Before Warren's arrival, the number of captures reported in the United States was 190, and they probably exceeded two hundred. An analysis of the somewhat imperfect data which accompany these returns indicates that about three-fourths were seized in the Bay of Fundy and in the off-lying waters from thence round to Newfoundland. Of the remainder, half probably were taken in the West Indies; and the rest out in the deep sea, beyond the Gulf Stream, upon the first part of the track followed by the sugar and coffee traders from the West Indies to England. There had not yet been time to hear of prizes taken in Europe, to which comparatively few privateers as yet went.

One of the most intelligent and enterprising of the early privateers was Commodore Joshua Barney, a veteran of the American Navy of the Revolution. He commissioned a Baltimore schooner, the *Rossie*, at the outbreak of the war; partly, apparently, in order to show a good example of patriotic energy, but doubtless also through the promptings of a love of adventure, not extinguished by advancing years. The double motive kept him an active, useful, and distinguished public servant throughout the war. His cruise on this occasion, as far as can be gathered from the reports, conformed in direction to the quarters in which the enemy's merchant ships might most surely be expected. Sailing from the Chesapeake July 15th, he seems to have stood at once outside the Gulf Stream for the eastern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland. In the ensuing two weeks he was twice chased by an enemy's frigate, and not till July 31st did he take his first prize. From that day, to and including August 9th, he captured ten other vessels—eleven in all. Unfortunately, the precise locality of each seizure is not given, but it is inferable from the general tenor of the accounts that they were made between the eastern edge of the Banks and the immediate neighborhood of Halifax; in the locality, in fact, to which Hull during those very ten days was directing the *Constitution*, partly in pursuit of prizes, equally in search of the enemy's ships-of-war, which were naturally to be sought at those centres of movement where their national traders accumulated.

On the 30th of August, the *Rossie*, having run down the Nova Scotia coast and passed by George's Bank and Nantucket, went into Newport, Rhode Island. It is noticeable that before and after those ten days of success, although she saw no English vessels, except ships-of-war cruising on the outer approaches of their commerce, she was continually meeting and speaking American vessels returning home. These facts illustrate the considerations governing privateering, and refute the plausible opinion, often advanced, that it is a mere matter of gambling adventure. Thus Mr. Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, in

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a communication to Congress said: "The occupation of privateers is precisely of the same species as the lottery, with respect to hazard and to the chance of rich prizes." Gallatin approached the subject from the standpoint of the financier, and with the abstract ideas of the political economist. His temporary successor, the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Jones, had been a merchant in active business life, and he viewed privateering as a practical business undertaking. "The analogy between privateering and lotteries does not appear to me to be so strict as the Secretary seems to consider it. The adventure of a privateer is of the nature of a commercial project or speculation, conducted by commercial men upon principles of mercantile calculation and profit. The vessel and her equipment is a matter of great expense, which is expected to be remunerated by the probable chances of profit, after calculating the outfit, insurance, etc., as in a regular mercantile voyage." Mr. Jones would doubtless have admitted what Gallatin alleged, that the business was liable to be overdone, as is the case with all promising occupations; and that many would engage in it without adequate understanding or forethought.

The elements of risk which enter into privateering are doubtless very great, and to some extent baffle calculation. In this it only shares the lot common to all warlike enterprise, in which, as the ablest masters of the art repeatedly affirm, something must be allowed for chance. But it does not follow, where sagacious appreciation of well-known facts controls the direction of effort, and preparation is proportioned to the difficulties to be encountered, that a reasonable measure of success may not fairly be expected. Heedlessness of conditions, or recklessness of dangers, defeat effort everywhere, as well as in privateering; nor is even the chapter of unforeseen accident confined to military affairs. In 1812 the courses followed by the enemy's trade were well understood, as were also the characteristics of their ships-of-war, in sailing, distribution, and management. Regard being had to these conditions, the pecuniary venture, which privateering essentially is, was sure of fair returns—barring accidents—if the vessels were thoroughly well found, with superior speed and nautical qualities, and if directed upon the centres of ocean travel, such as the approaches to the English Channel, or, as before noted, to where great highways cross, inducing an accumulation of vessels from several quarters. So pursued, privateering can be made pecuniarily successful, as is shown by the increasing number and value of prizes as the war went on. It has also a distinct effect as a minor offensive operation, harassing and weakening the enemy; but its merits are more contestable when regarded as in any sense decisive of great issues. Despite the efficiency and numbers of our privateers, it was not British commerce, but American, that was destroyed by the war.

From Newport the *Rossie* took a turn through another lucrative field of privateering enterprise, the Caribbean Sea. Passing by Bermuda, which brought her in the track of vessels from the West Indies to Halifax, she entered the Caribbean at its northeastern corner, by the Anegada Passage, near St. Thomas, thence ran along the south shore of Porto Rico, coming out by the Mona Passage, between Porto Rico and Santo Domingo, and so home by the Gulf Stream. In this second voyage she made but two British prizes; and it is noted in her log book that she here met the privateer schooner *Rapid* from Charleston, fifty-two days out, without taking anything. Why these poor results followed does not certainly appear; but it may be presumed that with the height of the hurricane season at hand, most of the West India traders had already sailed for Europe. Despite all drawbacks, when the *Rossie* returned to Baltimore toward the end of October, she had captured or destroyed property roughly reckoned at a million and a half, which is probably an exaggerated estimate. Two hundred and seventeen prisoners had been taken.

While the *Rossie* was on her way to the West Indies, there sailed from Salem a large privateer called the *America*, the equipment and operations of which illustrated precisely the business conception which attached to these enterprises in the minds of competent business men. This ship-rigged vessel of 473 tons, built of course for a merchantman, was about eight years old when the war broke out, and had just returned from a voyage. Seeing that ordinary commerce was likely to be a very

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precarious undertaking, her owners spent the months of July and August in preparing her deliberately for her new business. Her upper deck was removed, and sides filled in solid. She was given larger yards and loftier spars than before; the greatly increased number of men carried by a privateer, for fighting and for manning prizes, enabling canvas to be handled with greater rapidity and certainty. She received a battery of very respectable force for those days, so that she could repel the smaller classes of ships-of-war, which formed so large a proportion of the enemy's cruisers. Thus fitted to fight or run, and having very superior speed, she was often chased, but never caught. During the two and a half years of war she made four cruises of four months each; taking in all forty-one prizes, twenty-seven of which reached port and realized $1,100,000, after deducting expenses and Government charges. As half of this went to the ship's company, the owners netted $550,000 for sixteen months' active use of the ship. Her invariable cruising ground was from the English Channel south, to the latitude of the Canary Islands.

The United States having declared war, the Americans enjoyed the advantage of the first blow at the enemy's trade. The reduced numbers of vessels on the British trans-Atlantic stations, and the perplexity induced by Rodgers's movement, combined to restrict the injury to American shipping. A number of prizes were made, doubtless; but as nearly as can be ascertained, not over seventy American merchant ships were taken in the first three months of the war. Of these, thirty-eight are reported as brought under the jurisdiction of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Halifax, and twenty-four as captured on the Jamaica Station. News of the war not being received by the British squadrons in Europe until early in August, only one capture there appears before October 1st, except from the Mediterranean. There Captain Usher on the 6th of September wrote from Gibraltar that all the Americans on their way down the sea—that is, out of the Straits—had been taken. In like manner, though with somewhat better fortune, thirty or forty American ships from the Baltic were driven to take refuge in the neutral Swedish port of Gottenburg, and remained war-bound. That the British cruisers were not inactive in protecting the threatened shores and waters of Nova Scotia and the St. Lawrence is proved by the capture of twenty-four American privateers, between July 1st and August 25th; a result to which the inadequate equipment of these vessels probably contributed. But American commerce, upon the whole, at the first escaped pretty well in the matter of actual capture.

It was not in this way, but by the almost total suppression of commerce, both coasting and foreign, both neutral and American, that the maritime pressure of war was brought home to the United States. This also did not happen until a comparatively late period. No commercial blockade was instituted by the enemy until February, 1813. Up to that time neutrals, not carrying contraband, had free admission to all American ports; and the British for their own purposes encouraged a licensed trade, wholly illegitimate as far as the United States ships were concerned, but in which American citizens and American vessels were largely embarked, though frequently under flags of other nations. A significant indication of the nature of this traffic is found in the export returns of the year ending September 30, 1813. The total value of home produce exported was $25,008,152, chiefly flour, grain, and other provisions. Of this, $20,536,328 went to Spain and Portugal, with their colonies; $15,500,000 to the Peninsula itself. It was not till October, 1813, when the British armies entered France, that this demand fell. At the same time Halifax and Canada were being supplied with flour from New England, and the common saying that the British forces in Canada could not keep the field but for supplies sent from the United States was strictly true, and is attested by British commissaries. An American in Halifax in November, 1812, wrote home that within a fortnight 20,000 barrels of flour had arrived in vessels under Spanish and Swedish flags, mostly from Boston. This sort of unfaithfulness to a national cause is incidental to most wars, but rarely amounts to as grievous a military evil as in 1812 and 1813, when both the Peninsula and Canada were substantially at our mercy in this respect. With the fall of Napoleon, and the opening of Continental resources, such control departed from our

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hands. In the succeeding twelvemonth we sent to the Peninsula less than $5,000,000 worth.

Warren's impressions of the serious nature of the opening conflict caused a correspondence between him and the Admiralty somewhat controversial in tone. Ten days after his arrival he represented the reduced state of the squadron: "The war assumes a new, as well as more active and inveterate aspect than heretofore." Alarming reports were being received as to the number of ships of 22 to 32 guns fitting out in American ports, and he mentions as significant that the commission of a privateer officer, taken in a recaptured vessel, bore the number 318. At Halifax he was in an atmosphere of rumors and excitement, fed by frequent communication with eastern ports, as well as by continual experience of captures about the neighboring shores; the enemies' crews even landing at times. When he went to Bermuda two months later, so many privateers were met on the line of traffic between the West Indies and the St. Lawrence as to convince him of the number and destructiveness of these vessels, and "of the impossibility of our trade navigating these seas unless a very extensive squadron is employed to scour the vicinity." He was crippled for attempting this by the size of the American frigates, which forbade his dispersing his cruisers. The capture of the *Guerrière* had now been followed by that of the *Macedonian;* and in view of the results, and of Rodgers being again out, he felt compelled to constitute squadrons of two frigates and a sloop. Under these conditions, and with so many convoys to furnish, "it is impracticable to cut off the enemy's resources, or to repress the disorder and pillage which actually exist to a very alarming degree, both on the coast of British America and in the West Indies, as will be seen by the copies of letters enclosed," from colonial and naval officials. He goes on to speak, in terms not carefully weighed, of swarms of privateers and letters of marque, their numbers now amounting to six hundred; the crews of which had landed in many points of His Majesty's dominions, and even taken vessels from their anchors in British ports.

The Admiralty, while evidently seeing exaggeration in this language, bear witness in their reply to the harassment caused by the American squadrons and private armed ships. They remind the admiral that there are two principal ways of protecting the trade: one by furnishing it with convoys, the other by preventing egress from the enemy's ports, through adequate force placed before them. To disperse vessels over the open sea, along the tracks of commerce, though necessary, is but a subsidiary measure. His true course is to concentrate an adequate division before each chief American port, and they intimate dissatisfaction that this apparently had not yet been done. As a matter of fact, up to the spring of 1813, American ships-of-war had little difficulty in getting to sea. Rodgers had sailed again with his own squadron and Decatur's on October 8th, the two separating on the 11th, though this was unknown to the British; and Bainbridge followed with the *Constitution* and *Hornet* on the 26th. Once away, power to arrest their depredations was almost wholly lost, through ignorance of their intentions. With regard to commerce, they were on the offensive, the British on the defensive, with the perplexity attaching to the latter rôle.

Under the circumstances, the Admiralty betrays some impatience with Warren's clamor for small vessels to be scattered in defence of the trade and coasts. They remind him that he has under his flag eleven sail-of-the-line, thirty-four frigates, thirty-eight sloops, besides other vessels, making a total of ninety-seven; and yet first Rodgers, and then Bainbridge, had got away. True, Boston cannot be effectively blockaded from November to March, but these two squadrons had sailed in October. Even "in the month of December, though it was not possible perhaps to have maintained a permanent watch on that port, yet having, as you state in your letter of November 5th, precise information that Commodore Bainbridge was to sail at a given time, their Lordships regret that it was not deemed practicable to proceed off that port at a reasonable and safe distance from the land, and to have taken the chance at least of intercepting the enemy." "The necessity for sending heavy convoys arises from the facility and safety with which the American Navy has hitherto found it possible to put to sea. The uncertainty in

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which you have left their Lordships, in regard to the movements of the enemy and the disposition of your own force, has obliged them to employ six or seven sail-of-the-line and as many frigates and sloops, independent of your command, in guarding against the possible attempts of the enemy. Captain Prowse with two sail-of-the-line, two frigates, and a sloop, has been sent to St. Helena. Rear-Admiral Beauclerk, with two-of-the-line, two frigates, and two sloops, is stationed in the neighborhood of Madeira and the Azores, lest Commodore Bainbridge should have come into that quarter to take the place of Commodore Rodgers, who was retiring from it about the time you state Commodore Bainbridge was expected to sail. Commodore Owen, who had preceded Admiral Beauclerk in this station, with a ship-of-the-line and three other vessels, is not yet returned from the cruise on which the appearance of the enemy near the Azores had obliged their Lordships to send this force; while the *Colossus* and the *Elephant* (ships-of-the-line), with the *Rhin* and the *Armide*, are but just returned from similar services. Thus it is obvious that, large as the force under your orders was, and is, it is not all that has been opposed to the Americans, and that these services became necessary only because the chief weight of the enemy's force has been employed at a distance from your station."

The final words here quoted characterize exactly the conditions of the first eight or ten months of the war, until the spring of 1813. They also define the purpose of the British Government to close the coast of the United States in such manner as to minimize the evils of widely dispersed commerce-destroying, by confining the American vessels as far as possible within their harbors. The American squadrons and heavy frigates, which menaced not commerce only but scattered ships-of-war as well, were to be rigorously shut up by an overwhelming division before each port in which they harbored; and the Admiralty intimated its wish that a ship-of-the-line should always form one of such division. This line of policy, initiated after the winter of 1812-13 was past, was thenceforth maintained with ever-increasing rigor; especially after the general peace in Europe, in May, 1814, had released the entire British Navy. It had two principal results. The American frigates were, in the main, successfully excluded from the ocean. Their three successful battles were all fought before January 1, 1813. Commodore John Rodgers, indeed, by observing his own precept of clinging to the eastern ports of Newport and Boston, did succeed after this in making two cruises with the *President;* but entering New York with her on the last of these, in February, 1814, she was obliged, in endeavoring to get to sea when transferred to Decatur, to do so under circumstances so difficult as to cause her to ground, and by consequent loss of speed to be overtaken and captured by the blockading squadron. Captain Stewart reported the *Constitution* nearly ready for sea, at Boston, September 26, 1813. Three months after, he wrote the weather had not yet enabled him to escape. On December 30th, however, she sailed; but returning on April 4th, the blockaders drove her into Salem, whence she could not reach Boston until April 17, 1814, and there remained until the 17th of the following December. Her last successful battle, under his command, was on February 20, 1815, more than two years after she captured the *Java*. When the war ended, the only United States vessels on the ocean were the *Constitution*, three sloops—the *Wasp*, *Hornet*, and *Peacock*—and the brig *Tom Bowline*. The smaller vessels of the Navy, and the privateers, owing to their much lighter draft, got out more readily; but neither singly nor collectively did they constitute a serious menace to convoys, nor to the scattered cruisers of the enemy. These, therefore, were perfectly free to pursue their operations without fear of surprise.

On the other hand, because of this concentration along the shores of the United States, the vessels that did escape went prepared more and more for long absences and distant operations. On the sea "the weight of the enemy's force," to use again the words of the Admiralty, "was employed at a distance from the North American station." Whereas, at the first, most captures by Americans were made near the United States, after the spring of 1813 there is an increasing indication of their being most successfully sought abroad; and during the last nine months of the war, when peace prevailed everywhere except between the United

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States and Great Britain, when the Chesapeake was British waters, when Washington was being burned and Baltimore threatened, when the American invasion of Canada had given place to the British invasion of New York, when New Orleans and Mobile were both being attacked—it was the coasts of Europe, and the narrow seas over which England had claimed immemorial sovereignty, that witnessed the most audacious and successful ventures of American cruisers. The prizes taken in these quarters were to those on the hither side of the Atlantic as two to one. To this contributed also the commercial blockade, after its extension over the entire seaboard, in April, 1814. The practically absolute exclusion of American commerce from the ocean is testified by the exports of 1814, which amounted to not quite $7,000,000; whereas in 1807, the last full year of unrestricted trade, they had been $108,000,000. Deprived of all their usual employments, shipping and seamen were driven to privateering to earn any returns at all.

From these special circumstances, the period from June, 1812, when the war began, to the end of April, 1813, when the departure of winter conditions permitted the renewal of local activity on sea and land, had a character of its own, favoring the United States on the ocean, which did not recur. Some specific account of particular transactions during these months will serve to illustrate the general conditions mentioned.

When Warren reached Halifax, there were still in Boston the *Constitution*, and the ships that had returned with Rodgers on August 31st. From these the Navy Department now constituted three squadrons. The *Hornet*, Captain James Lawrence, detached from Rodgers's command, was attached to the *Constitution*, in which Captain William Bainbridge had succeeded Captain Hull. Bainbridge's squadron was to be composed of these two vessels and the smaller 32-gun frigate *Essex*, Captain David Porter, then lying in the Delaware. Rodgers retained his own ship, the *President*, with the frigate *Congress;* while to Decatur was continued the *United States* and the brig *Argus*. These detachments were to act separately under their several commodores; but as Decatur's preparations were but a few days behind those of Rodgers, the latter decided to wait for him, and on the 8th of October the two sailed in company, in order to enjoy mutual support until outside the lines of enemies, in case of meeting with a force superior to either singly.

In announcing his departure, Rodgers wrote the Department that he expected the British would be distributed in divisions, off the ports of the coast, and that if reliable information reached him of any such exposed detachment, it would be his duty to seek it. "I feel a confidence that, with prudent policy, we shall, barring unforeseen accidents, not only annoy their commerce, but embarrass and perplex the commanders of their public ships, equally to the advantage of our commerce and the disadvantage of theirs." Warren and the Admiralty alike have borne witness to the accuracy of this judgment. Rodgers was less happy in another forecast, in which he reflected that of his countrymen generally. As regards the reported size of British reinforcements to America, "I do not feel confidence in them, as I cannot convince myself that their resources, situated as England is at present, are equal to the maintenance of such a force on this side of the Atlantic; and at any rate, if such an one do appear, it will be only with a view to bullying us into such a peace as may suit their interests." The Commodore's words reflected often an animosity, personal as well as national, which had been aroused by the liberal abuse bestowed on him by British writers.

On October 11th, Decatur's division parted company, the *President* and *Congress* continuing together and steering to the eastward. On the 15th, the two ships captured a British packet, the *Swallow*, from Jamaica to Falmouth, having $150,000 to $200,000 specie on board; and, on the 31st, in longitude 32° west, latitude 33° north, 240 miles south, and a little west, of the Azores, a Pacific whaler on her homeward voyage was taken. These two incidents indicate the general direction of the course held, which was continued to longitude 22° west, latitude 17° north, the neighborhood of the Cape Verde group. This confirms the information of the British Admiralty that Rodgers was cruising between the Azores and Madeira; and it will be seen that Bainbridge, as they feared, followed in Rodgers's

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wake, though with a different ulterior destination. The ground indeed was well chosen to intercept homeward trade from around both capes Horn and Good Hope. Coming home, the two frigates ran west in latitude 17°, with the trade wind, as far as longitude 50°, when they turned north, passing 120 miles east of Bermuda. In his report to the Navy Department Rodgers said that he had sailed almost 11,000 miles, making the circuit of nearly the whole western Atlantic. In this extensive sweep he had seen only five enemy's merchant vessels, two of which were captured. The last four weeks, practically the whole month of December, had been spent upon the line between Halifax and Bermuda, without meeting a single enemy's ship. From this he concluded that "their trade is at present infinitely more limited than people imagine." In fact, however, the experience indicated that the British officials were rigorously enforcing the Convoy Law, according to the "positive directions," and warnings of penalties, issued by the Government. A convoy is doubtless a much larger object than a single ship; but vessels thus concentrated in place and in time are more apt to pass wholly unseen than the same number sailing independently, and so scattered over wide expanses of sea.

Shortly before his return Rodgers arrested and sent in an American vessel, from Baltimore to Lisbon, with flour, sailing under a protection from the British admiral at Halifax. This was a frequent incident with United States cruisers, national or private, at this time; Decatur, for example, the day after leaving Rodgers, reported meeting an American ship having on board a number of licenses from the British Government to American citizens, granting them protection in transporting grain to Spain and Portugal. The license was issued by a British consular officer, and ran thus:

"To the commanders of His Majesty's ships of war, or of private armed ships belonging to subjects of His Majesty.

"Whereas, from the consideration of the great importance of continuing a regular supply of flour and other dried provisions to the allied armies in Spain and Portugal, it has been deemed expedient by His Majesty's Government that, notwithstanding the hostilities now existing between Great Britain and the United States, every degree of encouragement and protection should be given to American vessels laden with flour and other dry provisions, and *bona fide* bound to Spain or Portugal, and whereas, in furtherance of the views of His Majesty's Government, Herbert Sawyer, Esq., Vice Admiral and commander-in-chief on the Halifax station, has addressed to me a letter under the date of the 5th of August, 1812 (a copy whereof is hereunto annexed) wherein I am instructed to furnish a copy of his letter certified under my consular seal to every American vessel so laden and bound, destined to serve as a perfect safeguard and protection of such vessel in the prosecution of her voyage: Now, therefore, in obedience to these instructions, I have granted to the American ship ——, ——, Master," etc.

To this was appended the following letter of instructions from Admiral Sawyer:

"Whereas Mr. Andrew Allen, His Majesty's Consul at Boston, has recommended to me Mr. Robert Elwell, a merchant of that place, and well inclined toward the British Interest, who is desirous of sending provisions to Spain and Portugal for the use of the allied armies in the Peninsula, and whereas I think it fit and necessary that encouragement and protection should be afforded him in so doing,

"These are therefore to require and direct all captains and commanders of His Majesty's ships and vessels of war which may fall in with any American or other vessel bearing a neutral flag, laden with flour, bread, corn, and pease, or any other species of dry provisions, bound from America to Spain or Portugal, and having this protection on board, to suffer her to proceed without unnecessary obstruction or detention in her voyage, provided she shall appear to be steering a due course for those countries, and it being understood this is only to be in force for one voyage and within six months from the date hereof.

"Given under my hand and seal on board His Majesty's Ship *Centurion*, at Halifax this fourth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twelve.

(Sig.) H. Sawyer, Vice Admiral."

This practice soon became perfectly known to the American Government, copies being found not only on board vessels stopped for carrying them, but in

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seaports. Nevertheless, it went on, apparently tolerated, or at least winked at; although, to say the least, the seamen thus employed in sustaining the enemies' armies were needed by the State. When the commercial blockade of the Chesapeake was enforced in February, 1813, and Admiral Warren announced that licenses would no longer enable vessels to pass, flour in Baltimore fell two dollars a barrel. The blockade being then limited to the Chesapeake and Delaware, the immediate effect was to transfer a lucrative traffic further north, favoring that portion of the country which was considered, in the common parlance of the British official of that day, "well inclined towards British interests."

On October 13th, two days after Rodgers and Decatur parted at sea, the United States sloop-of-war *Wasp*, Captain Jacob Jones, left the Capes of the Delaware on a cruise, steering to the eastward. On the 16th, in a heavy gale of wind, she lost her jib-boom. At half-past eleven in the night of the 17th, being then in latitude 37° north, longitude 65° west, between four and five hundred miles east of the Chesapeake, in the track of vessels bound to Europe from the Gulf of Mexico, half a dozen large sail were seen passing. These were part of a convoy which had left the Bay of Honduras September 12th, on their way to England, under the guard of the British brig-of-war *Frolic*, Captain Whinyates. Jones, unable in the dark to distinguish their force, took a position some miles to windward, whence he could still see and follow their motions. In the morning each saw the other, and Captain Whinyates, properly concerned for his charges chiefly, directed them to proceed under all sail on their easterly course, while he allowed the *Frolic* to drop astern, at the same time hoisting Spanish colors to deceive the stranger; a ruse prompted by his having a few days before passed a Spanish fleet convoyed by a brig like his own.

It still blowing strong from the westward, with a heavy sea, Captain Jones, being to windward, and so having the choice of attacking, first put his brig under close-reefed topsails and then stood down for the *Frolic*, which hauled to the wind on the port tack—that is, with the wind on the left side—to await the enemy. The British brig was under the disadvantage of having lost her mainyard in the same gale that cost the American her jib-boom; she was therefore unable to set any square sail on the rearmost of her two masts. The sail called the boom mainsail in part remedied this, so far as enabling the brig to keep side to the wind; but, being a low sail, it did not steady the vessel as well as a square topsail would do in the heavy sea running, a condition which makes accurate aim more difficult.

The action did not begin until the *Wasp* was within sixty yards of the *Frolic*. Then the latter opened fire, which the American quickly returned; the two running side by side and gradually closing together. The British crew fired much the more rapidly, a circumstance which their captain described as "superior fire"; in this reproducing the illusion under which Captain Dacres labored during the first part of his fight with the *Guerrière*. "The superior fire of our guns gave every reason to expect a speedy termination in our favor," wrote Whinyates in his official report. Dacres before his Court-Martial asked of two witnesses, "Did you understand it was not my intention to board whilst the masts stood, in consequence of our superior fire and their great number of men?" That superior here meant quicker, is established by the reply of one of these witnesses to the Court: "Our fire was a great deal quicker than the enemy's." Superiority of fire, however, consists not only in rapidity, but in hitting; and while with very big ships it may be possible to realize Nelson's maxim, that by getting close missing becomes impossible, it is not the same with smaller vessels in turbulent motion. It was thought on board the *Wasp* that the enemy fired thrice to her twice, but the direction of their shot was seen in its effects; the American losing within ten minutes her maintop-mast with its yard, the mizzen-top-gallant-mast, and spanker gaff. Within twenty minutes most of the running rigging was also shot away, so as to leave the ship largely unmanageable; but she had only five killed and five wounded. In other words, the enemy's shot flew high; and, while it did the damage mentioned, it inflicted no vital injury. The *Wasp*, on the contrary, as evidently fired low; for the loss of the boom mainsail was the only serious harm received by the *Frolic's* motive power during the en-

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gagement, and when her masts fell, immediately after it, they went close to the deck. Her loss in men, fifteen killed and forty-three wounded, tells the same story of aiming low.

The *Frolic* having gone into action without a main yard, the loss of the boom mainsail left her unmanageable and decided the action. The *Wasp*, though still under control, was but little better off; for she was unable to handle her head yards, the main-top-mast having fallen across the head braces. There is little reason therefore to credit a contemporary statement of her wearing twice before boarding. Neither captain mentions further manœuvring, and Jones's words, "We gradually lessened the space till we laid her on board," probably expresses the exact sequence. As they thus closed, the *Wasp's* greater remaining sail and a movement of her helm would effect what followed: the British vessel's bowsprit coming between the main and the mizzen rigging of her opponent, who thus grappled her in a position favorable for raking. A broadside or two, preparatory for boarding, followed, and ended the battle; for when the Americans leaped on board there was no resistance. In view of the vigorous previous contest, this shows a ship's company decisively beaten.

Under the conditions of wind and weather, this engagement may fairly be described as an artillery duel between two vessels of substantially equal force. James's contention of inferior numbers in the *Frolic* is true in the letter; but the greater rapidity of her firing shows it irrelevant to the issue. The want of the mainyard, which means the lack of the main-topsail, is a more substantial disadvantage. So long as the boom mainsail held, however, it was fairly offset by the fall of the *Wasp's* maintopmast and its consequences. Both vessels carried sixteen 32-pounder carronades, which give a broadside of 256 pounds. The *Wasp* had, besides, two 12-pounder long guns. The British naval historian James states that the *Frolic* had in addition to her main battery only two long sixes; but Captain Jones gives her in addition six 12-pounders, claiming that she was therefore superior to the *Wasp* by four 12-pounders. As we are not excusing a defeat, it may be sufficient to say that the fight was as nearly equal as it is given to such affairs to be. The action lasted forty-three minutes; the *Frolic* hauling down her colors shortly after noon. Almost immediately afterward the British seventy-four *Poictiers* came in sight, and in the disabled condition of the two combatants overhauled them easily. Two hours later she took possession of both *Wasp* and *Frolic*, and carried them into Bermuda. The *Wasp* was added to the British Navy under the name of *Loup Cervier* (Lynx).

When Rodgers and Decatur separated, on October 11th, the former steered rather easterly, while the latter diverged to the southward as well as east, accompanied by the *Argus*. The two did not remain long together. It is perhaps worth noticing by the way, that Rodgers adhered to his idea of co-operation between ships, keeping his two together throughout; whereas Decatur, when in control, illustrated in practice his preference for separate action. The brig proceeded to the easternmost point of Brazil, Cape St. Roque, and thence along the north coast of South America, as far as Surinam. From there she passed to windward of the West India Islands and so toward home; remaining out as long as her stores justified, cruising in the waters between Halifax, Bermuda, and the Continent. These courses, as those of the other divisions, are given as part of the maritime action, conducive to understanding the general character of effort put forth by national and other cruisers. Of these four ships that sailed together, the *Argus* alone encountered any considerable force of the enemy; falling in with a squadron of six British vessels, two of them of-the-line, soon after parting with the *United States*. She escaped by her better sailing. Her entire absence from the country was ninety-six days.

Decatur, with the *United States*, kept away to the southeast until October 25th. At daybreak of that day the frigate was in latitude 29° north, longitude 29° 30′ west, steering southwest on the port tack, with the wind at south-southeast. Soon after daylight there was sighted from her a large sail bearing about south-southwest; or, as seamen say, two points on the weather bow. She was already steering as nearly as the wind permitted in the direction of the stranger; but the latter, which proved to be the British frigate *Macedonian*, Captain John S. Carden, having the wind free, headed for the *United States*, taking care withal to preserve the windward position, cherished

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by the seamen of that day. In this respect conditions differed from those of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, for there the American was to windward. Contrary also to the case of the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, the interest of the approaching contest turns largely on the manœuvres of the antagonists; for, the *United States* being fully fifty per cent. stronger than the *Macedonian* in artillery power, it was only by utilizing the advantage of her windward position, by judicious choice of the method of attack, that the British ship could hope for success. She had in her favor also a decided superiority of speed; and, being just from England after a period of refit, she was in excellent sailing condition.

When first visible to each other from the mastheads, the vessels were some twelve miles apart. They continued to approach until 8.30, when the *United States*, being then about three miles distant, wore—turned round—standing on the other tack. Her colors, previously concealed by her sails, were by this manœuvre shown to the British frigate, which was thus also placed in the position of steering for the quarter of her opponent; the latter heading nearer the wind, and inclining to cross gradually the *Macedonian's* bows. When this occurred, a conversation was going on between Captain Carden, his first lieutenant, and the master; the latter being the officer who usually worked the ship in battle, under directions from the captain. These officers had been in company with the *United States* the year before in Chesapeake Bay; and, whether they now recognized her or not, they knew the weight of battery carried by the heavy American frigates. The question under discussion by them, before the *United States* wore, was whether it was best to steer direct upon the approaching enemy, or to keep farther off for a time, in order to maintain the windward position. By the first lieutenant's testimony before the Court, this was in his opinion the decisive moment, victory or defeat hinging upon the resolution taken. He favored attempting to cross the enemy's bows, which was possible if the *United States* should continue to stand as she at the moment was—on the port tack; but in any event to close with the least delay possible. The master appears to have preferred to close by going under the enemy's stern, and hauling up to leeward; but Captain Carden, impressed both with the advantage of the weather gage and the danger of approaching exposed to a raking fire, thought better to haul nearer the wind, on the tack he was already on, the starboard, but without bracing the yards, which were not sharp. His aim was to pass the *United States* at a distance, wear—turn round from the wind, toward her—when clear of her broadside, and so come up from astern without being raked. The interested reader may compare this method with that pursued by Hull, who steered down by zigzag courses. The Court-Martial censured Carden's decision, which was clearly wrong, for the power of heavy guns over lighter, of the American 24's over the British 18's, was greatest at a distance; therefore, to close rapidly, taking the chances of being raked—if not avoidable by yawing—was the smaller risk. Moreover, wearing behind the *United States*, and then pursuing, gave her the opportunity which she used, to fire and keep away again, prolonging still farther the period of slow approach which Carden first chose.

The *United States* wearing, while this conversation was in progress, precipitated Carden's action. He interpreted the manœuvre as indicating a wish to get to windward, which the *Macedonian's* then course, far off the wind, would favor. He therefore hurriedly gave the order to haul up, cutting adrift the topmast studdingsail; a circumstance which will exactly explain to seamen the relative situations. That he had rightly interpreted Decatur's purpose seems probable, for in fifteen or twenty minutes the *United States* again wore, resuming her original course, by the wind on the port tack, the *Macedonian* continuing on the starboard; the two now running on lines nearly parallel, in opposite directions. As they passed, at the distance of almost a mile, the American frigate discharged her main-deck battery, her spar-deck carronades not ranging so far. The British ship did not reply, but shortly afterward wore; and heading now in the same general direction as the *United States*, steered to come up on her port side. She thus reached a position not directly behind her antagonist, but well to the left, apparently about half a mile away. So situated, if steering the same course, each ship could train its batteries on the opponent; but the increased advantage at a distance was with

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Wasp and *Frolic*.—When the Americans leaped on board there was no resistance.—Page 603.

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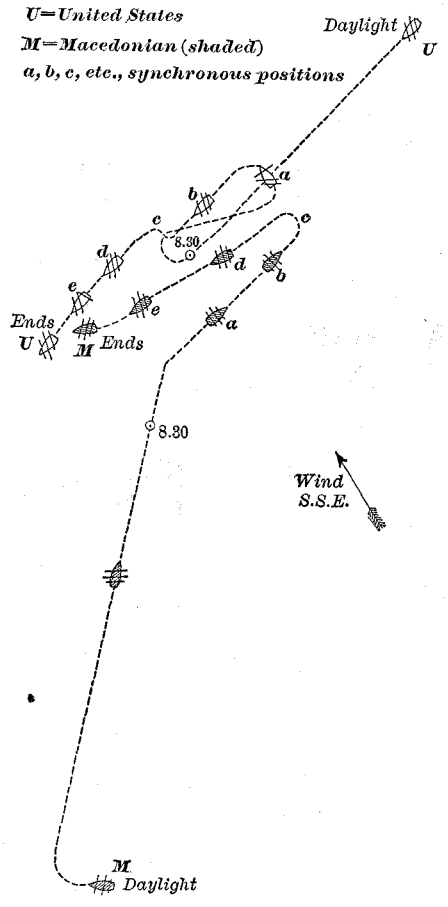
the heavier guns, and when the *Macedonian*, to get near, headed more toward the *United States*, most of hers ceased to bear, while those of her enemy continued their



Plan of the engagement between the *United States* and *Macedonian*.

fire. A detailed description of the *United States's* manœuvres by her own officers has not been transmitted; but in the searching investigation made by Carden's Court-Martial we have them probably well preserved. The master of the British ship stated that when the *Macedonian* wore in chase, the *United States* first kept off before the wind, and then almost immediately came back to it as before, bringing it abeam, and immediately began firing. By thus increasing her lateral distance from the line of the enemy's approach, she was able more certainly to train her guns on him. After about fifteen minutes of this, the *Macedonian* suffering severely, her foresail was set to close; upon which the *United States*, hauling out the spanker and letting fly the jib-sheet, came up to the wind and backed her mizzen-topsail, in order not to move too fast from the advantageous position she had, yet to keep way enough to command the ship.

Under these unhappy conditions the *Macedonian* reached within half musket shot, which was scarcely the ideal close action of the day; but by that time she had lost her mizzen-topmast, mainyard, and maintop-sail, most of her standing rigging was shot away, the lower masts badly wounded, and almost all her carronade battery, the principal reliance for close action, was disabled. She had also many killed and wounded; while the only visible damage on board the *United States* was the loss of the mizzen-topgallant-mast, a circumstance of absolutely no moment at the time. In short, although she continued to fight manfully for a half-hour more, the *Macedonian*, when she got alongside the *United States*, was already beaten beyond hope. At the end of the half-hour her fore and main topmasts fell, upon which the *United States* filled her mizzen-topsail and shot ahead, crossing the bows of the *Macedonian*,* and thus ending the fight. Surprise was felt on board the British vessel that a raking broadside was not at this moment poured in, and it was even believed by some that the American was now abandoning the contest. She was so, in the sense that the contest was over; a ship with all her spars standing, "in perfect condition," to use the expression of the enemy's first lieutenant, would be little less than brutal to use her power upon one reduced to lower masts, unless submission was refused. Upon her return an hour later, the *Macedonian's* mizzen-mast had gone overboard, and her colors were hauled down as the *United States* drew near.

This action was fought by the *United States* with singular wariness, not to say caution. Her wearing to the starboard tack, when still some three miles distant, seems to indicate a desire to get the weather gage, as the *Macedonian* was then steering free. It was so interpreted on board the British vessel; but as Carden also at once hauled up, it became apparent that he

*James states that this was in order to fill fresh cartridges, which is likely enough; but it is most improbable that the movement was deferred till the last cartridge ready was exhausted—that the battery could not have been fired when crossing the bows.

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The engagement between the *United States* and the *Macedonian.*

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would not yield the advantage of the wind which he had, and which it was in his option to keep, for the *United States* was a lumbering sailer. Decatur, unable to obtain the position for attacking, at once wore again, and thenceforth played the game of the defensive with a skill which his enemy's mistake seconded. By the movements of his ship the *Macedonian's* closing was protracted, and she was kept at the distance and bearing most favorable to the American guns. But when she set her foresail, the *United States*, by luffing rapidly to the wind—flowing the jib sheet and hauling out the spanker to accelerate this movement—and at the same time backing the mizzen-topsail to steady the motions and position of the ship, was constituted a moving platforms of guns, disposed in the very best manner to annihilate an opponent obliged to approach at a pretty broad angle.

This account, summarized from the sworn testimony, is not irreconcilable with Decatur's remark, that the enemy being to windward engaged at his own distance, to the greatness of which was to be ascribed the unusual length of the action. Imbued with the traditions of their navy, the actions of the *United States* puzzled the British extremely. Her first wearing was interpreted as running away, and her shooting ahead when the *Macedonian's* topmasts fell, crossing her bows without pouring a murderous broadside into a beaten ship, coupled with the previous impression of wariness, led them to think that the American was using the bad luck by which alone they could have been beaten, in order to get away. Three cheers were given, as though victorious in repelling an attack. They had expected, so the testimony ran, to have her in an hour. Judged by this evidence, the handling of the *United States* was thoroughly skilful. Though he probably knew himself superior in force, Decatur's object necessarily should be to take his opponent at the least possible injury to his own ship. She was "on a cruise"; hence haste was no object, while serious damage might cripple her further operations. The result was, by his official statement, that "the damage sustained was not such as to render return to port necessary; and I should have continued her cruise, had I not deemed it important that we should see our prize in."

In general principle, the great French Admiral Tourville correctly said that the best victories are those which cost least in blood, timber, and iron; but, in the particular instance before us, Decatur's conduct may rest its absolute professional justification on the testimony of the master of the British ship and two of her three lieutenants. To the question whether closing more rapidly by the *Macedonian* would have changed the result, the first lieutenant replied he thought there was a chance of success. The others differed from him in this, but agreed that their position would have been more favorable, and the enemy have suffered more. Carden himself had no hesitation as to the need of getting near, but only as to the method. To avoid this was therefore not only fitting, but the bounden duty of the American captain. His business was not merely to make a brilliant display of courage and efficiency, but to do the utmost injury to the opponent at the least harm to his ship and men. It was the more notable to find this trait in Decatur, for not only had he shown headlong valor before, but when offered the new American *Guerrière* a year later, he declined, saying that she was overmatched by a seventy-four, while no frigate could lie alongside of her. "There was no reputation to be made in this."

The *United States* and her prize, after repairing damages sufficiently for a winter arrival upon the American coast, started back thither; the *United States* reaching New London December 4th, the *Macedonian*, from weather conditions, putting into Newport. Both soon afterward went to New York by Long Island Sound. It is somewhat remarkable that no one of Warren's rapidly increasing fleet should have been sighted by either. There was as yet no commercial blockade, and this, coupled with the numbers of American vessels protected by licenses, and the fewness of the American ships-of-war, may have indisposed the admiral and his officers to watch very closely an inhospitable shore, at a season unpropitious to active operations. Besides, as appears from letters already quoted, the commander-in-chief's personal predilection was more for the defensive than the offensive; to protect British trade by cruisers patrolling its routes, rather than by preventing egress from the hostile ports.

(To be continued.)

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FOR THE FAITH

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

HALF way up the steps of the Cup-sellers, which climb from the vine-hung exit of the Spice Bazaar to the Street of the Brass-beaters, there stands a light stone edifice popularly known as the *Amerikán Khan*. There is nothing to distinguish it from a hundred other modern buildings in the ancient city of Stamboul. The black marble pillars flanking the entrance are as easily matched as the big red-and-gold Croats watching between them. But a passer is more than likely to cast a curious glance into the doorway. And the carpet-workers on the opposite side of the street, as they spread the brilliant crudities of the new Anatolian looms to the chastening of sun and rain, or give the last toning of polished flint and experienced palm,—they will ask themselves: "Who are these *ghiaours* who come from strange lands and build great *khans*, while we dwell in sheds?" But they do not answer the question. Nor do the lancers, on their way to guard the Sultan at mosque of a Friday morning, when they fill the steep incline between the stair-side-walks with a cataract of plunging horses and scarlet banderoles. A moment they turn their dark faces upward in half defiance, but the next they have other to think about. Not so, however, the ministers of state who sometimes drive by with galloping outriders. Not seldom do they carry the question to their desks, wondering what secret is behind those light stone walls, that busies so many and reaches so far and keeps a legation in such easily quieted yet such irritating activity. . . .

I

IN a high corner room of this very building there sat one day the reverend Thomas Redding. There was little in the aspect of the reverend Thomas Redding to suggest mystery or subversion. On the contrary, as he leaned at his desk with his fingers buried in his round gray beard, his appearance was distinctly conciliating. The kindly blue eye with which he looked forth upon the world, the temperate ruddiness of the countenance which it illumined, the comely contour of his figure—which seemed

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somewhat under the middle height and which was as far from the Silenus as from the ascetic—all these pointed out a person of a gentle and comfortable middle life.

If the furnishing of his apartment bespoke the garniture of his mind, one would conclude that his thoughts were far from worldly things. The chief recommendation of the room was its view, which looked across the huge umbrella pine of the carpet-workers afore mentioned to the Golden Horn and the lower Bosphorus. For the rest, one gained an impression of nudity. In the middle of the oil-cloth floor rose a desk, at which Mr. Redding sat as one cast away upon a reef. The other furniture might have been riveted to the walls. Of these, two were almost concealed by the glass-doored bookcases of our grandfathers. The volumes thus protected against the ravages of the elements included such works as "Barnes' Notes," Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and Edwards on the Will; or lighter literature like "The Romance of Missions," by the lamented Maria West, "The Devil in Turkey," and "Light on a Dark River;" together with numerous other publications concerning more or less directly the evangelical enterprise. After the bookcases, the most conspicuous object in the room was a large map. This might have been found unique by some, in that its coloring indicated religious distinctions, rather than political. The upper half of the western hemisphere was of a virgin white, the lower was shaded with red—in reminiscence, perhaps, of the Scarlet Woman. The same roseate hue tinted considerable portions of the European continent, which faded to white in the northwest and changed easterly to a bottle green. The very eastern rim, however, as the greater part of Asia and Africa, was dyed with black. A relief to this uncompromising darkness was afforded by sporadic islands of white and radiating shoals of gray, which, with similar archipelagoes in red and green, were intended to designate centres and spheres of missionary influence.

Upon this decorative object were fixed the eyes of Mr. Redding at the moment of our introduction to him. He had a secret fibre of the adventurous, which had always thrilled to the sight of a map or the tale of a traveller. This time, however, another chord was touched, as he considered that sable fringe of Europe. He looked sadly away from it, across the red roofs, the bubbly domes, the marble and cypress minarets, to the blue of the Bosphorus. It had grown wondrously familiar to him—this scene which had once been the tissue of his airiest dreams. He recalled with what emotion he had first realized the whiteness of the field for the harvest; with what exaltation he had received his acceptance to the cause; with what a strangely mingled feeling of triumph he had entered this ancient city, intoxicated with the novelty of his sensasions and proud to have come while there was yet to do. But thirty years had passed, and what had he accomplished? His enthusiasm had availed nothing against the dishonor of that darkness. He had never so much as turned one Moslem from the error of his way.

It was of the man's humility that he did not, as some might have done, lay the blame upon the Moslem. And he had just begun to search the sources of his own inadequacy when a knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in!" he cried, looking over his shoulder.

Two persons entered. The moment of their advent was occupied by such profound salaams that their faces were invisible. Then Mr. Redding perceived, with feet together and hands clasped humbly before him, a personage of some forty years—short, thick-set, dark-skinned; black-eyed, black-haired, and black-bearded; with the hooked nose of the East, the red fez of Turkey, and the frock coat of Europe; and collarless withal. Beside this sharp-eyed and smiling individual stood, in a similar attitude, a boy of nine or ten, whose small countenance was as black and as brilliant as a bit of cut onyx. His appearance was rendered the more striking by the complete accoutrement of a Turkish field-marshal.

Upon these two the reverend Mr. Redding cast an eye of no little astonishment. Not so much that he was unused to such spectacles, as that there comes a time in the life of man when transitions are difficult to follow. But he speedily recovered himself, smiled, bowed, waved his hand, and rose to detach two chairs from the military row under the map. It would not have occurred to him that his salute was less sweeping and less honorable than those which he had received, for he had never quite yielded

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Upon these two the reverend Mr. Redding cast an eye of no little astonishment.—Page 610.

to the customs of the East; nor could he look upon a "native" as other than an inferior.

The conversation opened in a general way, the visitors demonstrating how strange may be rendered the use of a chair by the custom of the divan. After those extended and searching inquiries which are the corner-stone of Eastern courtesy, the elder of the two at length bent forward, glanced inquiringly toward the inner room, and asked in a confidential tone:

"Are you alone?"

"We are," assured the missionary.

"I have something for you," continued the stranger, "if——" he looked again toward the inner room.

"Let us go in there, then," suggested his host, with gratifying perspicacity.

Once inside, the stranger cast a quick eye

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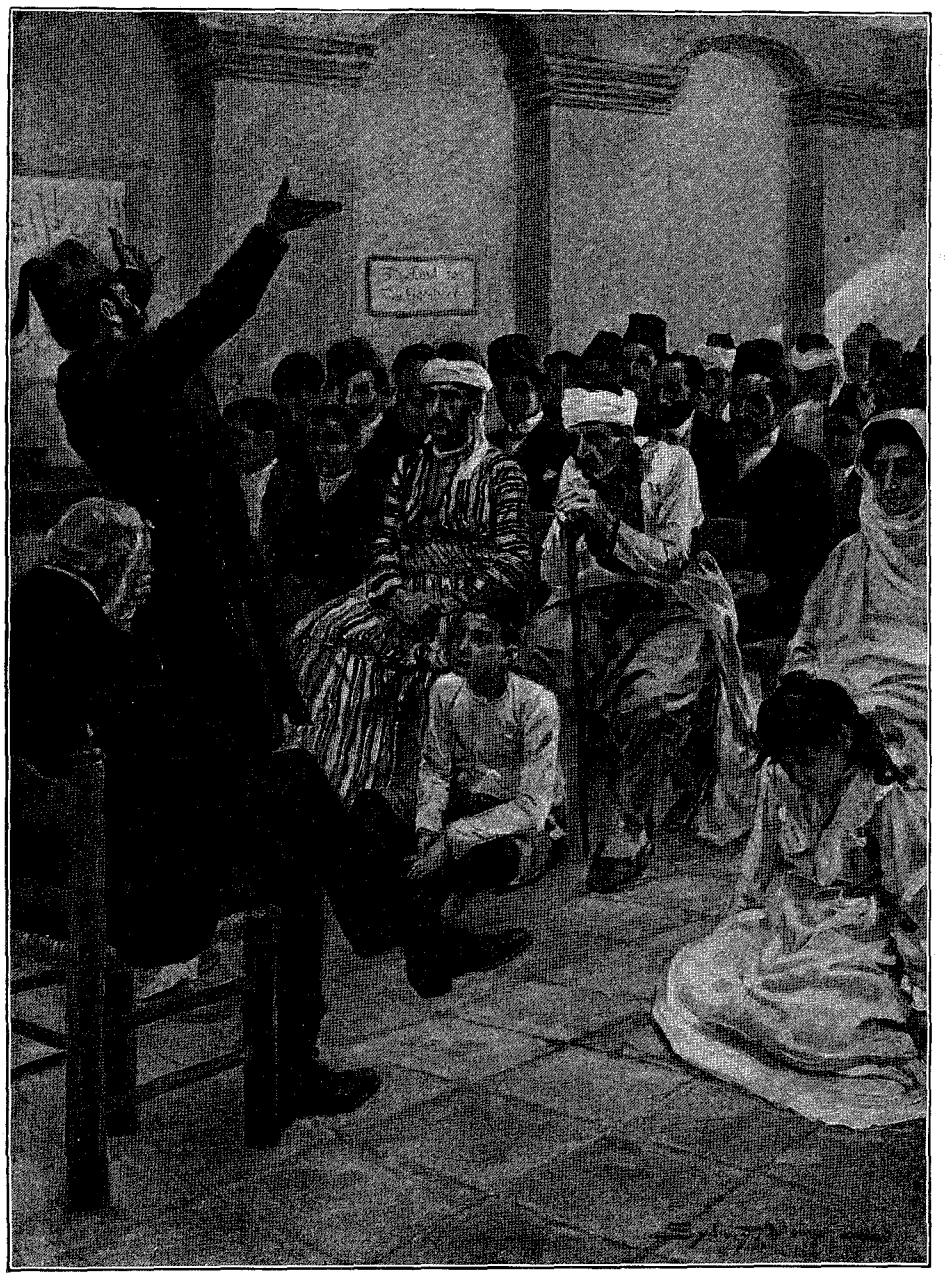

He even arose one Sunday before the polyglot Sunday-school of Guedik Pasha.—Page 613.

about him, proceeded to fumble in the inner recesses of his being, and finally produced a green silk bag which depended by a cord from his neck. Undoing the somewhat complicated fastenings of this object, he took from it a letter which he handed to the missionary.

That gentleman accepted the document and regarded it, as also its bearer, in no little amaze.

"He is in Fezzan!" whispered the stranger behind his hand.

"In Fezzan!" exclaimed the reverend Thomas, in deeper mystification than before.

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"Yes," replied the stranger; "he is selling dates in the Oasis of Sebkha. It is written as I say."

Mr. Redding continued to question the mysterious communication with his eye. At last, however, it occurred to him that the missive itself might contain light to illumine his darkness. Accordingly he broke the seal and deciphered its brief contents. Then he looked up and uttered cordially:

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Yusuf Bey. You are welcome to our house. But Fezzan!" he exclaimed again, "what is he doing in Fezzan?"

"He is selling dates," repeated the stranger, with his curious smile.

"But why?" protested the missionary.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders:

"Eh! His superiors suspected that he learned too much in England. They also found one of your holy books. Therefore —Fezzan!"

"Fezzan!" iterated the reverend Thomas once again. The name seemed to have a fascination for him. "Where is this Fezzan?"

"You go to Tripoli," answered Yusuf Bey; "from there you take camel southward, toward Kanem and Bornu."

The little blackamoor, who had been staring solemnly about at the tall book-cases, suddenly looked toward his companion.

"Bornu!" repeated Mr. Redding, turning to consult his map in the outer room.

At the second pronunciation of the name the little blackamoor began to whimper, and a big tear splashed the gold of his cuff. Yusuf Bey thereupon shot him a look which speedily dried the child's tears. He repressed another whimper, dug his fists into his eyes, and resumed his inspection of the cheerless apartment.

The reverend Thomas, in the meantime, stood intent before his map. The region which he sought was covered with so dense a black that the names were indicated perforce by white letters. "What an opportunity!" he thought to himself, the old habit of mind triumphant above the ruling of experience. Then he said aloud:

"So he was exiled! I never knew. I supposed he had lost interest."

"Oh, no! His Christian teaching is what supports him in his exile. You must see that being a date pedler in an oasis of Fezzan is quite different from being a colonel of artillery at Constantinople. But he is very cheerful. And"—Yusuf Bey lowered his voice—"he does much for your faith. I, too, have become interested. My home is really there, you know. I have only one wife here. The others are in Tripoli and Fezzan. I greatly admire your prophet. His followers seem to have something which those of Mohammed have not. I would like to know more about him."

Mr. Redding was strangely moved by the words of this emissary from afar. The mystery of strange places hung about him, and the romance of unknown deeds. The incongruousness of his declarations seemed not grotesque, but almost pathetic. And it was providential that this encounter should have occurred at the very nadir of his own discouragement. He had then been partly instrumental, after all, in planting the seed of the Word in dark and distant regions. Who knew what might yet come forth?

"I am very glad indeed that you came to see me!" he uttered feelingly. "We must have a great many talks together. But to-morrow is our holy day, and we have meetings that will tell you more than I can. Come and bring your little companion. We have classes for boys as well as for men." He bent over and took the child's small black hand: "And do you come from Fezzan too?" he asked.

The boy looked up with round, frightened eyes. At a word from his companion, he ceremoniously kissed the missionary's hand. Then Yusuf Bey explained that Arabic was all they understood in those regions.

"Ah, well, bring him too!" returned Mr. Redding. "He will have the other children to play with at least." He patted the cheek of the little blackamoor, whose wide eyes were intent upon the unintelligible colloquy.

"Now that I have done my errand I must not take your time," said the stranger, rising.

"Not at all!" protested the other. "May I look for you to-morrow?"

"I will come," replied Yusuf Bey, salaaming as profoundly as before.

II

He went. He went not once, but several times and in several places. He even arose one Sunday before the polyglot Sunday-school of Guedik Pasha and delivered himself of a harangue, in which he eulogized

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the holy book there taught in so many tongues, and announced his intention of introducing it to the natives of Central Africa.

It can be imagined with what emotions Mr. Redding observed these developments. Upon each appearance of Yusuf Bey at some service of worship the good man would hover about him, anxious to advance any favorable impression, yet fearful of interrupting by importunate question any work of grace which might be going on in the Mohammedan's heart. So it was that their later meetings had been in a way public. But after two or three weeks Yusuf Bey called again at the missionary's office. And Mr. Redding, in expressing his cordiality, at last ventured to utter his hope that these experiences had been the means of affording a clearer vision, a more definite intent.

The Tripolitan gave assurance that he had received the greatest benefit:

"I can understand," he said, "the enthusiasm of Christians for your prophet. He was a noble man. The Jews did wrong to murder him."

The missionary was disappointed. The sentiment expressed could not be condemned; yet it seemed too catholic.

"I hoped we might see your little boy," he said, vaguely hoping to bring about more pointed declarations, "the little black boy who was with you."

"He? Oh, no! I sold him the very day after I met you—to Kyamil Pasha. He will make a good eunuch. They are the best—from Bornu."

"Sold him! That little boy!" exclaimed the horrified missionary.

"Yes. What else should I do with him?" inquired the Tripolitan, with an amused smile. "That is part of my business."

"To sell slaves?"

"Yes."

Mr. Redding stared blankly at the man. He had expected a confession of faith, and what sort of confession was this? Yet in the depths of his disillusionment he found courage to realize that the Word could not take lodgment in such a heart; that here was one whose errors first needed reproof; that the reproof must not be so severe as to discourage further interest.

"You say you admire Christ," at length he began gently; "but you have wives in different cities and you sell slaves. Christ would not have done such things."

"Eh, *Effendim!*" protested the slave-dealer with a deprecating shrug, a suave wave of the hand. "Your prophet was a holy man, of those hermits who do not take wives, who do not do many things that other men do. We have all seen them. But I am not a holy man." He smiled. "Moreover, I travel. I am a merchant. And it is much less expensive to keep three wives in three places than to take one with you wherever you go. There are also other advantages. I am sure you would find it so." He smiled and bowed, as if in deference to his interlocutor's intelligence. Before the scandalized missionary could summon protest he went on: "As for the slaves, they are the only money we have in Africa. I sell cotton there, I sell silk, I sell iron, I sell whatever I sell; and what have they to pay me? Nothing but shells or blacks. The shells are useless to me. I must take the blacks. But it is much better for them, too. As you see, I am a kind-hearted man. I do not maltreat them. And they are much happier up here in Constantinople than to run naked there in the desert!"

There was something in the conviction with which these remarks were uttered, as in the courtesy of their expression, which Mr. Redding found indefinably disconcerting. He felt that his part would have been easier had the interview taken a more polemic turn. But again, before he could gather his words, the other forestalled him.

"There is a matter," continued the slave-dealer, looking about and drawing confidentially nearer, "of which I wish to speak to you. I travel, as you know. My business takes me far. I have been to Timbuktu and the ocean. I have seen rivers which even the English have not seen. And I am interested, as you also know, in your holy man. I am interested in your work. We have nothing like this." The dramatic wave of his hand visibly included the entire building. Now"—he lowered his voice still farther and looked keenly into Mr. Redding's eyes—"I would be very much pleased if you would let me have a case of Bibles to take back with me. I am going in a few days. I could spread them all over the Soudan."

The kindly blue eyes were fixed upon the black and glittering ones in speechless wonder. There were elements of contrast in this suave slave-dealer, with his frock coat and his lack of collar, his guilty experience

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of dark portions of the earth and his interest in Christianity, which the reverend Thomas had never encountered.

Yusuf Bey did not quite read the uncertainty which he saw in the blue eyes.

"But if you do not wish——" he began tentatively.

"Why, of course I wish!" broke in the missionary with vehemence, homing from his revery. "Of course you shall have them!"

III

THE case of Bibles was duly prepared. As for Yusuf Bey, however, he failed to call for it. Day after day Mr. Redding waited, expecting that every knock would be succeeded by the entrance of his African friend. But the box lay under everybody's feet till its fresh planks took on the dishonor of grime. And finally Mr. Redding, sad, but abounding in faith, caused it to be stored in his inner room. The incident touched him more nearly than might have appeared. His evangelical zeal, his interest in strange places, and that human quality which makes a new or a distant enterprise more engrossing than an old or a present one, had all been deeply concerned in this matter. And at those moments when one looks for the tangible result of the day's work, his casting up of the thirty years filled him with deeper dejection than ever. He felt, in his humility, that the occasion had come and that he had been found wanting.

Accordingly it was not without pleasure that he suddenly looked up from his papers, one day in the latter part of the thirty-first year, and met the eyes of his old friend Yusuf Bey. This worthy was frock-coated, smiling, and collarless as ever. There was also more familiarity in his greeting.

"You must have wondered why I never took my Bibles," he began affably, going straight to the point. "It was a great disappointment to me. I travelled farther than ever this time. But"—he drew his chair close to the desk, looked carefully around as if to descry legs under the bookcases, and whispered dramatically—"the police! You know what they are. I was on my way here when they stopped me. They took me to the Ministry. There they told me all I had done—how many times I had been here, how many times I had gone to the other places, what I had said, what I had thought! Then they threatened that if I came here again they would lock me up, and they sent me under guard to my steamer. What could I do?"

Had Mr. Redding been inclined to reproach he would have softened under this recital. But at such evidence of the power of faith, his mood was far from aggressive. He was even a little fluttered. He supremely desired to say the right thing. In Yusuf Bey, however, there was a troubling element of the uncertain which required diplomatic procedure.

"I have kept your books for you," he said. "Was my friend in Fezzan disappointed?"

Yusuf Bey smiled.

"I did not get to Fezzan this time," he replied. "It is a long story. I took three Circassian girls from here, and when I reached Alexandria I was arrested for stealing them. But I said they were my wives, and nobody could prove they were not, so I got away! Ah—they made my fortune, those girls! May the shadow of God be upon them! From Egypt I went down to Zanzibar, and there I sold one to the Sultan. He would have taken the three, but he hadn't the money. He gave me a thousand pounds. And she was worth it. They are all black down there." He paused a moment, his eye clouded with reminiscence.

The reverend Thomas seized that opportunity to raise his voice. The issue was fair and square:

"You told me that you only took the blacks because you had to. We do not have to take Circassians for money, here. And will they be much happier down there among naked savages?"

The Tripolitan smiled as if he knew how to enjoy a laugh at his own expense, nodded indulgently, and laid a soothing hand on the other's arm:

"You—do—not—un—der—stand!" he said. "Do not try to understand. We smoke out of different *narguilehs*, but my soul! we can still be friends! Now hear what I did with the other two. There in Zanzibar, I met the agent of an Indian Rajah. They are on the lookout, you know, these great people." He spoke in the dramatic sing-song which is the charm of Eastern inflection, aiding his story with a play of hands and eyes which gave it in-

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imitable vivacity. "So I went to India. And the Rajah bought both of them. If I had only known! He would have bought the third, too. But it is all *kismet*, this business. You never know. He paid me though, the Rajah. I cleared nearly three thousand pounds on the whole business. Cleared, you understand. It costs, an adventure like that. I had to take them like Sultanas." He leaned back smiling in his chair, as if awaiting the congratulations of his auditor. That gentleman, however, maintained a deep silence. The bewildered disappointment in him amounted almost to a physical hurt. And if it was not manifest in his countenance, at least his disapproval seemed to be. For Yusuf Bey leaned forward again.

"I suppose you think," he uttered with dignity, "that I might have given them Bibles instead of selling them. It would have been no use, however. They are only women. But I did what I could for them. Here what would they have been? Circassians are as common as leaves. Any army captain might have bought them. As it is, they are Sultanas. Their bread is honey. They sleep in rose-leaves. They walk on gold. It is I who have done this for them. Is it not just that I should clear three thousand pounds?"

"No!" declared Mr. Redding vehemently. "They were human beings and you sold them like beasts!"

The other allowed a shade of surprise to escape him. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled again.

"Eh!" he exclaimed. "We do not smoke the same *narguileh*, as I said. But we are brothers. And do you know? I admired your prophet before; but since I have been to India, since I have seen what his followers are able to do there, I reverence him still more. I have not learned enough about him yet. And I still wish my Bibles. But I am afraid to take them here. The police, you know! You have people in Egypt, though, have you not?"

"Yes," assented the missionary.

"Of course! You have them everywhere!" The slave-dealer winked knowingly. "Well, let me have a letter to them. It will be safer to get my books there. These Turks are so suspicious."

Mr. Redding did not like the wink. But he wrote the letter.

IV

It was more than two years before the man turned up the third time. He came in as if he had been absent but a day, looked into the other room to make sure no one was there, and sat down close to the desk. He was evidently in a hurry.

"I tried to see you before," he said in a low voice. "But—the police!" Then, wiping his face with a huge red handkerchief, he went on: "I am leaving for Tripoli, and I want you to come with me!"

Mr. Redding smiled. Time had mellowed the earlier shrewdness of his feeling. To him now Yusuf Bey was not so much a seeker after Truth as a property of the picturesque, a fountain of the unexpected. He had wondered what new surprise might be in store, and here it was! Still, there was always room for the miracle of Grace.

"Did you see our friends in Egypt?" he asked, a little curious as to what success another might have had.

"Hoo-oo!" exclaimed the Tripolitan, in his high sing-song. "Did I see them? I showed your letter. At sight of it they embraced me. There was no door which your name would not open for me. We became as brothers. And I carried away three great cases of Bibles. Three!"

"Ah! Then you took Bibles into the Soudan this time?" inquired the reverend Thomas, with warming interest.

Yusuf Bey extended his arms as if to embrace the universe:

"Fezzan, Tibesti, Kanem, Bornu, Bagirmi, Wadai, Darfur, Kordofan—they are full of them!"

"And so you saw our friend?" pursued the missionary.

"Yes, I saw him. He is still selling dates. He has done very well. He helped me with the Bibles, too. He knows more about them than I, of course."

Mr. Redding smiled encouragingly.

"Well, you made better use of your time on this journey than on your last. Was it not more satisfactory?"

"Yes, much!" Yusuf Bey smiled broadly. "And now I shall do things on a larger scale. I want many more Bibles—many—many. And"—he drew his chair still nearer—"I want you to come with me, as I said. We will go to Tripoli. From there we will ride south. We will visit the Sheikh

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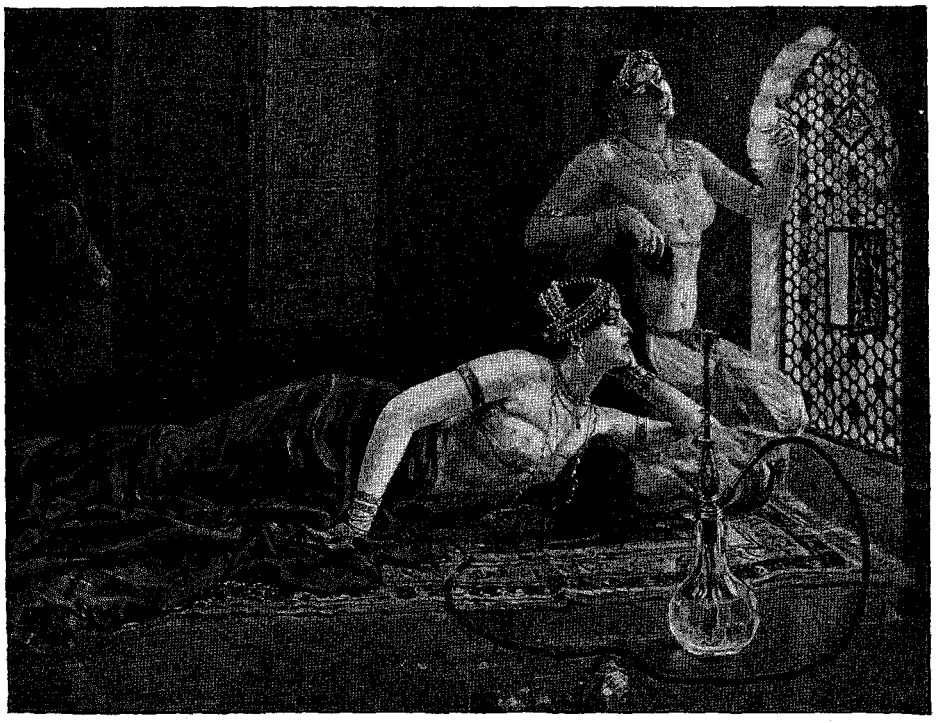

"As it is, they are Sultanas."—Page 616.

of the Souri Arabs on the way. He is a religious man like yourself. It will be a profit to him, it will be a profit to you. Then we will go on and see our friend at Sebkha."

Mr. Redding shook his head, smiling.

"How can I, a poor missionary, make such journeys as that?"

The Tripolitan regarded him a moment with half-shut eyes.

"Poor! You who fill the world with your people and build *khans* like this! You say so because you do not wish to come."

Mr. Redding stopped smiling.

"I say so because it is true."

Yusuf Bey clasped his hands before his face and drew back reproachfully:

"My soul! Do you insult me? Are we not brothers? Where one goes cannot two go?"

The missionary shook his head again:

"But, even then, how could I leave my work? If I go, there is no one to do it."

The slave-dealer laid his hand on the other's sleeve:

"Listen. You speak of your work. Think of the good you would do there. No one has ever gone to those people as you would go. Thousands would receive benefit from seeing you, from taking your books. You would also incur the gratitude of your own people. And I swear on the head of your prophet and of mine that you would be back here in one month."

Although the idea was too fantastic to be seriously entertained, it was one which appealed to the imagination of Mr. Redding. And he was somewhat at a loss to express his unwillingness to embark upon such an adventure, in terms which should not wound his would-be host.

That personage, perceiving the missionary's uncertainty, tightened his fingers a little on the latter's arm and looked close into his face.

"You and I understand each other," he uttered slowly. "We are not children. And you of the West do not bargain when you talk. Tell me: will you come with me or will you not?"

A curious sensation possessed Mr. Redding. He had no more idea of going to Tripoli with this slave-dealer than of going to the moon. He wondered what the man meant by it, and his peculiar insistence was

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irritating. But for a moment, under the glitter of those motionless eyes, a strange confusion unsteadied him. It was against himself, as it were, and with an unaccustomed weakness of inflection, that he answered:

"I am sorry, but I cannot come."

For a moment Yusuf Bey did not stir, eye or hand. Then he made a gesture of impatience, rose, and began to walk about the room.

"Eh—you know!" he said at length. "But I shall have to go without my Bibles. I would be stopped. You could take as many as you wanted, though. You have lost a great opportunity." He looked across his shoulder at the other, who remained silent. Then he walked up and down once more, examining the various objects in the room. Finally he stopped in front of the desk. "What is this great *khan* for?" he asked abruptly. "And your schools, and your hospitals, and your men, and your women? You are everywhere."

The blue eyes of the reverend Mr. Redding looked quietly into the black ones confronting them.

"To spread the Christian religion," he answered simply.

The slave-dealer made no attempt to repress a smile.

"Excuse my laugh," he said, resuming his tour of the floor. "But if that is true you throw a great deal of money into the sea. If that is true! Do those carpet men across the street know anything about the Christian religion, for all this *khan* of yours in front of them? If that is true! I could count on my fingers all the Mohammedans that have ever become Christians. If that is true!"

"We do not preach by the sword," returned the missionary mildly.

The other wheeled and stared at him. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Eh—I don't understand!" he exclaimed. "People are as God made them, and who can change them? You have a long arm and a strong arm. But either it is broken or you do not know how to use it. I thought—well, never mind what I thought. But I did not think you were children." He suddenly stopped and looked at his watch. "I must be going," he continued hastily. "I am sorry you will not come! We might have done great things. I don't know whether we shall meet again. But you will hear of me. When they speak of Hadji Hassan, you will know it is I. May your nights be pleasant!"

And so, with a rapid salaam, he went away.

V

THE reverend Thomas Redding sat at his desk, engaged in editorial labors. It was his weekly office to put forth a sheet for the benefit of native Protestants and those interested in them. This periodical, appearing in several languages, did not contain intelligence inaccessible to the secular press. But its facts were selected and set forth with a view to the edification rather than to the mere information of its readers. To a certain degree, in consequence of a lack of facilities, Mr. Redding was even dependent upon the secular press. Accordingly he found the London *Times* a strong tower, as it reached him moderately soon after publication and not infrequently afforded views of the political situation which the censorship excluded from the local papers.

On the present occasion, he had just unwrapped the journal which I have mentioned. Glancing over the staid and respectable headlines which distinguished that weighty sheet, his eye was arrested by these words:

THE NEW KHALIFA CRUSHED.

HADJI HASSAN HIMSELF KILLED IN THE FRONT OF BATTLE.

"Hadji Hassan!" repeated Mr. Redding. Involuntarily he looked toward the door. And, turning hurriedly back to his paper, he wondered indistinctly whether Khalifas wore frock coats.

"The last scene in the events which for the past few months have convulsed the Soudan," wrote the special correspondent, "took place yesterday. The dreaded Hadji Hassan, inspired by his successes among the western tribes to imagine that he could try conclusions with Egyptian troops, was encountered at Turuj by a force of H. R. H. the Khedive, under command of Colonel the Honourable T. T. Culme-Cavanaugh, and was completely routed.

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ular piece of good fortune the
mself was shot in the engagement,
d he led in person with fanatical bra-
ery.

"From the numerous prisoners something was learned of the character and antecedents of the late Khalifa. As the march of civilization has made it increasingly difficult for an adventurer of imperial ambitions to achieve a throne, our readers may find a certain romantic interest in the history of the dead man. He was a Tripolitan by birth, of mixed Arab and Turkish blood. During many years, while ostensibly carrying on a mercantile and slave trade throughout Central Africa, he was employed as a spy by the Turkish and Egyptian governments. Possessed, however, of remarkable powers of command, and initiated by his calling into the secrets of affairs, his influence among the Soudanese tribes at last induced him to strike for a kingdom. Successfully usurping the throne of the Sultan of Bornu, he obtained by degrees a virtual control of the entire region immediately north and east of Lake Chad. He then proclaimed himself Khalifa and turned his attention toward Kordofan, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the upper Nile. The main objection to his acceptance by the Arabs had been his taint of Turkish blood. Accordingly he planned, by striking a sudden and successful blow at Egypt, to win the uncertain to his banner and thus to secure the foundation of a new Arab empire in North Africa.

"The scheme was the more promising as no other Khalifa or Mahdi had possessed such knowledge of the world or had been so well prepared. Hadji Hassan's followers were found to be well armed, rifles and ammunition having long been smuggled to them through Fezzan in cases of merchandise and even—we are told—of Bibles. And not only were these followers well armed. They had also been excellently drilled by the late Khalifa's confederate and chief lieutenant, an ex-artillery officer from the war college at Constantinople, who was educated at Woolwich.

"These circumstances made the uprising far more dangerous than any which have preceded it. Only the excessive confidence of the Khalifa, which led him to strike too soon, made possible the immediate crushing of his forces. H. R. H. the Khedive is to be congratulated on having at his command so able an officer as Colonel the Honourable T. T. Culme-Cavanaugh, and for having succeeded in disposing of the person of the insurgent leader at the very outset of the campaign."

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A GLOUCESTER SKIPPER'S SONG

By James B. Connolly

Oh, Newf'undland and Cape Shore men, and men of Gloucester town,
With ye I've trawled o'er many banks and sailed the compass roun';
I've ate with ye, and watched with ye, and bunked with ye, all three,
And better shipmates than ye were I never hope to see.
I've seen ye in the wild typhoon beneath a Southern sky,
I've seen ye when the Northern gales drove seas to masthead high;
But summer breeze or winter blow, from Hatt'ras to Cape Race,
I've yet to see ye with the sign of fear upon your face.

There's a gale upon the waters and there's foam upon the sea,
And looking out the window is a dark-eyed girl for me—
And driving her for Gloucester, maybe we don't know
What the little ones are thinking when the mother looks out so.
Oh, the children in the cradle and the father out to sea,
The husband at the helm and looking westerly—
When you get to thinking that way, don't it make your heart's blood foam?
Be sure it does—so here's a health to those we love at home!

Oh, the roar of shoaling waters, and the awful, awful sea,
Busted shrouds and parting cables, and the white death on our lee!
Oh, the black, black night on Georges, when eight score men were lost!—
Were ye there, ye men of Gloucester? Aye, ye were; and tossed
Like chips upon the water were your little craft that night—
Driving, swearing, calling out, but ne'er a call of fright:
So knowing ye for what ye are, ye masters of the sea,
Here's to ye, Gloucester fishermen, a health to ye from me!

And here's to it that once again
We'll trawl and seine and race again;
Here's to us that's living and to them that's gone before!
And when to us the Lord says "Come,"
We'll bow our heads, "His will be done,"
And all together we shall go beneath the ocean's roar.

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THE AMERICAN GARDEN

By George W. Cable

ALMOST any good American will admit it to be a part of our national social scheme, I think,—if we have a social scheme,—that everybody shall aspire to all the refinements of life.

Particularly is it our theory that everyone shall propose to give to his home all the joys and graces which are anywhere associated with the name of home. Yet until of late we have neglected the art of gardening. Now and then we see, or more likely we read about, some garden of wonderful beauty; but the very fame of it points the fact that really artistic gardening is not democratically general with us.

Our cities and towns, without number, have the architect, for house and for landscape; we have the nurseryman, the florist; we have parks, shaded boulevards, and riverside and lakeside drives. Under private ownership we have a vast multitude of exactly rectilinear lawns, extremely bare, or else very badly planted; and we have hundreds of thousands of beautiful dames and girls who "love flowers." But our home gardens, our home gardeners, either professional or amateur, where are they? Our smaller cities by scores and our towns by hundreds are full of home-dwellers each privately puzzled to know why every one of his neighbors' houses, however respectable in architecture, stares at him and after him with a vacant, deaf-mute air of having just landed in this country, without friends.

What ails these dwellings is largely lack of true gardening. They will never look like homes, never look really human and benign, that is, until they are set in a gardening worthy of them. For a garden which alike in its dignity and in its modesty is worthy of the house around which it is set, is the smile of the place.

In the small city of Northampton, Massachusetts, there has been for some years an annual prize competition of amateur flower-gardens. In 1903 there were two hundred and thirty-five gardens in this pretty contest, and I wish to tell something of it here, in the notion that such movements may possibly have a certain tendency to help on flower-gardening in the country at large, and even to determine what American flower-gardening had best be.

For the reader's better advantage, however, let me first state one or two general ideas which have given this activity and its picturesque results particular aspects and not others.

I lately heard a lady ask an amateur gardener, "What is the garden's foundation principle?"

There was a certain overgrown pomp in the question's form, but that is how she very modestly asked it, and I will take no liberty with its construction. I thought his reply a good one.

"We have all," he said, "come up from wild nature. In wild nature there are innumerable delights, but they are qualified by countless inconveniences. The cave, tent, cabin, cottage and castle have gradually been evolved by an accretion and orderly combination of defences and conveniences which secure to us a host of advantages over wild nature and wild man. Yet rightly we are loath to lose any more of nature than we must in order to be her masters and her children in one, and to gather from her the largest fund of profit and delight she can be made to yield. Hence around the cottage, the castle, or the palace waves and blooms the garden."

Was he not right? This is why, in our pleasant Northampton affair, we have made it our first rule of private gardening that *the house is the climacteric note.*

This is why the garden should never be more architectural and artificial than the house of which it is the setting, and this is why the garden should grow less and less architectural and artificial as it draws away from the house. To say the same thing in reverse, the garden, as it approaches the house, should accept more and more discipline—domestication—social refinement, until the house itself at length seems as un-

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abruptly and naturally to grow up out of the garden as the high keynote rises at the end of a lady's song.

By this understanding of the matter what a fine truce-note is blown between the contending advocates of "natural" and of "formal" gardening! The right choice between these two aspects of the art, and the right degree in either choice, depend on the character of the house. The house is a part of the garden. It is the garden's brow and eyes. In gardening, almost the only thing which costs unduly is for us to try to give our house some other house's garden. One's private garden should never be quite so far removed from a state of nature as his house is. Its leading function should be to delight its house's inmates (and intimates) in things of nature so refined as to inspire and satisfy their happiest moods. Therefore no garden should cost, nor look as if it cost, an outlay of money, time, or toil that cramps the house's own ability to minister to the genuine bodily needs and spiritual enlargements of its indwellers; and therefore, also, it should never seem to cost, in its first making or in its daily keeping, so much pains as to lack, itself, a garden's supreme essential—tranquillity.

So, then, to those who would incite whole streets of American towns to become florally beautiful, "formal" gardening seems hardly the sort to recommend. About the palatial dwellings of men of princely revenue it may be enchanting. There it appears quite in place. For with all its exquisite artificiality it still is nearer to nature than the stately edifice it surrounds and adorns. But for any less costly homes it costs too much. It is expensive in its first outlay and it demands constantly the greatest care and the highest skill. Our ordinary American life is too busy for it unless the ground is quite handed over to the hired professional and openly betrays itself as that very unsatisfying thing, a "gardener's garden."

Our ordinary American life is also too near nature for the formal garden to come in between. Unless our formal gardening is of some inexpensive sort our modest dwelling-houses give us an anti-climax, and there is no inexpensive sort. Except in the far south our American climate expatriates it.

A very good practical rule would be for none of us to venture upon such gardening until he is well able to keep up an adequate greenhouse. A formal garden without a greenhouse or two—or three—is a glorious army on a war footing, but without a base of supplies. It is largely his greenhouses which make the public gardener and the commercial florist so misleading an example for the cottager to follow in his private gardening.

To be beautiful, formal gardening requires stately proportions. Without these it is almost certain to be petty and frivolous. In the tiny gardens of British and European peasants, it is true, a certain formality of design is often practised with pleasing success; but these gardens are a by-product of peasant toil, and in America we have no joy in contemplating an American home limited to the aspirations of peasant life. In such gardening there is a constraint, a lack of natural freedom, a distance from nature, and a certain contented subserviency, which makes it—however fortunate it may be under other social conditions—wholly unfit to express the buoyant, not to say exuberant, complacencies of the American home. For these we want, what we have not yet quite evolved, the American garden. When this comes it must come, of course, unconsciously; but we may be sure it will not be much like the gardens of any politically shut-in people. No, not even of those supreme artists in gardening—the Japanese. It will express the traits of our American domestic life; our strong individuality and self-assurance, our sense of unguarded security, our affability and unexclusiveness, and our dislike to high-walled privacy. If we would hasten its day we must make way for it along the lines of these traits.

On the other hand, if in following these lines we can contrive to adhere faithfully to the world-wide laws of all true art, who knows but our very gardening may tend to correct more than one shortcoming or excess in our national character?

In our Northampton experiment it has been our conviction from the beginning that for a private garden to be what it should be—to have a happy individuality—a countenance of its own—one worthy to be its own—it must in some practical way be the fruit of its householder's own spirit, and not merely of some hired gardener's. If one

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can employ a landscape architect, all very well; but the most of us cannot, and, after all, the true landscape architect, the artist gardener, works on this principle, and seeks to convey into every garden distinctively the soul of the household for which it springs and flowers.

"Since when it grows and smells, I swear
Not of itself but thee,"

as Ben Jonson says.

Few American householders, however, have any enthusiasm for this theory, which many would call high-strung, and as we in Northampton cannot undertake to counsel and direct our neighbors' hired helps, we enroll in the competition only those who garden for themselves and hire no labor. To such the fifteen prizes, ranging from two dollars and a half up to fifteen dollars, are a strong incentive, and by such the advice of visiting committees is often eagerly sought and followed. The public educative value of the movement is probably largest under these limitations, for in this way we show what beautiful results may be got on smallest grounds and with the least outlay. Its private educative value, too, is probably largest thus, because thus we disseminate as a home delight a practical knowledge of æsthetic principles among those who may at any time find it expedient to become wage-earning gardeners on the home grounds of the well-to-do.

The competing gardens being kept wholly without hired labor, of course our constant advice to all contestants is to shun formal gardening. It is a pity that in nearly all our cities and towns the most notable examples of gardening are found in the parks, boulevards, and cemeteries. By these flaring displays thousands of modest cottagers who might easily provide lovely little gardens about their dwellings at virtually no cost and with no burdensome care, get a notion that this, and this only, is artistic gardening, and hence that a home garden for oneself would be too expensive and troublesome to be thought of. On the other hand, a few are tempted to mimic them on a petty scale, and so spoil their little grass-plots and amuse, without entertaining, their not more tasteful but only less aspiring neighbors. In Northampton, in our Carnegie prize contest—so called for a very sufficient and pleasant reason—our counsel is to avoid all mimicry in gardening as we would avoid it in speech or in gait. Sometimes we do not mind being repetitious. "In gardening," we say—as if we had never said it before—"almost the only thing which costs unduly—in money or in mortification—is for one to try to give himself somebody else's garden!" Often we say this twice to the same person.

One of the reasons we give against it is that it leads to toy gardening, and toy gardening is of all sorts the most pitiful and ridiculous. "No true art," we say, "can tolerate any make-believe which is not in some way finer than the reality it simulates. In other words, imitation should always be in the nature of an amiable condescension. Whatever falseness, pretension, or even mere frailty or smallness, suggests to the eye, the ineffectuality of a toy is out of place in any sort of gardening." We do not actually speak all this, but we imply it, and we often find that the mere utterance of the one word, "toy gardening," has a magical effect to suggest all the rest and to overwhelm with contrition the bad taste and frivolity of many a misguided attempt at adornment. At that word of exorcism joints of cerulean sewer-pipe crested with scarlet geraniums, rows of white cobbles along the walk or drive like a cannibal's skulls around his hut, purple paint-kegs of petunias on the scanty doorsteps, crimson wash-kettles of verbenas, ant-hill rockeries, and well-sweeps and curbs where no wells are, go modestly and forever into oblivion.

Now, when we so preach we try also to make it very plain that there is not one set of rules for gardening on a small scale of expense in a small piece of ground, and another set for gardening on a larger scale. For of course the very thing which makes the small garden different from the large, the rich man's from the poor man's, the Scotch or Italian peasant's from the American mechanic's, or the public garden from the private, is the universal and immutable oneness of the great canons of art. One of our competitors, having honestly purged her soul of every impulse she may ever have had to mimic the gardening of the cemeteries, planted it with a trueness of art which made it the joy of all beholders. Only then was it that a passing admirer stopped and cried—

"Upon me soul, Mrs. Anonyma, yir

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gyairden looks joost loike a pooblic pairk!" He meant only—without knowing it—that the spot was lovely for not trying to look the least bit like a public park, and he was right. She had kept what it would be well for the public gardeners to keep much better than some of them do—the Moral Law of gardening.

There is a moral law of gardening. No garden should ever tell a lie. No garden should ever put on any false pretence. No garden should ever break a promise. To the present reader these proclamations may seem very trite; it may seem very trite to say that if anything in or of a garden is meant for adornment, it must adorn; but we have to say such things to many who do not know what trite means—who think it is something you buy from the butcher. A thing meant for adornment, we tell them, must so truly and sufficiently adorn as to be worth all the room and attention it takes up.

A lovely lady, not in our competition but one of its most valued patronesses, lately proposed to herself to place in the centre of a wide, oval lawn a sun-dial, and to have four paths cross the grass and meet there. But on reflection the query came to her—

"In my unformal garden of simplest grove and sward will a sun-dial—posing in an office it never performed there, and will never again be needed for anywhere—a cabinet relic now—will a *posed* sun-dial be interesting enough when it is arrived at to justify a special journey and four kept-up paths which cut my beautiful grass-plot into quarters?"

With that she changed her mind—a thing the good gardener must often do—and appointed the dial to a place where one comes upon it quite incidentally while moving from one main feature of the grounds to another. It is now a pleasing, mild surprise instead of a tame fulfilment of a showy promise, and belongs to the good morals of gardening. Thou shalt not let anything in thy garden take away thy guest's attention without repaying him for it; it is stealing.

On the other hand, we go to quite as much pains to say that though a garden may not lie nor steal, it may have its concealments; they are as right as they are valuable. One of the first steps in the making of a garden should be to determine what to hide and how most gracefully to hide it. A garden is a house's garments, its fig-leaves, as we may say, and the garden's concealments, like its revelations, ought always to be in the interest of comfort, dignity, and charm.

We once had a very bumptious member on our board of judges. "My dear madam!" he exclaimed to an aspirant for the prizes, the underpinning of whose dwelling stood out unconcealed by any sprig of floral growth, "your house is barefooted! Nobody wants to see your house's underpinning, any more than he wants to see your own!"

It is not good to be so brusque about non-penitentiary offences, but skilful and lovely concealments in gardening were his hobby. To another he whispered, "My dear sir, tell your pretty house her petticoat shows!" and to yet another, "Take all those shrubs out of the middle of your lawn and plant out with them every feature of your house which would be of no interest to you if the house were not yours. Your house's morals may be all right, but its manners are insufferable, it talks so much about itself and its family." To a fourth he said, "In a gardening sense your house makes too much noise; you can hear its right-angles hit the ground. Muffle them! Muffle your architectural angles in foliage and bloom. Up in the air they may be ever so correct and fine, but down in the garden and unclothed they are heinous, heinous!"

Another precept we try to inculcate in our rounds among the gardens, another commandment in the moral law of gardening, is that with all a garden's worthy concealments it should never, and need never, be frivolous or be lacking in candor. I know an amateur gardener—and the amateur gardener, like the amateur photographer, sometimes ranks higher than the professional—who is at this moment altering the location of a sidewalk gate which by an earlier owner was architecturally misplaced for the sole purpose of making a path with curves—and such curves!—instead of a straight and honest one, from the street to the kitchen. When a path is sent on a plain business errand it should never loaf. And yet, those lines of a garden's layout which are designed not for business, but for pleasure, should never behave as

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though they were on business; they should loiter just enough to make their guests feel at ease, while not enough to waste time. How like a perfect lady, or a perfect gentleman, is—however humble or exalted its rank—a garden with courtly manners!

As to manners, our incipient American garden has already developed one trait which distinguishes it from those beyond the Atlantic. It is a habit which reminds one of what somebody has lately said about Americans themselves: that, whoever they are and whatever their manners may be, they have this to their credit, that they unfailingly desire and propose to be polite. The thing we are hinting at is our American gardens' excessive openness. Our people have, or until just now had, almost abolished the fence and the hedge. A gard, yard, garth, garden, used to mean an enclosure, a close, and implied a privacy to its owner superior to any he enjoyed outside of it. But now that we no longer have any military need of privacy we are tempted—are we not?—to overlook its spiritual value. We seem to enjoy publicity better, and in our American eagerness to publish everything for everybody and to everybody, we have published our gardens—published them in paper bindings; that is to say, with their boundaries visible only on maps filed with the Registrar of Deeds.

Foreigners who travel among us complain that we so overdo our good-natured endurance of every public inconvenience that we have made it a national misfortune and are losing our sense of our public rights. Now, I believe this obliteration of private boundaries is an instance. Our public spirit and our imperturbability are flattered by it, but our gardens, except among the rich, have become American by ceasing to be gardens.

I have a neighbor who every year plants a garden of annuals. He has no fence, but two of his neighbors have each a setter dog. These dogs are rarely confined. One morning I saw him put in the seed of his lovely annuals and leave his smoothly raked beds already a pleasant show and a prophecy of delight while yet without a spray of green. An hour later I saw those two setter dogs wrestling and sprawling around in joyous circles all over those garden beds. "Gay, guiltless pair!" What is one to do in such a case, in a land where everybody is expected to take everything good-naturedly, and where a fence is sign of a sour temper? Of course he can do as others do, and have no garden; but suppose he very much wants a garden?

They were the well-to-do who began this abolition movement against enclosures, and I have an idea it never would have had a beginning had there prevailed generally, democratically, among us a sentiment for real gardening, and a knowledge of its practical principles; for with this sentiment and knowledge we should have had that sweet experience of outdoor privacy for lack of which we lose one of the noblest charms of home. The well-to-do started the fashion, it cost less money to follow than to withstand it, and presently the landlords of the poor utilized it.

The poor man—the poor woman—needs the protection of a fence to a degree of which the well-to-do know nothing. In the common interest of the whole community, of any community, the poor man—the poor woman—ought to have a garden; but if they are going to have a garden they ought to have a fence. We in Northampton know scores of poor homes whose tenants strive year after year to establish some floral beauty about them, and fail for want of enclosures. The neighbors' children, their dogs, their cats, geese, ducks, hens—it is useless. Many refuse to make the effort; some, I say, make it and give it up, and now and then some one wins a surprising and delightful success. Two or three such have taken high prizes in the competition. The two chief things which made their triumph possible were, first, an invincible passion for gardening, and, second, poultry-netting.

A great new boon to the home gardener they are, these wire fencings and nettings. With them ever so many things may be done now at a quarter or tenth of what they would once have cost. Our old-fashioned fences were sometimes very expensive, sometimes very perishable, sometimes both. Also they were apt to be very ugly. Yet instead of concealing them we made them a display, while the shrubbery which should have masked them in leaf and bloom stood scattered over the lawn, each little new bush by itself, visibly if not audibly saying—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age——"

etc., the shrubs orphaned, the lawn destroyed.

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If the enclosure was a hedge it had to be a tight one, or else it did not enclose. Now wire netting charms away these embarrassments. Your hedge can be as loose as you care to have it, while your enclosure may be rigidly effective yet be hidden from the eye by undulating fence-rows; and as we now have definite bounds and corners to plant out, we do not so often as formerly need to be reminded of Fred Law Olmstead's favorite maxim, "Take care of the corners, and the centres will take care of themselves."

Here there is a word to be added in the interest of home-lovers, whose tastes we properly expect to find more highly trained than those of the average tenant cottager. Our American love of spaciousness leads us to fancy that—not to-day or to-morrow, but somewhere in a near future—we are going to unite our unfenced lawns in a concerted park treatment: a sort of wee, horticultural United States comprised within a few city squares; but ever our American individualism stands broadly in the way, and our gardens almost never relate themselves to one another with that intimacy which their absence of boundaries demands in order to take on any special beauty, nobility, delightsomeness, of gardening. The true gardener—who, if he is reading this, must be getting very tired of our insistent triteness—carefully keeps in mind the laws of linear and of aërial perspective, no matter how large or small the garden. The relative stature of things, both actual and prospective; their breadth; the breadth or slenderness, darkness or lightness, openness or density, of their foliage; the splendor or delicacy of their flowers, whether in size or in color; the season of their blooming; the contour of the grounds—all these points must be taken into account in determining where things are to stand and how be grouped. Once the fence or hedge was the frame of the picture; but now our pictures, on almost any street of unpalatial, comfortable homes, touch edge to edge without frames, and the reason they do not mar one another's effects is because they have no particular effects to be marred, but lie side by side as undiscordantly as so many string instruments without strings. Let us hope for a time when they will rise in insurrection, resolved to be either parts of a private park, or each one a whole private garden.

In our Carnegie prize contest nothing yields its judges more pleasure than to inculcate the garden rules of perspective to which we have just alluded, and to see the blissful complacency of those who successfully carry them out. I have now in my mind's eye a garden to which was awarded the capital prize of 1903. A cottage of maybe six small rooms crowns a high bank on a corner where two rural streets cross. There are a few square yards of lawn on its front, and still fewer (scarcely eight or ten) on the side next the lesser street, but on the other two sides there is nearly a quarter of an acre. On these two sides the limits touch other gardens, and all four sides are entirely without fencing. From the front sward have been taken away a number of good shrubs which once broke it into ineffectual bits, and these have been grouped against the inward and outward angles of the house. The front porch is garlanded —not smothered—with vines whose flowers are all white, pink, blue or light purple. About the base of the porch and of all the house's front bloom flowers of these same delicate tints, the tallest nearest the house, the lesser at their knees and feet. The edges of the beds—gentle waves that never degenerate to straightness—are thickly bordered with mignonette. Not an audacious thing, not a red blossom nor a strong yellow one, nor one broad leaf, nor any mass of dense or dark foliage, comes into view until one reaches a side of the dwelling. But there at once he finds the second phase in a crescendo of floral colors. The base of the house, and especially those empty eye-sockets, the cellar windows, are veiled in exultant bloom, yellows predominating. Then at the back of the place comes the full chorus, and red flowers overmaster the yellow, though the delicate tints with which the scheme began are still present to preserve the dignity and suavity of all—the ladies of the feast. The paths are only one or two, and they never turn abruptly and ask you to keep off their corners; they have none. Neither have the flower-beds. They flow wideningly around the hard turnings of the house with the grace of a rivulet. Out on the two wider sides of the lawn nothing breaks the smooth green but a well-situated tree or two until the limits of the premises are reached, and there, in lines that widen and narrow and widen again,

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and hide the surveyor's angles, the flowers rise once more in a final burst of innumerable blossoms and splended hues—a kind of sunset of the garden's own.

When this place, five seasons ago, first entered the competition, it could hardly be called a garden at all. Yet it was already superior to many rivals. In those days it seemed to us as though scarcely one of our working people in a hundred knew that a garden was anything more than a bed of flowers set down anywhere and anyhow. It was a common experience for us to be led by an unkept path and through a patch of weeds or across an ungrassed dooryard full of rubbish, in order to reach a so-called garden which had never spoken a civil word to the house nor gotten one from it. Now the understanding is that every part of the premises, every outdoor thing on the premises—path, fence, truck-patch, stable, stable-yard, hen-yard, tennis or croquet-court—everything is either a part of the garden or is so reasonably related to it that from whatever point one views the place he beholds a single satisfactory picture.

This, I say, is the understanding. I do not say that even among our prize-winners anybody has yet perfectly attained this, although a few have come very near it. With these the main surviving drawback is that the artistic effect is each season so long coming, and passes away so soon—cometh up as a flower, and presently has withered.

One of our most gifted literary critics a while ago pointed out the poetic charm of evanescence; pointed it out more plainly, I fancy, than it has ever been shown before. But evanescence has this poetic charm chiefly in nature, almost never in art. The transitoriness of a sunset glory, or of human life, is rife with poetic pathos because it is a transitoriness which *cannot be helped*. Therein lay the charm of that poetic wonder, the Columbian Exposition's "White City"; it was an architectural triumph and glory which we could not have except on condition that it should vanish with the swiftness of an aurora. Even so, there would have been little poetry in its evanescence if, through bad workmanship or any obvious folly, it had failed to fulfil the transient purpose for which it was erected. The only poetic evanescence is the evanescence that is inevitable. An unnecessary evanescence in things we make is bad art. If I remember the story correctly, it was to a Roman lady that Benvenuto Cellini took the exquisite waxen model of some piece of goldsmithing she had commissioned him to execute for her. So delighted was she with this mere model that she longed to keep it, and called it the perfection of art, or some such word. But Benvenuto said No, he could not claim for it the high name of art until he should have reproduced it in gold, that being the most worthy material in which it would endure the use for which it was designed.

Unless the great Italian was in error, then, a garden ought not to be so largely made up of plants which perish with the summer as to be, at their death, no longer a garden. Said that harsh-spoken judge whom we have already once or twice quoted—that shepherd's-dog of a judge—at the bestowal of our Carnegie garden prizes for 1903:

"Almost any planting about the base of a building, fence, or wall is better than none; but for this purpose shrubs are far better than annual flowers. Annuals do not sufficiently mask the hard, offensive right-angles of the structure's corners or of the line whence it starts up from the ground. And even if sometimes they do, they take so long to grow enough to do it, and are so soon gone with the first cold blast, that the things they are to hide are for the most of the year not hidden. Besides which, even at their best moments, when undoubtedly they are very beautiful, they have not a sufficiently substantial look to be good company for the solid structure they are set against. Sweetly, modestly, yet obstinately, they confess to every passer-by that they did not come, but were put there and were put there only last spring. Shrubs, contrariwise, give a feeling that they have sprung and grown there in the course of nature and of the years, and so convey to the house what so many American homes stand in want of—a quiet air of being long married and a mother of growing children.

"Flowering shrubs of well-chosen kinds are in leaf two-thirds of the year, and their leafless branches and twigs are a pleasing relief to the structure's cold nakedness even through the winter. I have seen a house whose mistress was too exclusively fond of annuals, stand waiting for its shoes and stockings from October clear round to

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August, and then barefooted again in October. In such gardening there is too much of love's labor lost. If one's grounds are so small that there is no better place for the annuals, they can be planted against the shrubs, as the shrubs are planted against the building or fence. At any rate they should never be bedded out in the midst of the lawn, and quite as emphatically they should never, alone, be set to mark the boundary lines of a property."

It is hoped these sayings, quoted or otherwise, may seem the more in place here because they contemplate the aspects likely to characterize the American garden whenever that garden fully arrives. We like largeness. There are many other qualities to desire, and to desire even more; but if we give them also the liking we truly owe them, it is right for us to like largeness. Certainly it is better to like largeness even for itself, rather than smallness for itself. Especially is it right that we should like our gardens to look as large as we can make them appear. Our countless lawns, naked clear up into their rigid corners and to their dividing lines, are naked in revolt against the earlier fashion of spotting them over with shrubs, the easiest as well as the worst way of making a place look small. But a naked lawn does not make the premises look as large, nor does it look as large itself, as it will if planted in the manner we venture to commend to our Northampton prize-seekers. Between any two points a line of shrubbery swinging in and out in strong, graceful undulations appears much longer than a straight one, because it is longer. But, over and above this, it makes the distance between the two points seem greater. Everybody knows the old boast of the landscape architects—that they can make one piece of ground look twice as large as another of the same measure, however small, by merely grading and planting the two on contrary schemes. The present writer knows one small street in his town, a street of fair dwellings, on which every lawn is diminished to the eye by faulty grading.

For this he has no occasion to make himself responsible, but there are certain empty lots not far from him for whose aspect he is answerable, having graded them himself (before he knew how). He has repeatedly heard their depth estimated at ninety feet, never at more. In fact it is one hundred and thirty-nine. However, he has somewhat to do also with a garden whose grading was quite as bad—identical, indeed—whose fault has been covered up and its depth made to seem actually greater than it is, entirely by a corrective planting of its shrubbery.

One of the happiest things about gardening is that when it is bad you can always —you and time—you and year after next—make it good. It is very easy to think of the plants, beds, and paths of a garden as things which, being once placed, must stay where they are; but it is short-sighted, and it is fatal to effective gardening. We should look upon the arrangement of things in our garden very much as a housekeeper looks on the arrangement of the furniture in her house. Except buildings, pavements, and great trees—and not always excepting the trees—we should regard nothing in it as permanent architecture, but only as furnishment and decoration. At favorable moments you will make whatever rearrangement may seem to you good. A shrub's mere being in a certain place is no final reason it should stay there; a shrub or a dozen shrubs—next spring you may transplant them. A shrub, or even a tree, may belong where it is this season, and the next and the next; and yet in the fourth year, because of its excessive growth, of the more desired growth of something else, or of some rearrangement of other things, that spot may be no longer the best place for it.

Very few shrubs are injured by careful and seasonable, even though repeated, transplanting. Many are benefited by one or another effect of the process: by the root pruning they get, by the "division," by the change of soil, by change of exposure, or even by backset in growth. Transplanting is part of a garden's good discipline. It is almost as necessary to the best results as pruning—on which grave subject there is no room to speak here. The owner even of an American garden should rule his garden, not be ruled by it. Yet he should rule without oppression, and it will not be truly American if it fails to show at a glance that it is not over-gardened.

Thus do we propose to exhort our next season's competitors as this fall and winter they gather at our projected indoor garden-talks, or as we go among them to offer

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counsel concerning their ground plans for next spring. And we hope not to omit to say, as we had almost omitted to say here, in behalf of the kind of garden we preach, that shrubs, the most of them, require but little enrichment of the soil—an important consideration. And we shall take much care to recommend the perusal of books on gardening. Once this gentle art was largely kept a close secret of craftsmen; but now all that can be put into books is in books, and the books are non-technical, brief, and inexpensive; or if voluminous and costly, as some of the best needs must be, are in the public libraries. In their pages are a host of facts (indexed!) which once had to be burdensomely remembered. For one preoccupied with other cares—as every amateur gardener ought to be—these books are no mean part of his equipment; they are as necessary to his best gardening as the dictionary to his best English.

What a daily, hourly, unfailing wonder are the modern opportunities and facilities by which we are surrounded! If the present reader and the present writer, and maybe a few others, will but respond to them worthily, who knows but we may ourselves live to see, and to see as democratically common as telephones and electric cars, the American garden? Of course there is ever and ever so much more to be said about it, and the present writer is not at all weary; but he hears his reader's clock telling the hour, and feels very sure it is correct.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE PINES"

By Frances R. Sterrett

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

THE wind and the waves brought her to his feet. He was lazily stretched on the sand, in the lee of a huge bowlder, idly watching the battle between the west wind and the lake, when he caught sight of a canoe rolling dangerously off the point. He sprang to his feet. Was it a woman or a child cowering in the bottom and clutching with both hands the frail bark? As though to answer his question the wind changed and drove the canoe toward him. He waded into the foaming water and caught the stern as it swung past.

"Don't you know any better than to be out in such a gale?" he asked, as he pulled the canoe up on the beach.

"I can paddle." She looked at him resentfully as she jumped out and drew herself up proudly. The breeze whipped her hair against her brown face, and blew blouse and short skirt so as to show the long curves of her strong young form.

"Half-breed," he thought, as he caught the curl of her lip and the line of her chin. "It's French and Indian blood and grit." But no trace of his admiration spoke in his voice as he said sternly: "No man could handle a canoe in such a sea. You are strong; all Indian women are, but the wind can pull harder than muscles."

"My paddle broke." She hastened to defend herself, and for the first time she looked at him. Her glance, veiled by her long lashes, ran down his broad-shouldered sturdy frame and then back to his well-shaped head, with its wind-tossed thatch of black hair. His keen gaze met hers frankly and he lost nothing in being measured by her standard.

"I know how to paddle as well as any Indian on the reservation," she went on hurriedly. "There was no wind when I left the agency to take some medicine over to Black Duck's daughter."

"Come out of this breeze." He pointed to the shelter of the bowlder, and, as she followed him, he added: "Black Duck should never have let you start home."

"He couldn't help himself," demurely, gathering her dishevelled tresses together.

He drew circles on the sand before he asked, absently: "Do you teach at the agency?"

"Sewing," was the brief reply.

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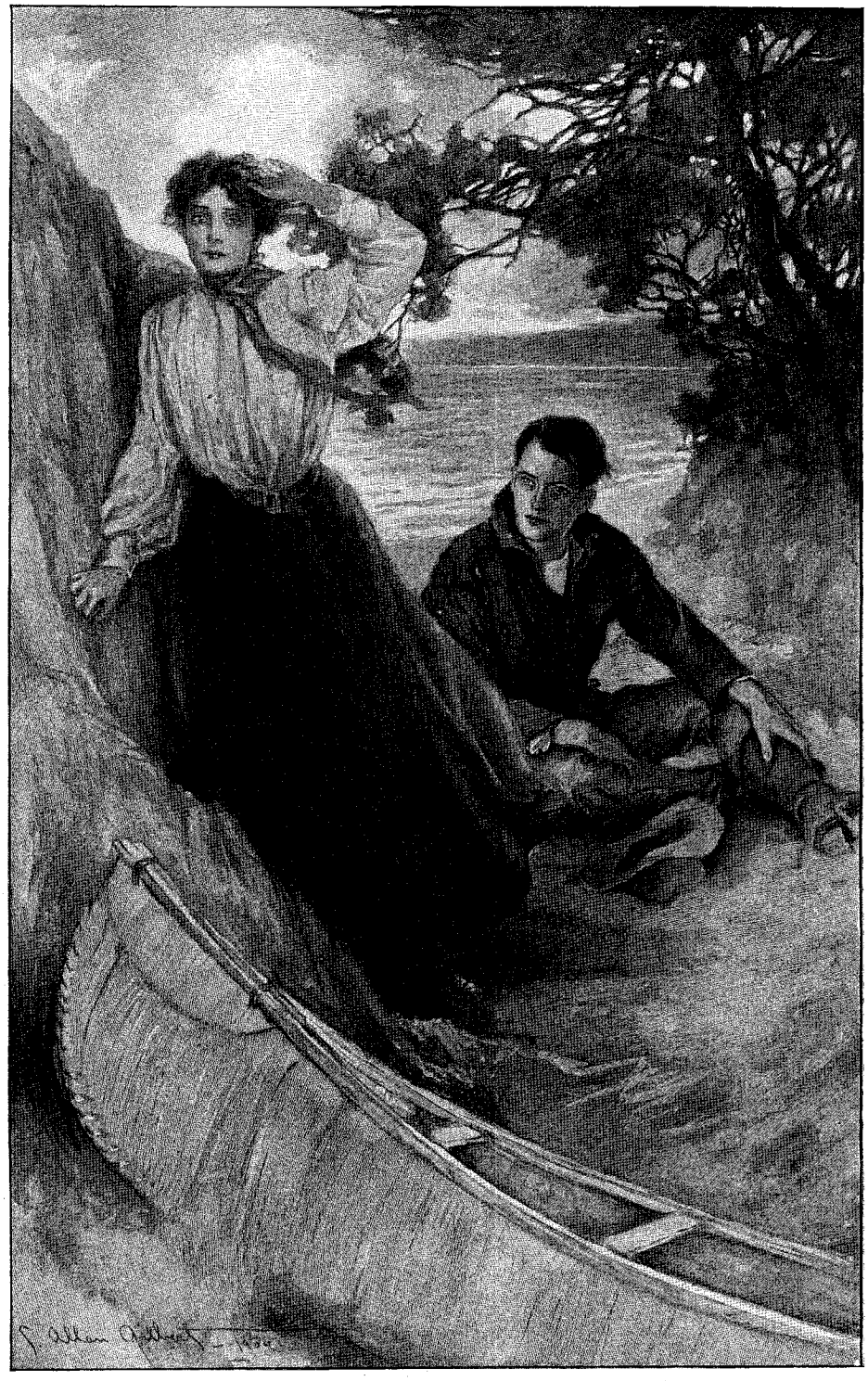

Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

She stood hesitatingly looking across the water.—Page 631.

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"You haven't been out of school very long yourself?" he hazarded.

"Three months. Did you go to Carlisle?"

"Hampton is as well known," in an injured tone. "I suppose you think Carlisle is the only place."

She nodded, and he continued his catechism.

"What have you been doing since you came home, beside teaching?"

"Helping the squaws with their lace and beadwork. We just sold a bed-cover to a New York woman for seven hundred dollars," triumphantly.

"That is pretty good for Indians. But I mean you yourself—what do you do?"

"Lots of things," vaguely. "I read a great deal."

"Novels, I suppose, and poetry," scornfully.

"Sometimes," she acknowledged. "Do you know 'Pine Needles,' by Henry Blake? It makes one want to sit at the foot of a pine tree and learn the lesson it can teach."

He lifted his head and stared at her. "What *is* your name?" he asked at last.

"Flash of Light. And yours?"

"Running Elk." He looked at her for another moment and then dropped back on the sand. "You must like pine trees?"

"Pines and sand and water," looking from one to the other in dreamy content. "How can people live cooped up in the city? What are you doing here? Trapping? Don't you ever go over to the agency?"

"Not very often. I get a better price for my furs at the village. You have a nice school over there."

As though that reminded her, she sprang to her feet and looked down at him.

"How am I going to get home?"

"I don't know," lazily.

She frowned and he rose, contrition on his face. "I beg your pardon. It wouldn't be safe to try now. I couldn't launch a canoe in this wind. It will go down at sunset."

She stood hesitatingly looking across the water. Far away she could see the shadow of the agency buildings, but between them rolled the lake. Common sense told her he spoke the truth.

"I don't see why I started."

"I don't either," he agreed; "but as you did, and I saved your life, come out of the wind and talk to me of Carlisle."

"Will you tell me of Hampton?" Womanlike, she sought a compromise before she returned to the shelter of the bowlder.

In answer to his skilful questions she told of the time when, a girl of seven, she had left the reservation for school; of the agony of homesickness; of the joy of mastering the little things which separate the aborigine from civilization; of the holidays spent with an old lady on the seashore, and then of the last days at school.

"You didn't want to come back?" he guessed, as a shadow darkened her face. "I know. Poor little Flash of Light!" He put out his hand and placed it gently on hers as they clasped her knees. For a moment she let it lie there, her eyes on Goose Island, a blur on the horizon; then with a quick, impatient movement she pushed it aside and half rose.

"I'm hungry," she said.

He was conscience-stricken. "Of course you are. I haven't much here. White Cloud went to the village for supplies and he hasn't come back. There isn't any bread or butter or coffee, but there are lots of fish and tea."

"As though an Indian would ask for more. And we will make the tea strong, please."

She would not allow him to aid in the preparation. "It is squaw's work," she said, and he let her have her way. He showed her where things were in the little hunter's cabin, and then dropped back on the sand to watch her as she moved with such unconscious grace. "The primeval woman," he thought. "She is as God made her," and his heart beat faster.

They had a merry meal, although Flash of Light talked more than she ate.

"That is her French blood," he analyzed, as she beguiled him into telling of his life in the heart of the forest, with only the pines and the waves for company.

"You are like Mr. Blake," she said half enviously. "He says 'Perfection is found only in Nature—perfect peace, perfect joy, and perfect health.' I am afraid——" she stopped suddenly and turned to him with swift-rising passion. "Oh, it isn't fair," she cried, "to take us away and unfit us for the life we must live here! It is like teaching a bird to fly and then shutting it in a

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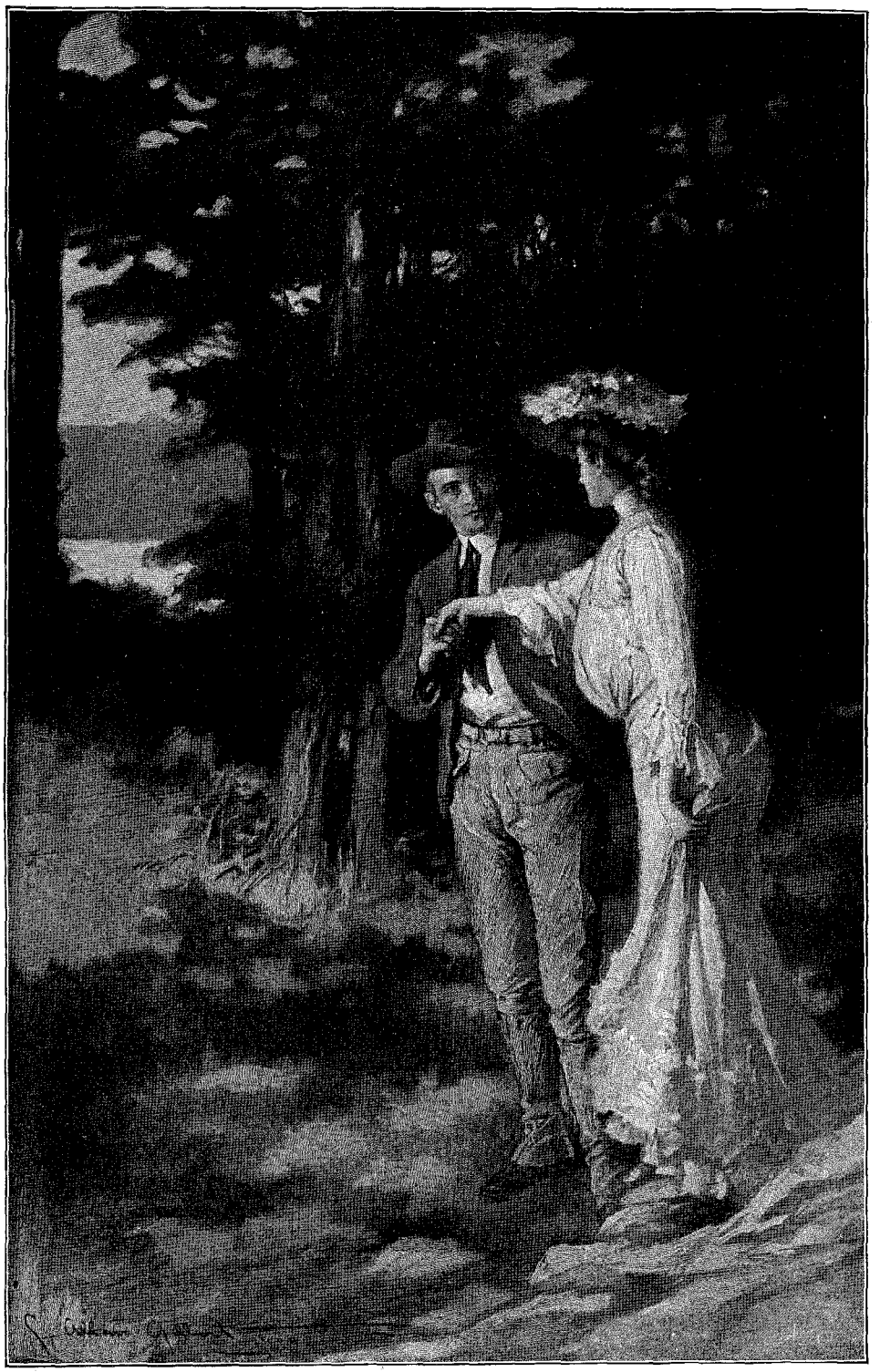

Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

Blake drew Miss Lane into the shadow of the pine.—Page 634.

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cage." She flung out her hands with a feeling of resentment against the world. He caught them in his and said, as he had said before: "Poor little Flash of Light!"

She twisted herself free and raised her tear-wet eyes for a moment. "*You* can understand. See, the wind has gone down. Will you lend me a paddle?"

"I will take you." He made no attempt to detain her, and pushed the two canoes into the water, fastening them together. With strong, powerful strokes he sent them out into the lake, as quiet now as it had been stormy. She watched the light of the setting sun as the clouds banked in gold and purple glory in the west, and hummed an Indian chant. He never took his eyes from her face, and wondered dreamily if she were real. As they approached the lights of the agency he drew in his paddle.

"When am I to see you again?"

She looked at him in surprise and then laughed nervously. "How can I tell? At the agency, in chapel, at school, a hundred places."

"At the chapel or the school I would have to see others. I want only you." He could see the color flame in her cheeks, and for a moment he feared that she was offended.

"The agency is open to all," she said at last. "Visitors may go everywhere, even down to the clump of pines on the point. It is such a pretty place. I often take my book and read, and listen to the trees and the lake as they gossip together."

His eyes brightened and he bent forward. "Will you be there to-morrow at two—at three?"

She did not answer, but he read consent in the smile that curved her lips. He pulled to the landing and as she stepped ashore he caught her hand. "To-morrow at three," he said.

She did not reply, but ran lightly up the bank. At the top she turned and a golden light seemed to envelop her as she waved her hand.

. . . . . .

His heart was in his eyes as she came reluctantly, almost timidly, to him while the great pines whispered far above her head. Her heritage was the lithe strength of the red race, and she was like one of her own pines, he thought—strong, yet yielding, and the soul of the forest lay in her eyes where peace and trust were written. She walked slowly, fearfully, and he sprang to meet her.

After that they came every day to the point. Nature brings people together, civilization separates them, and each hour bound them closer. He read to her out of the books she loved, and the little volume which she brought most frequently was Blake's "Pine Needles."

Sometimes the book was tossed aside and they talked of their life in the East, of the happy childhood on the reservation, and then of the future of their people. She had found a market in an Eastern city for the lace and beadwork of the Indian women, and hoped to make them self-supporting. And as he listened he felt as though nothing in his life was so worthy of praise as the brave efforts of this young Indian girl. At such times she would read something of this in his face and would turn hurriedly to her book.

"I wonder," she said one afternoon, after he had read one of her favorite passages, "if a white man could appreciate that as we do?"

"It was a white man who wrote it." He threw the book aside and drew near to her as she sat among the pine needles. "Love of nature is independent of color. You would care as much for the woods if you were white. I suppose it is the years you spent with the white people, but I often find it hard to believe that you are an Indian. You seem to have seized the best of two races."

"Greedy, eh?" she laughed in the manner which had puzzled him, for she had not caught it from the squaws.

"In fact you don't seem quite human," he went on dreamily. "You are a wood dryad, a nymph tossed up by the lake and sent to cheer my solitude, the very 'spirit of the pines.'"

"Quoted!" she laughed nervously. "Don't look at me like that," hurriedly.

"How?" His eyes never left her face, and hers fell beneath a glance which seemed to envelop her and set her apart. She caught at the book beside her and coquetted with its pages.

"I wonder," she said again, "if he understood women as well as pines?"

"There is but one who understands a woman, and that is the mate God made for

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her," he said gravely, still holding her with his gaze. "Little Flash of Light, I have dared to think I understand you;" he bent and peered into her down-dropped face.

She shrank back and the fingers which fluttered the book trembled. Slowly his hand sought hers, and it was not until he held it fast that she sprang to her feet like some startled wild thing poised for flight. He caught her and holding her by the shoulders forced her to meet his eyes. For a moment they held hers, and then her head dropped on his breast and he gathered her close.

The next day she did not come, nor the next, and on the third morning Running Elk paddled his canoe to the agency. Was she angry? Had he been mistaken? He swore she loved him, and he paddled faster. His brows were bent in a black line as he beached the canoe and strode up the bank, and his thoughts went backward to the day when the wind and the waves brought her to him.

"God gave her to me," he said, "and no one shall take her away."

There were dignitaries at the agency that day. An official from Washington, with his staff, had stopped on his way into the big woods for a few days' hunting, and the flags fluttered from every building and the little launch at the dock was gay with bunting.

The Indians had come in from the uttermost parts of the reservation to join in the merrymaking, and blanketed braves stalked gravely by with their sons, just home from the East and in the most correct of outing clothes. Stout old squaws with their pappooses on their backs stopped to speak to the trim young girls at the school. Everywhere the old and the new rubbed shoulders. Running Elk noted nothing incongruous; it was an old story to him, and, beside, his mind held only Flash of Light. Where should he seek her in the throng?

Suddenly he saw her. He swore it was she, although he did not understand why she should be with the official from Washington and surrounded by a little group of officers and civilians. She was laughing at the ponderous story of the ponderous official when she saw him. The laugh died away, her eyes softened, and, unmindful of the official and his unfinished tale, she held out her hand.

Before he could speak, someone caught his arm.

"Blake, old man, this is an unlooked-for pleasure! So this is where you have been flirting with Nature. You know Henry Blake, sir," to the official, "the author of 'Pine Needles'?"

Blake never heard the answer. He was watching Flash of Light, and there was a plea for mercy in his face.

"You know Miss Lane," went on his friend, in defiance of etiquette. "She can quote every page in your book, so her father, the Captain, says."

It was Miss Lane's turn to look beseeching, and Blake stared at her in unbelieving amazement. There was no time for explanations. She had to answer a question from the officials, and a storm of inquiries awaited him.

The moon was prodigal that night, splashing the lake with her silver glances as Blake drew Miss Lane into the shadow of the pine. "And you are not Flash of Light?" he said, almost regretfully.

"Oh, but I am!" she hastened to say; "the Indians gave me the name when father was with the regiment in Dakota. I almost lived on the reservation until I went to school, and I came back as soon as I was through college. And you really are Henry Blake?" There was a note of awe in her voice, for one cannot find one's self in such close proximity to one's hero without strange sensations.

"Running Elk, too," he insisted, drawing her closer; "the Indians long since adopted me."

"And the great student of Nature was fooled by a girl," she laughed.

"His eyes were blinded," softly, thinking that fair as she was in her crisp white gown, he liked her best in the blouse and short skirt, with the wind whipping her hair about her face.

"With what, Sir Student?" she scoffed.

"His love for you, 'the spirit of the pines;'" and he bent to kiss the mocking lips.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Bitterness and Immortality

I WAS reading the other day an announcement of the publication in London of a new and standard edition of Charles Reade's novels; and wondering rather idly, as one wonders often over popular judgments which are immutable, why, in spite of this testimony to a certain lasting place for him in English literature, that place had not been a higher one, and why its very permanence seemed doubtful.

Reade wrote what is certainly one of the very few great English historical novels, "The Cloister and the Hearth;" two or three vigorous, highly vitalized novels of his own day—"Never too Late to Mend" and "Hard Cash;" one little story unsurpassed in its kind, "Peg Woffington;" and, among much else, "Love me Little, Love me Long," for which those who care for it at all would exchange a small shelf of less forgotten books. This is a considerable contribution to the fiction of his time; one full of force, originality, humanity; why, instead of putting him up into the second or third rank, did it leave him in the fourth or fifth?

Curiously enough, Reade's own hand wrote recently a very concrete suggestion of the answer. Many people will remember that some months ago there appeared in the *Army and Navy Journal* a curious and bitter letter written by him about 1870 to the editor of the *Galaxy*, denouncing George Eliot and comparing his own works with hers with a characteristic egotism and sense of personal grievance; insisting on the vitality of his work and opinions alike, and inveighing against the injustice of the public. *Rem acu tetigit*—it is easy to see how closely, even if there had been more cause for this special outbreak.

The whole set of qualities of which Reade was as a rule an exponent—impetuosity, combative insistence on your sharing his frame of mind, a very personal not to say egotistical wrath—are those out of which we may get a very human joy in certain moods; but an inexorable fate has decreed, and an indisputable experience shown, that they are the least permanent qualities in literature. Mr. Reade's work was lasting just in proportion as these qualities were held in rein, impersonalized and made subordinate to art; which is the reason "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Peg Woffington" are his masterpieces. Mr. Kipling's work is lasting in the same proportion—fortunately very much larger. The late Mr. W. E. Henley was so often dominated by the same traits that in spite of his great powers he may be said never to have got a fitting hearing at all.

The lesson is an old one—the old one that will not down, though we have just gone through an especially violent burst of rebellion against it. It seems as though the infusion of the violently insistent—above all as though the drop of bitter—had something fatal to long life. Does anyone remember an essentially bitter book that has had any kind of immortality? I say an essentially *bitter* book, because the *sæva indignatio* of the very greatest has a higher quality than bitterness. Or an essentially violent book? Violence of action is not in question—one might as well complain of Dumas fighting his d'Artagnans and de Bussys on through uncounted years; but a book violent of spirit, a bullying book?

The insistence on your sharing a grievance, personal or personally put forward—that seems a very warrant of oblivion. The larger public which includes posterity may be excited for a cause, but refuses to be despotized by a prejudice or even an opinion—which is perhaps natural. It refuses also to be envenomed—which, considering the arrangements of the cosmos, is perhaps curious, but encouraging. Authors who try it may perhaps move some mountains in their lifetime; but that must be enough for them.

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"Tonnage" in the Professions

IT is a well-established notion in modern industry, other things being equal, that net profit advances with the volume of the output. "Our ideal," recently remarked the executive of a large metal-refining concern, "is tonnage." The tendency thus expressed is not without its effect on the professions. It is the opinion of one of the oldest medical instructors in our country that the schools of to-day aim to turn out more graduates and better students of medicine than ever before, and that they succeed, but do not turn out as good doctors, on the average, as they did forty years ago.

This, I think, is not because the effort to attain quantity cannot go with that to attain quality. It certainly is not so with the manufacturers. In the keen struggle of modern competition, every element counts. Mere volume, with the cheapness it secures, will not "do." The rival's means of getting volume are his capital, his energy, and his brains. If he succeed and get quality beside, he will win, and the man who neglects quality will suffer. No doubt, twenty years since, when the notion of volume of output was relatively new, and the processes by which capital can be concentrated were within the reach of relatively few, the temptation and the tendency to neglect quality were strong and often prevailed; but it is increasingly unsafe in these days to yield to them. Possibly a like change will ultimately show itself in the doctor's schools. What he bemoans to-day is the intense prevailing desire for organization. He says that the schools are becoming teaching shops and the instructors teaching machines. The large number of students forces the subdivision and specializing of instruction, and each specialist seeks naturally to magnify his office. The student is passed successively or simultaneously through a certain number of courses which are more and more "thorough," but often leave him with an inadequate knowledge of the general facts and principles of his profession which the older methods gave him. His attainments are incompletely coördinated.

I think there is a good deal of truth in this comment, and it is heard as to other professions as well. It is apparently an unavoidable phase in the evolution of professional education, but it will probably work out much as the corresponding process in the greater industries is working out. The most extensive railroad system in the country, with the most powerful organization of capital and energy, is also the best-managed to the smallest detail. The rapidly growing demand for professional teaching forces the strict and minute organization of the teaching class and tends to make it mechanical, since within its limits, machinery is more efficient than the human hand. But the human hand, or whatever corresponds to it, comes by its own in the long run. The individual quality in teacher and in student asserts itself, makes its demands, gets them satisfied. Even in the schools it will not be denied, and under the searching test of professional life it steadily and surely wins its way. The practice and the study of medicine are very different from what they were forty years ago, as are all other important practices and studies; they are at once more comprehensive and more complex. What answered as the "general principles" in the middle of the nineteenth century are inadequate now, with much in them that is still sound and valuable, but as a whole not nearly covering the ground that must be covered. In science as in the social order "time makes ancient good uncouth." The proportion of "good doctors" in the multitude issuing from the modern schools is probably as great as the old schools turned out; the positive number of the less competent is necessarily larger. But the least fitted of these will not do the harm in some ways that the best-trained often, in good faith and ignorance, were wont to do. The "tonnage" of the profession seems portentously large, but the one principle that we may be confident works now as surely as it ever did, is the survival of the fittest.

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THE FIELD OF ART

WHISTLER AND "ABSOLUTE PAINTING"

THERE can be little doubt that the just recognition of Whistler as a serious artist was long delayed by the very qualities of the man which kept his name constantly before the public, and that the brilliant author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" was the worst enemy the dainty painter of nocturnes ever had. The writer was so amusing that people thought the painter amusing too, and laughed at as well as with him. The recognition came before he died, and he is now one of the most famous artists of the past century. Henceforth the world is concerned with his art, not with his personality, and need only consider that more serious part of his writings which, in the form of a statement of general principles, explains his own aims.

We all know his doctrines: that art is no more national than science, and that to talk of English art is as absurd as to talk of English mathematics; that art has nothing to do with the subject and very little to do with nature, its aim being merely to produce an agreeable harmony of which nature furnishes the elements only; that the portrait of his mother, for instance, is "an arrangement in gray and black" and that no one but himself has any business to be interested in it as a portrait.

Now, however inadequate these theories may be to account for the art of Holland or Italy or Japan, they are perfectly honest attempts to account for his own art, and they give a clear notion, not of what his work always was, but of what it tended to become. *His* art, certainly, had no national accent, and tended less and less to any concern with subject or any immediate connection with nature. It became, as nearly as possible, what one may call "absolute painting," after the analogy of absolute music. While music, the least imitative of the arts, was becoming more and more pictorial, and endeavoring, more and more, to represent things external to itself, painting, in his hands, was trying to disassociate itself altogether from representation. His career extended over more than forty years, and in all that time his aims and methods changed remarkably little. His progress was less in adding to or in reënforcing his special qualities than in disengaging them by shedding everything else. His early pictures are Whistlerian arrangements plus representation; his later are nearly pure arrangements, with representation reduced to a vestige. A step further and we should have line and color entirely for their own sake, with no representative value whatever. Should the step be taken the result might, conceivably, be exquisitely beautiful, but it would be something else than what the world has hitherto known as the art of painting.

Whistler's eliminations were not all conditioned, however, by his desire for absolute painting, and the more positive of the purely decorative elements of art came to be excluded also. He began with somewhat complicated patterns, and progressively simplified them. He occasionally used strong contrasts and full color in his early pictures, but learned to satisfy himself with the opposition of two grays, of which one might be greenish and the other faintly violet. At one time he was not averse to some body of pigment, but he came to prefer the thinnest and most liquid of washes. His manner grew ever lighter and slighter, and he reduced art to a hint of composition, a ghost of color, little more than a memory of material—an art of subtleties, of nuances, of infinite refinements. To his fastidious temper an explicitness was a vulgarity; anything more than a suggestion was brutal. Never was a more sensitive organization; never were more limited sympathies. Nature, he said, was "usually wrong," and one imagines that very little in art was altogether right. He does not seem to have been much or permanently influenced by anyone. If his work, at times, resembles that of Velasquez or the Japanese, it is rather because Velasquez and the Japanese had something of the qualities that were natural to him than because he imitated them. Perhaps "The Little White Girl" would not have been quite what it is without the previous existence of Rossetti; but if so, the influence was a passing one. For the most part he remains himself, Whistler the *quintessencier*, distilling the last drop of pleasure from few and simple elements of beauty.

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Whether Whistler's earlier or later work will be the more relished depends partly on one's susceptibility to refinements of tone and line, partly on the value one places on those other qualities of painting which gradually evaporated from his art—on whether one prefers extension or intension, a sum and balance of qualities or a few qualities carried to their ultimate expression and disassociated from all others. The greater number will like him best when he still cared for character in portrait painting, as in the portrait of his mother; when he showed romantic and imaginative power, as in "The Building of Westminster Bridge"; when he gave fulness of color, as in "The Blue Wave," or completeness of beautiful representation, as in "The Music Room." The few pure Whistlerians will most delight in him when he reminds them least of others, and will find their keenest enjoyment in the "notes" and "harmonies" of his later years.

It is too soon to take the exact measure of Whistler's greatness, and perhaps the effort to settle relative artistic magnitudes is never very profitable. His art is different in kind from any other that has existed in the world, and he has given us a series of rare and delicate sensations which are unlike those derivable from any other source. If not one of the greatest talents of modern times, his was surely one of the finest: And no one was ever more purely the artist than he. He is antipodal to the scientific spirit which copies like the photograph or dissects light and investigates the means of illusion. In his love for pure art he pushed painting as far from imitation as it can well go without ceasing to be painting; and all the influence he may exert is likely to be salutary for a generation whose natural tendency is toward the opposite extreme from his. KENYON COX.

WHISTLER—AN INQUIRY

IF it were a question of deducing the nature of his work from the personal equation of the man, a really pretty problem might be presented in the case of the late James Abbott Whistler. The artistic temperament is discovered beneath many disguises, and it is found to exist under the cloak of saint and sinner, socialist and peer; of the poseur and of him whose manners are excellent. One is constrained to this last remark by the inevitable fact that the poseur offends the intelligence of the persons or audience before whom he poses, for he underrates their discernment and is guilty of a breach of that ordered and unselfish conduct upon which civilized human intercourse is founded and upon which it rests.

We may say of Whistler that he loved fine things and produced them; but did he always produce them? Did not his very liberty of manner, his superior alertness of mind socially, betray him at times into a corresponding assumption of artistic freedom founded on no sounder ground than the superficial whim of the moment? A flippant and even eccentric deportment may be tolerated because it is transient and passes usually with the circumstances which give rise to it; but does it not become something of greater significance if permitted to so form a part of the texture of a creative personality that it colors largely the permanent output of the man? Perhaps if one undertakes seriously to estimate the production of Whistler outside of his valuable contributions to the graphic arts which he has made by his etchings, he will become conscious that here is a temperament of fine artistic quality, but of perhaps scarcely sufficient depth to warrant the title already bestowed upon it, of master. It is not altogether the fault of the public, this readily offered dignity. Artists themselves are its sponsors, and where artists lead the layman feels safe to follow. Even fellow-craftsmen, however, may exceed in praise. There is so much that is truly exquisite in some of Whistler's work that painters have accepted it gratefully as representing qualities mainly remarkable by their absence in the canvases of more competent draughtsmen, men bolder and larger and more plastic in construction. That kind of competency, they say to themselves, is what may be acquired in the schools, while here is a man who gives us of the finest. Yes, but is it not within a narrow range, a few octaves, and of a sentimentality quite English which we often pretend to smile at? "Symphonies" and "Nocturnes," "Harmonies in Silver and Gray," are they not of the tradition of Bunthorne rather than of that of Velasquez, to whom our painter has been likened? Did Whistler approach even the Spaniard's sonority of tone or largeness of vision? True, Whistler gleaned in many fields: he plucked treasures of delicate blossoms from the intimate interior painting of the Dutch School, he surprised some of the

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tonal secrets of the Spaniards, and experimented along the lines of Manet; did he antedate the latter? Our subject was of a keen sensitiveness in detecting the *flair* of a work of art: familiar, with the familiarity of the expert, with the whole domain of precedent art, one may imagine what unsparing, incisive, and witty invective he might pour upon the head of competent mediocrity, while appreciating, not unobtrusively, his own delightful productions. These were of his own point of view, and the posture of his mind was far from commonplace; and these have been widely applauded.

The human mind seems so constituted that it loves to be taken out of itself, so to say, to experience a new sensation. This kind of mental diversion Whistler supplied; and yet it is a question in how far he was a pioneer, by how much or whether he did, antedate Manet. Surely Manet was painting "Dejeuners sur l'Herbe" as early as Whistler was doing "White Girls." I must admit that Mr. Whistler's taste would have defended him from painting such a group as the Manet above alluded to; but it may be accepted as of the same character of experimental painting as that which Whistler was contemporaneously pursuing. Problems of closely corresponding "values"—in Whistler's case those that may be studied in the studio, and those alone, rather than the subtleties of *plein air* that equally attracted the French experimentalist; and in his early days of professional work Whistler seemed much preoccupied in the differentiation of certain tones of white and gray. But with all these *raffinements* we feel that the portrait painter—for he began early in his career to paint portraits—cared more for tonal charm than he did for personal characterization. With few exceptions it is an impersonal entity, delightfully placed in a given rectangle, a beautifully balanced presentation of an object, human in form and aspect, but without convincing individuality. We will make two exceptions to this statement, and these exceptions form the soundest and perhaps the greatest pages of his painted art that he has left us: namely, the portraits respectively of the artist's Mother and of Thomas Carlyle. These are unaffected, direct, sober, and of a workmanship that leaves little to be desired on the score of competent drawing and earnest characterization. Both are in profile and very similar in composition. These were the works of the more sincere and unsophisticated years of the artist, years when he did not dream of announcing his productions in terms that might appeal to the ear and the mind of English pseudo-estheticism—years, indeed, before he became the inveterate *poseur*, and when earnest art was enough for him, and was its own reward. Do we really find anything finer in the work done by him when striving to artificially impress his public by whimsically attitudinizing before it? Assuredly it does not appear so, for one reverts to these ultimate productions and, through the mists that cloud, for sane minds, some of his later work, they stand out clear, radiant, and individual, two masterpieces, by one who may not perhaps unqualifiedly be named master. FRANK FOWLER.

IN England, during the middle part of Queen Victoria's reign—the period at which James Whistler began to paint pictures—the national artistic touch had become rather dull and heavy. Story-telling in oil or water-colors was thought to be a very high and legitimate sort of art. Illustrations, pure and simple, were elaborated on canvas in tints so bright and forced that all sense of proportion and values was often destroyed or sacrificed to *The Subject*, considered then of paramount importance. Furniture—carved rosewood was in fashion—ran to back-heavy chairs; and grass-green velvet carpets, strewn with bunches of monstrous pink roses, were tacked down under hangings and sofas of red damask in the belief that they "set each other off."

Into the middle of that England, so well recorded by John Leech, there dropped, one day, a man who was always a foreigner in every country he chose to inhabit; or, if you please, a cosmopolitan. He had spent a part of his childhood in Russia, his youth in travel and at the United States Military Academy, and his early manhood—after the final choice of painting as a profession—in France, where he saw, and understood, the rise of landscape-painting while working beside Courbet. At West Point he was head of the drawing-classes, both mechanical and free-hand. Later, he drew with tiny crow-quill pens many hydrographic maps for the Navy Department and the Coast Survey. Therefore it cannot be disputed that Whistler could have painted pretty "genre," or "story" pictures; but the stodginess of official art re-

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volted him; so he chose to represent nature as *he* saw it, rather than as it appeared when distorted by academic goggles. Like nearly every other aggressive preacher of any truth, he was stoned. But he went on steadily re-asserting long-forgotten facts—adding, here and there, a new one to the sum of human knowledge. We should remember that he stood out single-handed for "impression" against the whole English-speaking world of art; that he *deliberately* avoided what is vulgarly and wrongly called "finish"—the man who etched in Wapping could surely have stippled a miniature with ease!

Now these are some of his achievements. He brought back before the eyes of men that quality known as "tone" in painting, and reëstablished the principle of values (a term by which painters describe the interrelation of light, shade, and color). He separated the purely pictorial from literary entanglements. He called attention to the beauty of Chinese and Japanese art even more effectively than did the De Goncourt brothers. He upheld the dignity of the artist and fought persistently for the artist's rights, which he caused (in France, at any rate,) to be defined and recognized before the courts of law.

Perhaps the artist *was* a trifle more jaunty and cocky than he would have been under the weight of prosperity and wealth, for Whistler was poor. Who dares to say that this manner was not used as a cloak to hide his want, a shield to guard him from unfriendly, prying eyes?

Critics still complain that he "did not carry his pictures far enough," by which I suppose they mean that there was not enough definition of form and color to please *them*. Whether they like it or not, this quality, or defect, was not accidental. In the search for exact truth of tone and value, Whistler would often paint and repaint ten—twenty—thirty—times, the same scrap of background in a little portrait, never allowing it to leave his hands until *he* thought it to be true. With "well enough" he was never satisfied, no matter who stood by and praised. He was always his own stern judge—the hardest of them all.

We cannot enter, here, into a discussion of the *means* in painting. Roughly speaking, the best results are attained by a series of judicious sacrifices rather than by brilliant execution or impartiality of polish. When all the details of a picture are treated as equally important, the whole composition becomes enfeebled. Exhibition of great technical dexterity is often only distracting. The prime idea of the "impressionists" was to represent what anybody would see in nature if he kept his eyes fixed on one central spot. That spot, in painting, would be well enough defined, while its surroundings dwindled off toward the edges of the canvas somewhat vaguely. That was the real novelty in picture-making—a focus with indefinite edges. Although in *Whistler's* work there was no excess, no trick, no fad, every new school suffers in the beginning from too enthusiastic overstatements, by its devotees, of the principles on which it is founded. After awhile, when the more violent assertions become tempered by familiarity, we are able to see for ourselves the underlying, fundamental truth, and wonder why it was not always obvious.

Except in the Peacock Room, Whistler never had a chance to show what he could do in the way of decoration. That he brought about the use of monochromatic schemes is common knowledge. The arrangement of his own apartments was always in exquisite taste and charming color. Whatever he accomplished in this way was done, from sheer necessity, with the least costly materials, distempered walls, simple hangings, inexpensive chairs, and tables, and perhaps a few bits of dainty porcelain; but his barest room had, invariably, an air of being complete and thoroughly well furnished. Someone said, on seeing the little Chelsea drawing-room, "The worst of Jimmy's rooms is that you cannot bring in an extra *book* without overcrowding them!" Those who knew him well enough to like the man, claim that he did his very best in all his work. Even where it falls short in the sight of some who may not perceive its aim, the supposed neglect or carelessness is *intentional,* except in a certain group of canvases taken, unfinished, from Whistler's studio, in those painful days following the Ruskin trial, and never afterward continued. We may feel sure that this master painted as well as he knew how to do, for *himself*—and for the pleasure he took in truth as he saw it. He never made a compromise with art in all his life. Let those who see in him only the nimble-witted jester, remember that he never cracked a joke at the expense of Art or of Religion, and that *all* his talk was "fit for publication." HARPER PENNINGTON.

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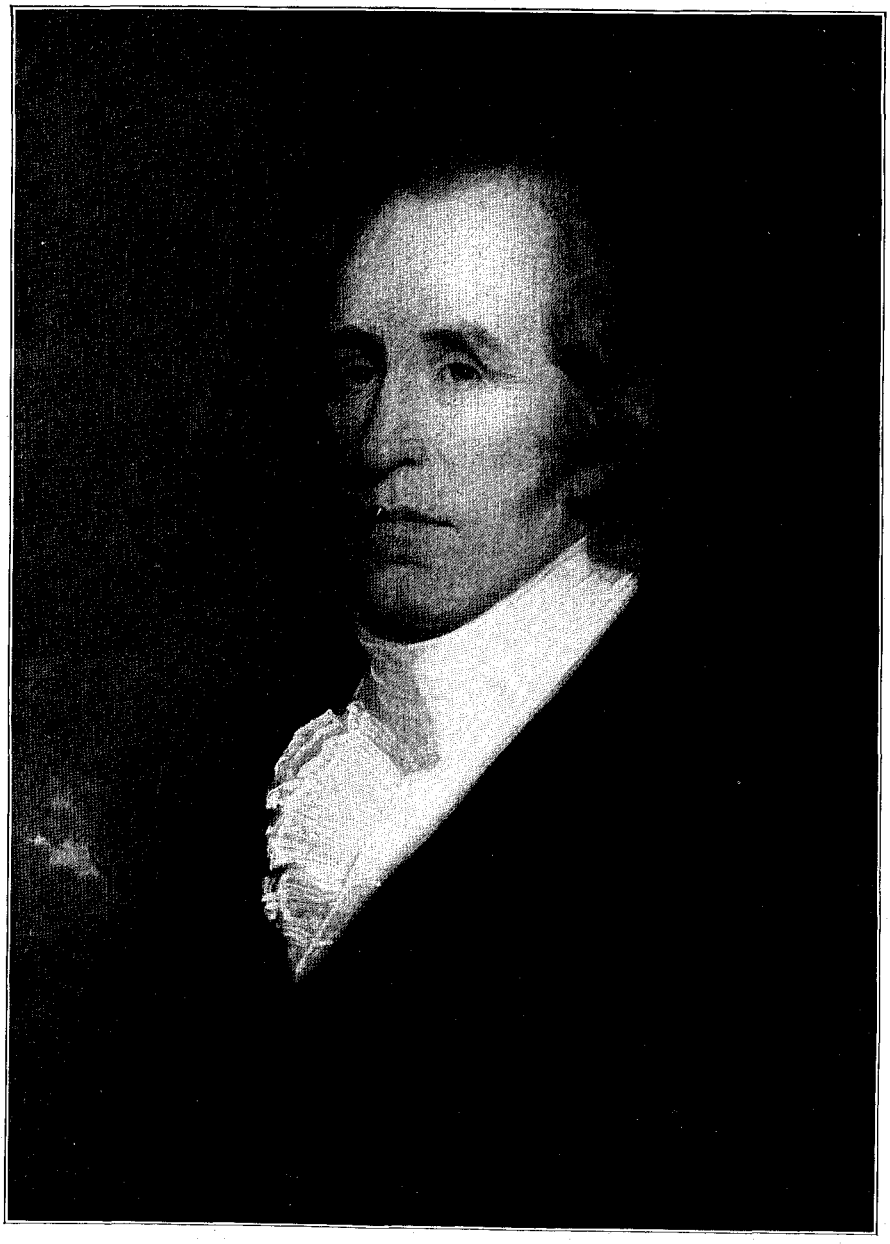
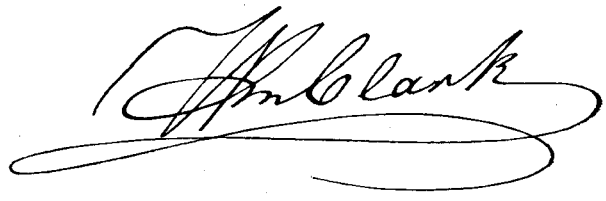


From the painting by Chester Harding, in the possession of Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis.



—"Newly Discovered Personal Records of Lewis and Clark," page 685.

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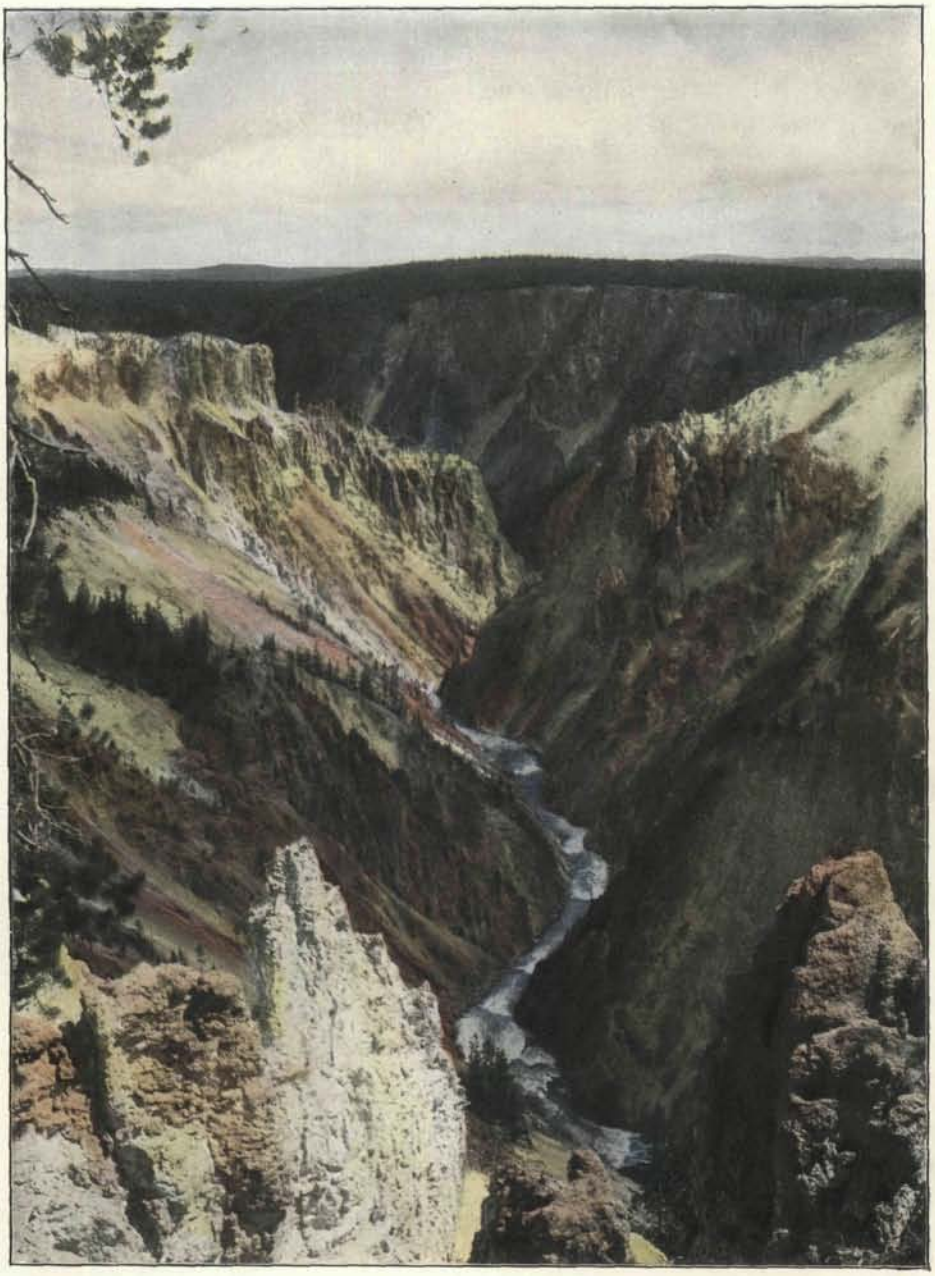

The Yellowstone Canyon from Grand Point.

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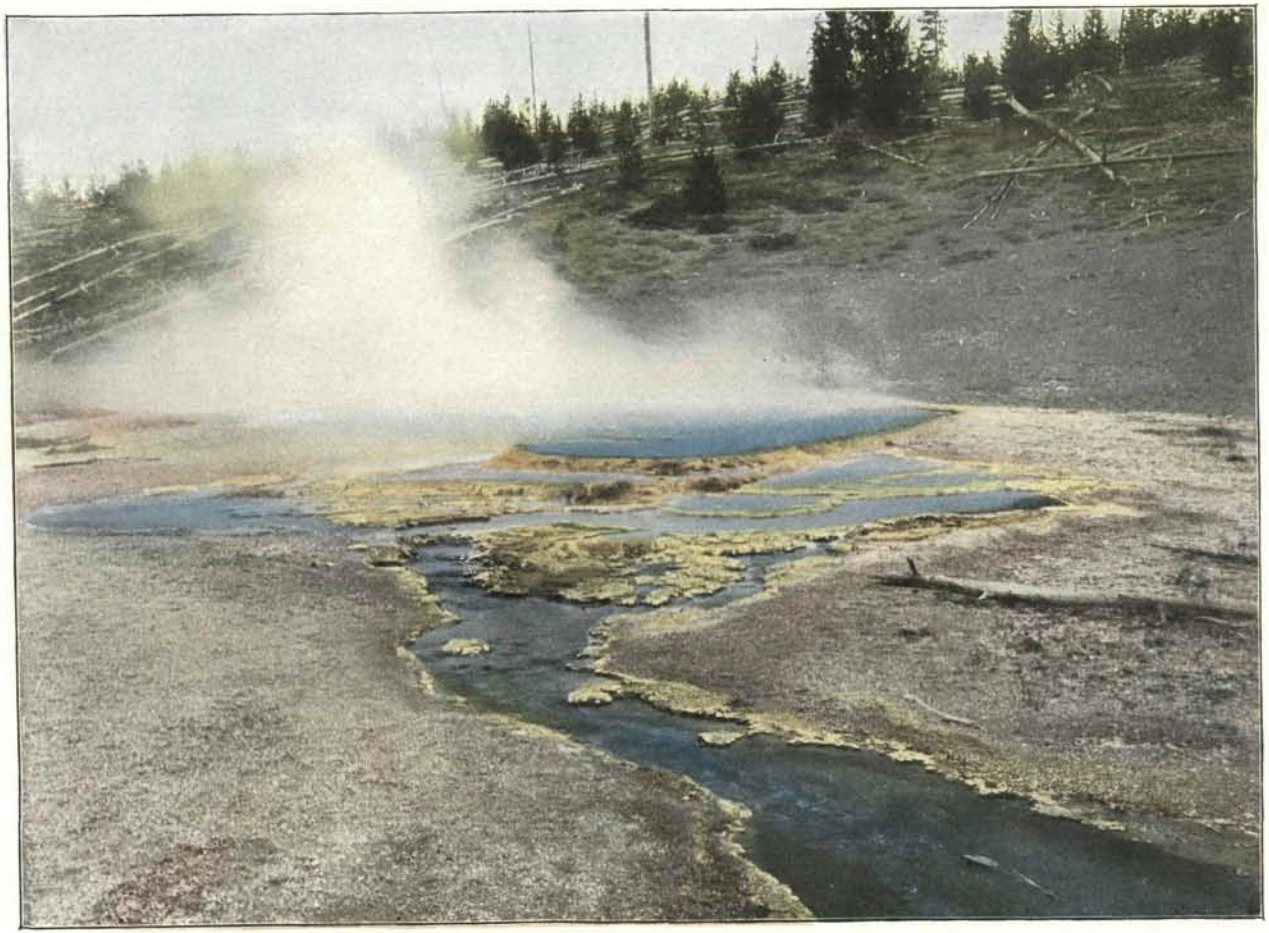

Fire-hole Pool, Lower Geyser Basin.

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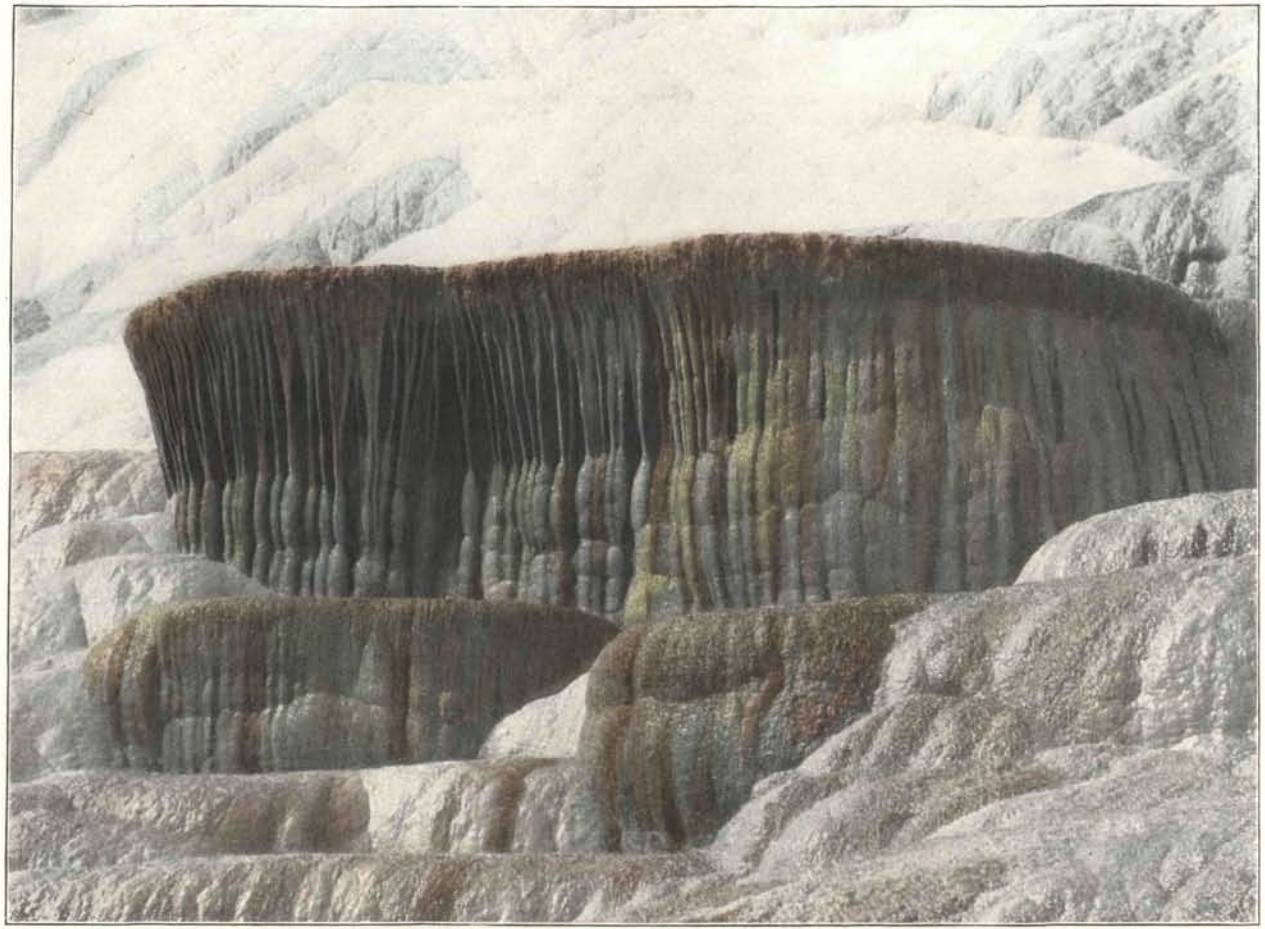

The Organ, Jupiter Springs, Mammoth Hot Springs.

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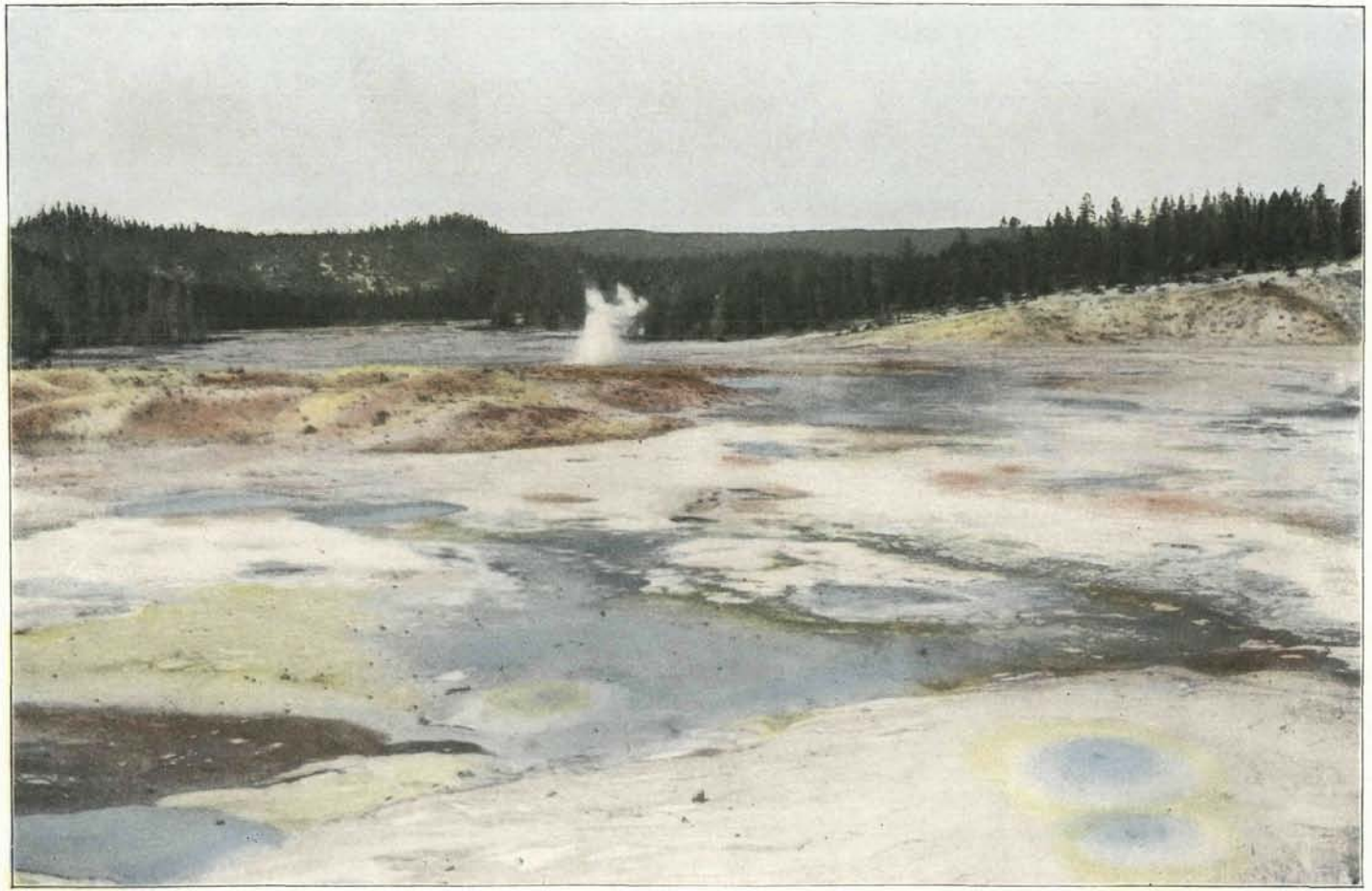

Constant Geyser and Norris Geyser Basin.

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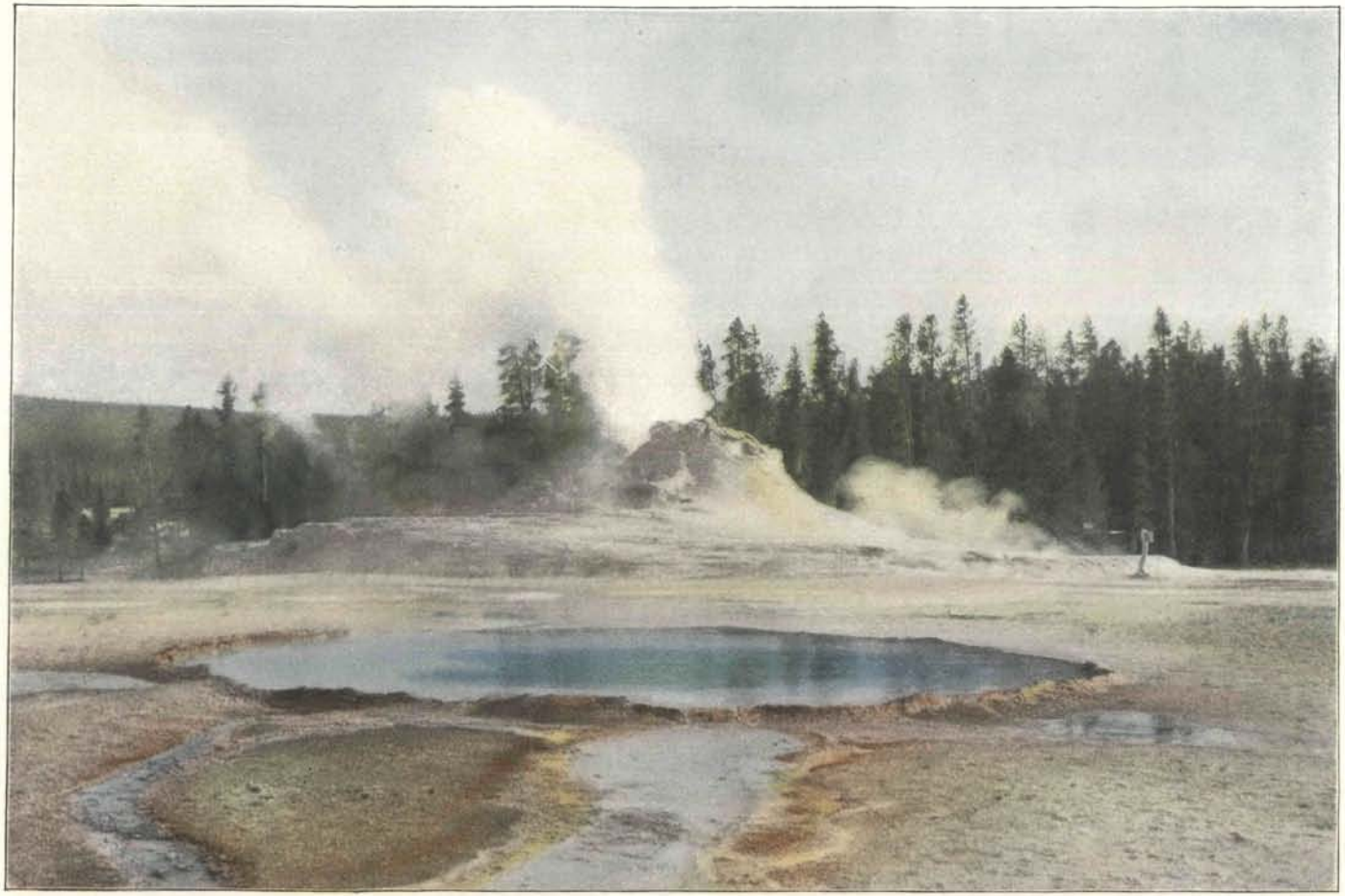

Castle Well and Castle Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin.

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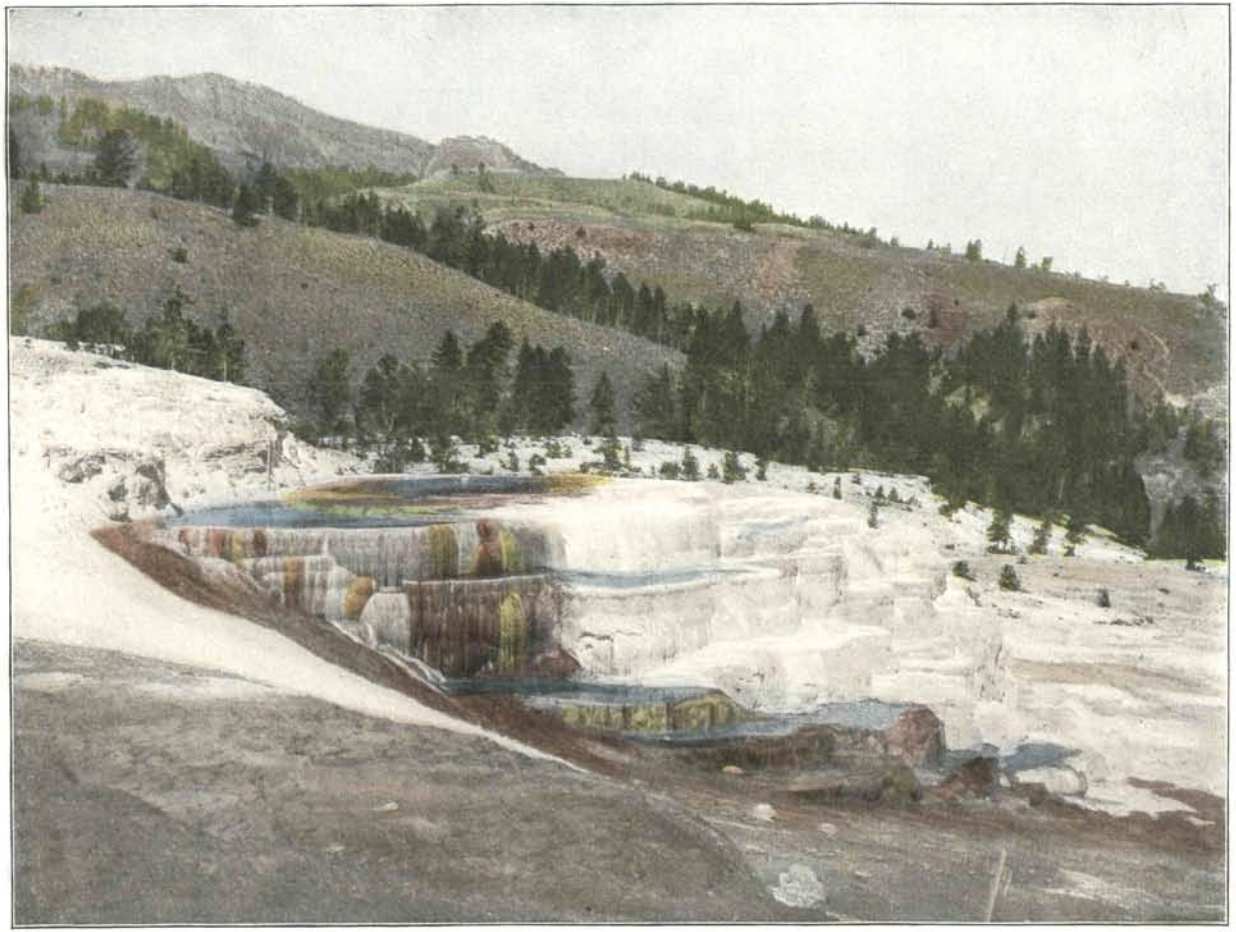

Cleopatra Springs, Mammoth Hot Springs.

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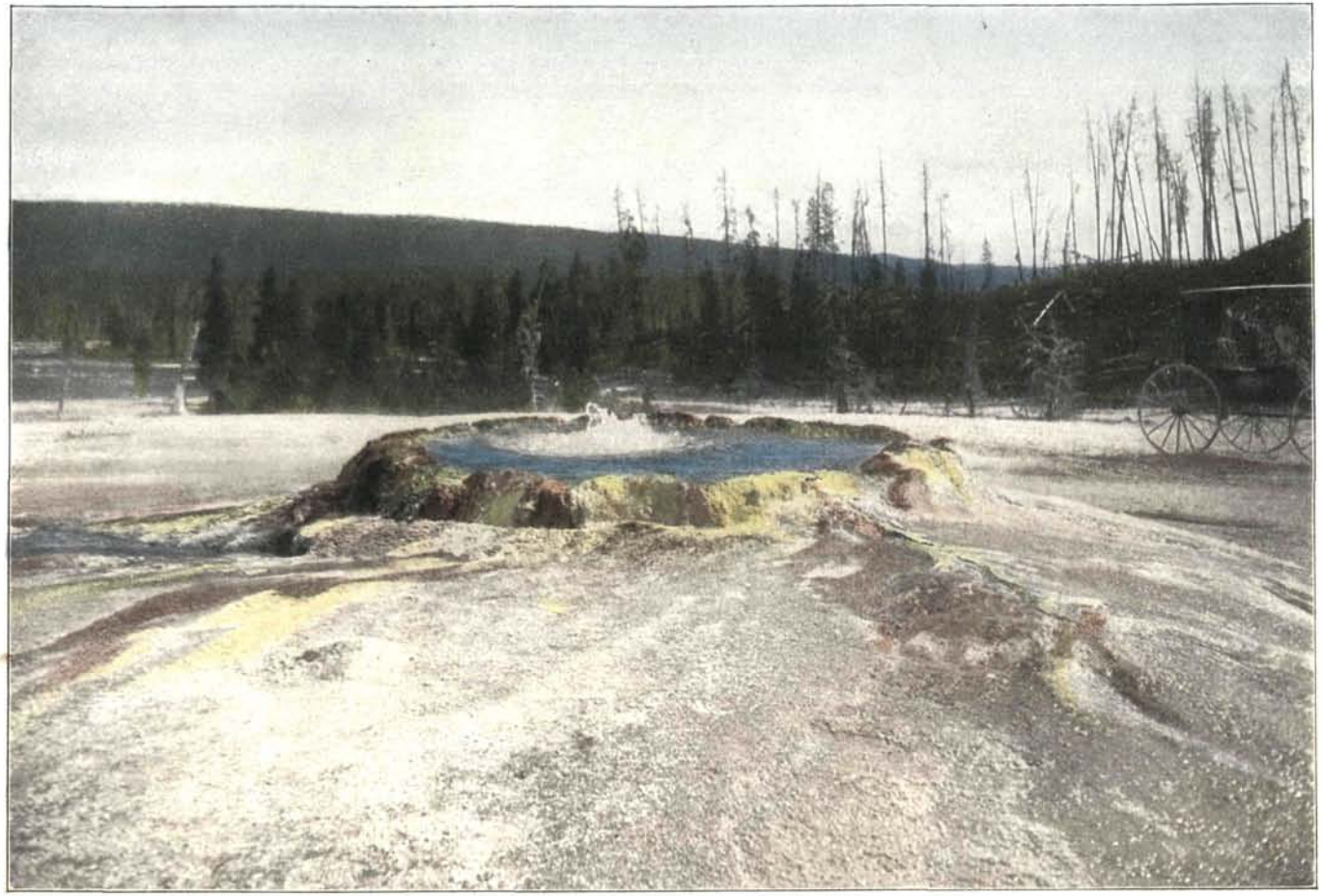

The Punch Bowl, Upper Geyser Basin.

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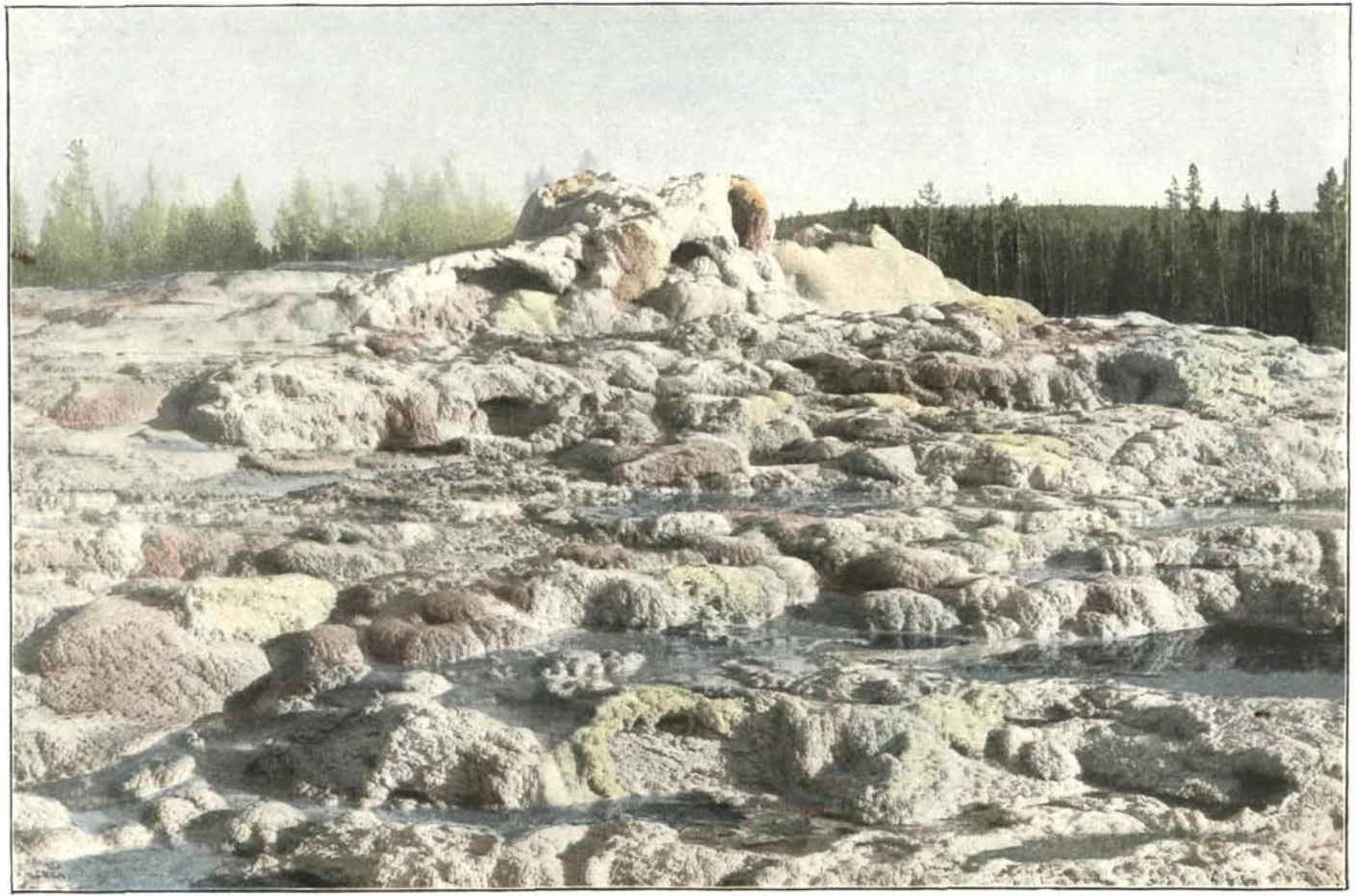

Old Faithful Cone, Upper Geyser Basin.

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